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COMMENTARIES

ON

THE LIFE AND REIGN

OF

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CHARLES THE FIRST.

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KING OF ENGLAND.

BY I. D'ISRAELI.

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LIFE AND REIGN

OF

CHARLES THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

THE CIVIL WARS.

As late as in my youth, the Civil Wars of Charles the First were still a domestic tale, as well as a public history. Their local traditions are scattered over the land, and many an achievement of chivalric loyalty, or of Commonwealth intrepidity, are commemorated in our County-histories; for the Kingdom of England, as the poet May, the Parliamentary historian, expresses it, was divided into more wars than counties.* We may listen to such narratives on the very spots of their occurrence. We may linger amid the scenes of some forlorn hope, or some strange and mo-

* A Breviary of the History of the Parliament. 71.

mentary stratagem; of the obdurate siege, where Famine was more murderous than the sword, and the dread surrender to an enemy as obdurate—as at the siege of Colchester; or some sanguinary storming as at Leicester, where they found a war in every street; or some triumphant repulse as at Lyme; some midnight surprise as at Dover Castle. Many an obscure village like Chagford in Devonshire where Sydney Godolphin fell, or Chalgravefield where Hampden shed his blood, or the Close at Litchfield where Lord Brooke, the great adversary of the Church, pledged his solemn vow and perished, were places, which as Lord Clarendon has said of one of them, "would never otherwise have a mention to the World."

The Civil Wars of Charles the First, ere the Revolutions among our neighbours, formed an unparalleled story of the struggles and the passions of a great people. It was then peculiar to Englishmen, that there were few, who had not derived from their very birth-place the most elevated feelings, though associated with obscure incidents and the names of unknown persons: for however obscure might be the incident, and however unknown the person, the interest excited was not local but national; and the man, of whom the tale was told, whe-

ther Monarchist or Parliamentarian, was a Hero or a Martyr. Thus it has happened that some whose name has only received a single mention, known but by a single act, are still chronicled in the memory of their townsmen, and we find their descendants among the old families of the place. Heroes have died unsung among these civil wars, and more noble blood has been shed in an obscure field of action than have cost some victories of renown.

Struck by so many ennobling and so many affecting scenes, in the variable contest, an Artist of some eminence, a few years ago, designed a series of pictures to perpetuate the most remarkable incidents. He had loitered through many a summer day in their scenes: he had stood on the broken town's wall where the enemy had forced an entrance, now concealed beneath the tall grass, and on which no Corporation would bestow an useless repair. From such a spot he had traced the combatants to the stand made at the market-place, or where the steeple of the church opposed the inroad like a fort. There the townsmen, too brave and too simple in their rude warfare to cry for or to give quarter, "not from cruelty but from ignorance," a contemporary narrative mournfully records, would fight after the surrender

of the place, maddening the vindictive soldiery. Our Artist had pondered over the memoirs of contemporaries who had themselves been actors in the scenes which they described, and often discovered incidents which are still attested by the records of the town—by the evidence retained among ancient families, in diaries, letters, and other domestic memorials;* and may

* Among other curious circumstances of this nature which have happened to me, I shall mention one concerning a gentleman of the time of Charles the First. In a summer-residence at Lyme Regis, it was my good fortune to become acquainted with a very amiable gentleman of the name of *Pyne*. I discovered that he was a descendant of *John Pyne*, whose name has been commemorated by Clarendon, v. 68. Mr. Pyne obligingly showed me some family papers.

This *John Pyne* in the time of Charles the First was "a gentleman well known and of a fair estate" in Somersetshire. He was of "a passionate and virulent temper, of the Independent party." A letter of his was intercepted during the treaty of Uxbridge which showed "a great detestation of the peace," inveighing against the Earl of Essex and the Scots. The effect on the pending negotiation produced by this letter, which exposed the secret intentions of the Independents, is noticed by Clarendon. I have also discovered at the British Museum an original letter of this Mr. Pyne, which warmly congratulates that worthy, Colonel Pride, for his famous "Purge." But the history of *Pyne* has not yet closed. This ardent Independent and country gentleman lived to witness the Restoration—and I discovered among the family papers, that, after a considerable imprisonment,

still be verified by an inspection of the very places: spots for the dreaming fancies of the painter's graphical imagination!

The halls of ancient mansions are often hung with the antique gorget and the petronel;* the steel-basket-hilted sword common in the Parliamentary wars, the ponderous brass spurs and the military gloves, which have not yet mouldered away. There they hang, and with them often "hangs many a tale." The hero himself, who either defended, or retook his own mansion, or perished in the field, no unwilling victim to martyred Honour or to holy Freedom, still awes us with his peaked beard and shining corslet among his obscure cousins in the portrait-gallery. Often in these aboriginal families, the domestic circle has its private anecdotes—they show the secret apartment where

means were used that the Attorney-General came down with a *non prosequitur*—and one day *John Pyne* travelling in "a coach and four" returned to his "fair seat;" but the means practised with the Ministers of Charles the Second, and most probably with Clarendon, are still felt by his descendants, and "the fair estate" was sadly "shorn of its beams." I suspect that we have few anecdotes of the corrupt practices at the Restoration.

* A "petronel is a kind of harquebuss or horseman's gun, so called because it is hanged on the breast."—Kersey's "New World of Words."

the sliding pannel concealed all entrance; there some hero lay secreted from his pursuers, even from his family;* and there once the wealth of the family, hastily thrown together, was buried from the irruption of a predatory soldiery. They too have their affectionate or their proud traditions of devoted fidelity, and of sequestrations and imprisonments, which at the time, only concealed family feuds under the cloak of Patriotism; and of many a tender alliance, through more than one generation, crossed, by the heirs of the courtly Cavalier and the uncompromising Cromwellian.

Foreigners sometimes reproach our insular

* The history of these interior and secret apartments in old mansions is curious. They were long used, and often built by our Roman Catholics to conceal the celebration of their mass, and as an asylum for their priests. In the Civil Wars they were of great service in secreting persons, whose lives have been saved by half an hour from the soldiers sent after them. Many have lived in their own houses, for many months, unknown to their own family, save the single member who was trusted to procure their meal with the most cautious secrecy. Sir Henry Slingsby seems to allude to such an apartment in his own house. "Since they have from York laid wait for me to take me, I take myself to one room in my house scarce known of by my servants, where I spend my days in great silence, scarce daring to speak, or walk, but with great heed lest I be discovered. *Et jam veniet tacito, curva senectus pede.*"—Memoirs, p. 92.

English for, deficient sympathy with the miseries of war, estranged as they are from its actual scenes. The history of no people however has been more abundant with the calamities of that most cruel of all wars—Civil War! The scroll of British history unfolds little but a barbarous and tragic tale. The blood of the English people was not consumed only by the two Roses, the protracted war of several years of the Sovereign and the Parliament was a malediction of Heaven, and so recently, as in the days of our Fathers, how many domestic feuds survived the battles of the Stuart and the Brunswick!

Civil, or intestine wars, are distinguishable from external, or foreign wars, by the personal hatreds of the actors. They are neither combating for ancient glory, nor for new conquests. It is the despair of their passions which involves these fraternal enemies in one common vengeance. Even conquests in Civil Wars render the victors fearful. Whitelocke was deeply impressed by this sorrowful observation. "Thus," says he, "we may see that even after almost a conquest, yet they (the Parliament) apprehended no safety; such are the issues and miseries of a Civil War, that the victors are full of fears from those they have

subdued; no quiet, no security!"* Where victories are painful as defeats, dark cypress and not laurels must be gathered. What can two armies of fellow-countrymen, sometimes two rival counties, opposed to each other with provincial malignity,† destroy, but that which was their own? Him who so bravely assaults and him who so bravely repels, the country might bless had they the hearts to be recreants! What scenes are shifted in this tragic drama! The plundered mansion—the village in flames—the farmer's homestead ravaged! Whose property has the hero of Civil War plundered?

* Whitelocke, 219.

† I fear that in the Civil Wars of Charles the First, when whole regiments were composed of men raised from a particular county, and came in contact with a similar one of another, the struggle became more obstinate and malignant. The men of Herefordshire encountering the men of Gloucestershire; the Lancastrians engaging with the Northumbrians; even the inhabitants of one town with those of a neighbouring town, would slash each other with the malice of provincial rivalry, and to the miseries of war add the paltry pride of the jealousy of a whole county. In the Memoirs of Captain John Hodgson, an active Commonwealth officer, in the Lancashire infantry, we detect this sort of feeling. Alluding to the bravery of his regiment, he says "They were brave firemen—I have often told them they were as good fighters and as great plunderers as ever went to a field."—Memoirs of Captain Hodgson, 119.

—his neighbour's! Whom has he routed?—his friends! Who appear in the returns of the wounded and killed of the enemy?—his relatives! The sanctity of social life once violated, family is ranged against family; parents renounce their children; the brother is struck by the arm of his brother; even the affection of the wife is alienated; and finally they leave the sad inheritance of their unnatural animosities from generation to generation. In civil wars not small is the number of those, whose names appear in no list of the sufferers, whose wounds are not seen by any human eye, but whose deaths are as certain as any which flies with the bullet. These are they who retreat into the silence of horror and despair, and die heart-broken—or linger on with sorrows unassuaged, or unutterable griefs.

But all are not Patriots who combat for Patriotism. All sorts of adventurers looking up to all sorts of hopes, take their station under opposing banners. There shall we find Ambition and Avarice, often Revenge and Ingratitude; so many are the passions civil war indulges and conceals!

The sufferings of the common people seem beneath the dignity of the historical pen, and the sympathy of abstract reasoners. Every

scene in History is to be something which may be acted in a theatre, by the privileged actors. It is the story of a few hundred persons in a nation. But of the tens of thousands who are hourly to be immolated to the Demon, who hears their shrieks, or notices their tears?

In a civil war not only men change their principles, but towns and cities are disordered by sudden phrenzies. During the wars of Charles the First and the Parliament, many a town, sometimes a whole county, were compelled to take a new side, at the approach, or on the retreat of an army. And this concussion of their passions, or clash of their interests, was again to be suffered as the place was lost, or was recovered. A civil war is more than one war, for it conceals enemies within, while it combats the enemy without. In the wars of Charles the First, often on the day the Parliament's warrant to enlist men was read, a messenger hastened to the Sheriff with the King's proclamation. If the people opposed the Parliament, they heard themselves lauded for their due allegiance to their Sovereign; if they sided with the Parliament, they were flattered as the faithful servants of the State. The people thus seemed always in the right; but whatever was the principle, they discovered that the result

was ever the same. The people were to be plundered! The friend they must not deny; the foe they dared not. Political confusion, nourished Anarchy and Tyranny;—political confusion, like the Wolf-Nurse of the two rival founders of Rome, sent her progeny forth raging uncontrolled from Dover to Berwick.

Military marauders, for such in civil wars even disciplined troops become, living at free-quarters, making war as their holiday, and enriching themselves by impoverishing others, would often reproach their fellow-countrymen to their faces that "They were conquered slaves!" Who now was to maintain Laws, when Lawlessness was itself the Law, and the Swordsman sate as the Lord-Chief-Justice? A contemporary Bard has energetically described this unhappy crisis:

> "The eyeless sword 's unable to decide;
> But with its two-edged skill it doth divide
> The Client, not the Cause."

The enormities of the Military on both sides tyrannized through the land. Often in vain was the white flag hung out and a parley prayed for, as the soldier, eager for pillage, rejected a capitulation, and took by storm, and sack, the place ready to open its gates. This intolerable state of suffering gave rise to a very extraordi-

nary attempt at self-defence. In the West of England many country-gentlemen were persuaded to raise up a third party in the country, which should neither be Royalist, nor Parliamentarian. It was to consist of an army without soldiers, for they were neither to wear swords nor carry fire-arms. Suddenly appeared many thousand men, who it is said at one period amounted to a body of fourteen thousand, armed with clubs and flails, scythes and sickles laid on long poles; it was an agricultural war, and the agrestic weapons no longer wounding the fertile bosom of Nature, directed the whole rural war against Man himself. Announcing that they would allow no armies to quarter within their bounds, they called themselves Club-men, and decided all matters by their own Club-Law. They professed only to defend their harvests and their granaries. At any given point they assembled in considerable force, and their ensign bore a motto in rhimes, rude, but plain—

> "If you offer to PLUNDER and take our cattle,
> You may be sure we 'll give you battle."

This third party in the Civil Wars at first were so strange, that neither of the two great Parties knew whether to consider them hostile or friendly. The Club-men grew to be so formi-

dable as to be courted by both for timely compliances and temporary aid. Cromwell, too decided a General to allow of any independent force, or of ambiguous favours, attacked this unsoldierly army, and so completely routed the rural troops, that they no longer appear in our History.*

It is remarkable that the term PLUNDER, for military spoliations and robberies, which we find in the rhiming motto of the Club-men, was now first introduced into our language—it was brought from Germany by some of these Soldiers of fortune, whose deeds here were the clearest comments on a foreign term, which

* This novel insurrection of the CLUB-MEN, Locke has ascribed to the prolific brain of Shaftesbury when a young man. The fantastic invention of an army without soldiers was not ill-suited to his plotting and fanciful genius. Mr. Godwin concludes that it was a rhodomontade. The argument Mr. Godwin raises, which depends on the date of the *end* of the year 1644 and the *beginning* of 1645—though a close argument, will neither prove nor disprove. Mr. Godwin must be sensible that should we adopt his ingenious surmise, that Shaftesbury was flamming the philosopher, we must necessarily lowly rate the discernment of the author of "The Human Understanding," who was not only well acquainted with the domestic history of Shaftesbury, but was shrewdly inquisitive and not apt to take up a rhodomontade for "a piece of grave history." It is difficult to satisfy the world that Locke was quite the blockhead some make him out.

Time has by no means rendered obsolete.* It is curious to observe the latitude which the partisans of that day, and of all days whenever such of the Mobocracy are in power, chose to affix to the term, which was by no means limited to Military Execution. An unlucky "Malignant" indicted several of the Mobworthies for "plundering his house." The prisoners did not deny the fact, so that there were the fact and the law alike against them. The petty-jury, however, persisted in returning *Ignoramus*. The Bench asked how they could go against such clear evidence? The Foreman would return no other answer than this—"Because we do not think Plundering to be Felony by the Law."† Such was the magic of a new name for most ancient Thievery! But the truth was, that the men at the bar were all "honest men," being all Parliamentarians.

The Civil Wars of Charles the First were accompanied by one of the most distressful emotions which an honourable mind can experience. On both sides men were induced to

* May's History of the Parliament. Lib. iii. 3.

† Bruno Ryves in his "Mercurius Rusticus, or the Country's Complaint," which exhibits a weekly series of scenes of the Mobocracy Government.

combat for a cause, in the justice of which they were not over-confident. Neither the object, nor the conduct of the Patriots, was always so evident to the contending parties as they may appear to later times. After the deaths of Hampden and Pym, new factions rose, who assuredly were not combating for the freedom of the English nation. Opinions sometimes wavered, as points of law admitted of a novel exposition, or as the last arguments were perplexed by the more recent confutation; even the warm apologists of each party were often disconcerted at unexpected circumstances, which too often betrayed the errors or the violence of their own.

In this ambiguous state there necessarily resulted the most confused notions, distracting their consciences and paralysing their acts. Many eminent persons fell victims to these mutable and contradictory proceedings.

Neither the Royalist, nor the Commonwealth-man, who were so on system, would hesitate in their decision; and both alike perished in the field or suffered on the scaffold. But these formed, perhaps, not the greater, nor always the most estimable part of the nation. Many great and good men acted they scarcely knew how; they fluctuated in their opinions,

for which they had too often reason*—and what sometimes proved more fatal, they abandoned their friends—or if in their despair they concealed their private sentiments, these self-tormentors lived in the agony of their consciences.

Essex and Manchester obeyed the Parliament, but they were not enemies to the King; Falkland, and many others in the royal army, obeyed the King, but were not enemies to the Parliament. Sir Edward Varney, the Standard-bearer of the King, who perished at Edge-hill, marched in the royal ranks, from a principle of honour, but not from any conviction of the justice of his master's cause; on the other side, Sir Alexander Carew, who had distinguished himself among the hottest of the Patriotic party in the prosecution of the Earl of Strafford, and was in the full confidence of the Parliament, was beheaded—it is said at the instigation of his brother, such a hellish brood a Revolution hatches!—for his design of giving up Plymouth

* Sir Philip Warwick tells an anecdote of a Dr. Farrar, a physician, whom he describes as "a man of a pious heart but fanciful brain, for this was he that would have had the King and Parliament have decided their business by lot." Many points which cost so much blood, might as well have been decided by the dice. The physician was the philosopher.

to the King. Sir Hugh Cholmley, long a patriot of the highest reputation, and one of their active Commissioners, passed over to the King. In the Lord-Keeper Littleton we see a sage of the law, and a man of unblemished integrity, siding with the Parliament, and at last delivering up the great seal, and himself too, to the King. This was an immediate sacrifice of his own considerable fortune and his condition —but it closed within him the solitary struggles that rankled in his mind. Unhappy men! The party they desert never forgive them, and those to whom they go, never forget from whence they come.

This numerous class of honourable persons were not apostates from caprice nor faithlessness; neither present nor prospective views influenced them. They were offering the greatest personal sacrifices in going over to the King, for they left behind them their estates to an eager and sequestrating Parliament. The virtuous and sensitive Falkland, amidst those reveries, in which since the opening of the Civil War, his melancholy had indulged, was often heard to exclaim "Peace! Peace! Peace!" It was to escape from that prostration of his spirits, which had of late clouded over his countenance, deranged his manners, and sharp-

ened his language, that Falkland, to end this war of his feelings, rushed to the death he sought in the field.

It may be suspected that even thorough-paced Partisans were haunted with many lurking doubts which at times darkened their convictions. Lord Brooke, that fiercest assailant of the National Church, who on looking on St. Paul's, hoped "to see the day when not one stone of that edifice should lie on another," appears to me, notwithstanding his enthusiasm, to have stood in this comfortless predicament. To storm the Close at Litchfield he chose Saint Chad's day, to whom the Cathedral was dedicated. His Lordship meant to give the most public affront he could imagine to the Saint; this was a remaining feeling of the old superstition, as if dubious whether his Saintship were, as he believed, a mere nonentity. Farther, he solemnly invoked Heaven, for some signal testimony of its approbation; or if his cause were not right and just, that he might perish! It is quite evident that he had contemplated on a possibility that his cause was not right and just, otherwise he had not implored for a signal testimony. Lord Brooke however seemed hardly to have trusted Heaven with his life; for his invulnerable Lordship was armed at all points

in stubborn mail, and the only part of him uncovered with iron, was that "evil eye" which he had cast on St. Paul's. Great Churchmen, Laud and South, and the historian Clarendon, fancied that St. Chad himself had rolled the bullet which pierced the eye and confused for ever the metaphysical brain of the renowned adversary of Episcopacy, whom Milton has immortalized. It is more evident that had Lord Brooke's final conviction been freed from every doubt in that offuscating controversy, he had never so solemnly appealed to Heaven to confirm the verity of his positions and the justice of his violence.

If elevated characters, such as these, could not elude the severity of their fate, it was still more disastrous with the weak and the timid. "The two unfortunate Hothams, the father and the son," as May pathetically designates them, offer a memorable history in our Civil Wars. They were both ostensibly on the Parliament's side. It fell to the lot of the hapless father to bear the dread exigency of opening the Civil War. As Governor of Hull he had been compelled by a strong party among the townsmen to close the gates against the King. The Governor appeared on the walls, on his knees, and with distracted looks, a pitiable object, so-

lemnly protesting his loyalty to the King and his duty to the Parliament. The man before his own face was proclaimed a Traitor by the King—the secret lay in his heart, for he was a Royalist. The Parliament dispatched the son to watch over the father—at length both came to betray each other! The father was inveigled by the miserable hope of saving himself, to aggravate the delinquency of the son; and the son inveighed against the father as an enemy of the Parliament. The father and the son, destitute of affection and fortitude, on that day cast a blot on a name ancient and honourable, and both were hurried to the scaffold.*

A warm and genuine picture of the conflicting emotions at this period, we find in a letter from Sir William Waller, the Parliamentary General, to Sir Ralph Hopton, his former companion, and now one of the King's most zealous commanders. Waller feelingly dwells on that cruel situation in which the most intimate friends were now to be torn away from each

* "The woeful tragedy" of the Hothams is told by Clarendon, v. 116. We now find by a suppressed passage that "the vile artifice" which had been practised on them was the contrivance of Hugh Peters, who was the chaplain sent to them to prepare them for death, and took that opportunity to wrest from them mutually arguments one against the other.

other, and not only divided, but opposed in arms. Waller confesses, too, the fears which harassed a delicate mind not yet brutalized by war; and is sorrowfully conscious, that he could not communicate that conviction, which he hardly seems to have felt himself.

"My affections to you are so unchangeable that Hostility itself cannot violate my friendship to your person; but I must be true to the cause wherein I serve.—I should wait on you, according to your desire, but that I look on you as engaged in that party beyond the possibility of retreat, and consequently, incapable of being wrought upon by any persuasion. That Great God who is the searcher of all hearts, knows *with what a sad fear I go upon this service, and with what perfect hate I detest a War without an Enemy.* But I look upon it as *Opus Domini!* We are both on the Stage, and must act those parts that are assigned to us in this Tragedy; but let us do it in the way of honour, and without personal animosity."

This extraordinary state of affairs often produced a singular effect both on persons and on events. The most enlightened men of the age, and the most free from suspicion of any criminal selfishness, could not avoid alternately, to gratify and to offend the two great Parties.

Selden, in his firm integrity, had condemned "the Commission of Array" issued by the King, on a point of Law; the King remonstrated with him; the Parliament professed to be governed by the most learned of lawyers and the most forcible of reasoners, whose decision in this instance contributed to their own designs. Selden had flattered himself that he should equally guide their measures when he delivered his judgment against the Parliamentary ordinance to possess themselves of the militia or the army. On that occasion he raised his admirable faculties to their highest pitch, and he demonstrated as positively, as he had done in the case of "the Array," that it was "without precedent and without law." It must have mortified that erudite scholar and that profound lawyer, when he discovered that his legal knowledge was only to be consulted, and his arguments were only to be valid, when they concurred with the purposes of those whom he addressed; and were weak, and of no authority, when they came in contact with their passions. Such a severe judge of truth would not have been accepted as an arbiter either by the King or the Parliament. But Time has consecrated the decisions of Selden; and Posterity acknowledges the rectitude of that wisdom

which was censured by both parties for mutability of conduct.

All in the ranks of the King were not insensible to the voice of the Parliament, and knew to appreciate as dearly, their laws, their liberties and their properties, as the Patriotic leaders in the Commons. There was a period when the Loyalists would plead in favour of their cause, that the King had long earnestly concurred in many popular acts; had of late more cautiously governed himself by law; and they might have pointed out at least one energetic passage in which Charles absolutely recanted his past political errors, tenderly reproaching those who persisted in reverting to them, and warning his censurers that they themselves might fall into the like errors from the same suggestion of NECESSITY, which had led him into these errors.*

On the side of the Patriots were many, who without the views of ambitious men, had taken up arms neither to dethrone the Monarch, nor to change the Constitution, but they suspected the sincerity of the royal concessions. Rapin, with great candour and equal shrewdness, has

* This remarkable passage is in the King's answer to the Parliament's petition presented at York in *1642*.—Husband's Collections, 127.

stated this nice point of the distrust of the Parliament: a distrust on which revolved the calamities of the nation! "I do believe it to be something rash to affirm that Charles the First was not sincere in his promises. But then I am of opinion his sincerity may be doubted, since he had never an opportunity to demonstrate it by effects."

And thus it was, that the People were now driven into this cruel alternative, to combat against, or to defend the Sovereign, with equal reason to do one, or the other!

It was necessary to develope this obscure point in the history of our great Civil War, by showing how it happened, that such frequent defections occurred to both parties alike.

It may also correct the popular notion, which so conveniently decides, that it was necessary that our civil liberty should be the fruits of violence and injustice; raised up by the passions and not by the wisdom of men. Many who were the actors in the solemn scenes of our Revolution, when they beheld the Nation opposed to the Nation; laws violated and authority usurped; a Presbytery raised on the ruins of a Hierarchy; the destruction of the Monarch and the dominion of Demagogues—did not conclude that the constitutional freedom of Eng-

land had become more vigorous or looked more beautiful—They did not conceive that Charles the First was that absolute tyrant, and that the Parliament were so absolutely patriotic, as we are apt to imagine—They did not assert that nothing more was necessary than to pursue a direct course, without fear and without doubts, without honour and without conviction.

CHAPTER II.

"WHO BEGAN THE WAR; THE KING OR THE PARLIAMENT?",

SUCH is the title of a grave chapter in the favourite "Essay" of a Party, "towards obtaining a true idea of the real character of Charles the First."* With the Parliament in their last

* This Essay professes to be "extracted from and delivered in the very words of some of the most authentic historians." It was first printed in 1748 anonymously. The compiler was Micaiah Towgood, a dissenting Minister. A third edition appeared as recently as in 1811. It is therefore appreciated, nor is it the least curious of the pamphlets concerning Charles the First.

This sort of works, pretending to offer nothing from the writer himself, but merely the opinions of others, has an appearance of candour and impartiality which is often very deceptive. The choice of the extracts, and the class of the originals, are made by the prepossessions of the compiler. Among "the most authentic historians" here quoted, we find chiefly warm party-writers, as Neal, Burnet, and Ludlow, till we sink down to the infamous Oldmixon.

Treaty of Newport, it was an important point to clear themselves of the charge of Rebellion by the acknowledgment that they only had recourse to arms in their own defence; but to do this they necessarily criminated the King. The King urged them to agree to an act of oblivion on both sides. Charles was willing to grant them security, but not justification. When the Earl of Northumberland was intreated to spare the distress of his old friend and master, in conceding such a condemnatory proposition on the King and all his friends, it was declared to be a *sine qua non* in the Treaty —the Earl observing, "The King in this point is safe as King; but we cannot be so."

It seems to have afforded a melancholy satisfaction to the sufferers from the Civil Wars to imagine that their party were not the authors of the protracted miseries of the country. The inquiry has been a legacy left from one historian to another, and we find it a subject of acrimonious discussion with the most recent.* All these writers, in the march of their narrative, pause, to fling back the reproach on the adverse party, while both with equal triumph assign some insulated circumstance, or some subtle argument, whence to date the origin of

* Brodie, Hist. of the British Empire, iii. 335.

the Civil War. To remove the odium from their own heads of having first opened those calamitous scenes, each party has always been anxious to charge the other with the first aggressions, and to infer that their own side, whether Royalist or Parliamentary; persevered in all the simplicity of innocence, and to the last hour of their exemplary patience, testified their utter repugnance to appeal to the sword. In detecting the artifices and perplexities of the advocates of both the great parties which were now about to divide the nation between them, we may smile at their strenuous invectives to criminate each other.

The day of debate had closed. The cry of conspiracy and treason on the side of the Royalists, and of suspicions and fears from that of the Patriots had ceased. This terribly-tedious paper-war of Remonstrances and Resolutions, of Protestations and of Messages, of Declarations and of Votes, of Replies and Rejoinders, had outwearied the vigour of their pens. Little sincerity appears in these public appeals, dictated as they are often by their fears and jealousies. Here they attack, and there they retort; here there are evasions, and there, misrepresentations. Both parties perfectly understood one another, but it was alike their inte-

rest that the people should not learn, that the struggle was for the actual Sovereignty. The one thundered against arbitrary government, the other against those who had assumed it. Both disguised their real intentions, for both dreaded to become odious to the people by afflicting them with the horrors of an unnatural war.

The People, distracted by law, and by logic, by dusty precedents and involved arguments, each persisting that the law was on their side, and no one seeming to care what the law was, or whether there existed any law at all for their own acts, were also divided among themselves by contrary interests and heart-burning bickerings. The People, at this moment, were to be the Umpires between the Sovereign and the Parliament—Alas! the Umpires themselves required an Umpire! These rotatory Manifestoes succeeded one another in ceaseless perplexity, designed to create a public opinion by winning over the affections, or impelling the passions of their adherents, through the slow gradations of Sympathy.

Their arguments, while arguments served their purpose, being framed on opposite principles, like two parallel lines, might have run on to "the crack of doom." And as they at-

tached to the same terms, very different senses, by this equivocal and ambiguous style, they had only to ring the changes on "Fundamental Law"—"The Parliament"—and "Peace," as triumphantly at the fiftieth time as at the first.*

In this war of Papers the King obtained

* Rapin shrewdly observes that the King and the Parliament played with the term *Fundamental Law*—The Parliament gave the name to the trust which the people placed in the *two Houses*—and when it came to the last push—to the *single House* of Commons! The King would recognise nothing fundamental, but positive and particular Laws. Hobbes in his Behemoth, a work in dialogue, inquires, "What did they mean by the *Fundamental Laws of the Nation?* Nothing but to abuse the People." 260. Oldmixon more curiously explains, that by *Fundamental Law* Charles interpreted the Laws of the Land, meaning his own corrupt *Sovereign power*, but not *that Sovereign power* under which the kingdom has been so glorious since the last male Monarch of the House of Stuart! 198. The phrase *Fundamental Law* is still a marketable article among the great political traders as "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

The Parliament, meant for some time, the two Houses and the King's name, separated from his Person—Charles insisted that a Parliament included both Houses and Himself.

Peace, with the Parliament, had as many different senses, as the propositions for Peace varied. Clarendon has well described it: "Both sides entertained each other with discourses of Peace which always carried a sharpness with them that whetted their appetite to War!"

many splendid victories. Charles had called in for aid the pens of the enlightened Lord Falkland, and the adroit Sir John Culpepper, but more usually exercised the eloquent and keen genius of Clarendon. A Statesman however remarked at the time, that Wit and Elegance, delightful as they were, could not long last useful, and he dreaded lest "their fine pen would hurt them." It was indeed evident that in a contest, which had in it all the elements of civil war, though they had showered their words against each other as hard as the flowers of Rhetoric can hit, the Parties would seize on weapons more decisive than arguments, convincing only those who required none, and with truths whose denials were persisted in, till the truths seemed to be fictions. While the battle was to be urged by the force of words, there was not an Athlete in the Kingdom who could wield the club of Hercules, but Hercules himself. The profound thought —the deep insight into human concerns—the sharp and irresistible irony of the fertile genius of Clarendon poised the whole force of the Commons, who could only surpass him in the practical politics of their own House. Clarendon, whose dexterity in style was such, that he could inimitably imitate the style of any man,

never yet found one who dared to imitate the deep solemnity of his periods, and the vigorous redundance of his own style. Charles, confident in the masterly skill of his Replies, always accompanied his own by the papers of Parliament. The Parliament discovered their own inferiority, and were so utterly disconcerted, that at length, when they sent forth any of their own Manifestoes, they strictly prohibited the publication of the King's Answers.

In vain the Royalist Echard, following his Coryphæus Clarendon, struggles to show "the King's backwardness as to war," and as vainly the venal Oldmixon echoes his oracle Acherley in denouncing the King for having originated the Civil War. At York, Charles raised what he called a guard for his person: it consisted of a single troop of Cavalry, composed of Volunteers from "the Prime Gentry," of which the young Prince of Wales was the Captain, and a single regiment of six hundred train-bands, the ordinary militia of the county. Doubtless this was a nest-egg for some future brood. At this moment Charles had no other force than the influence of his name. He was without any means to maintain an army had he possessed one; he was in extreme necessity, not having yet received the moderate supplies which he

was awaiting from the Queen in Holland. He had neither ships, nor harbours, nor arms, nor monies. The Parliament had deprived him "of bread," as Clarendon pathetically expressed it, and the whole Regal establishment was reduced to a single table for himself, and the Princes. So far from Charles being considered in the least formidable, or even able to enter on a civil war, Hampden and Pym assured Sir Benjamin Rudyard, as that honest Patriot declared on his death-bed, that they considered that the King was so ill-beloved by his subjects, that he would never be able to raise an army to oppose them. And even when the King had raised this very Guard for his person, as he called these Volunteers, the Secretary and historian of the Parliament in alluding to this particular event, confesses that "the kingdom was not much affrighted with any forces the King could so raise."*

Yet it is on this very circumstance of raising this guard for his person, that Charles is denounced as the real author of all the miseries of the Civil War. The Parliament voted that it was the King's intention to make war. The words of Acherley are triumphantly quoted by Oldmixon, and the passage is important, for it

* May's Hist. of the Parliament, lib. ii. 58.

will serve to detect one of those artful misrepresentations where a party-writer, to colour an extravagant charge, gives a fictitious appearance of the real state of affairs.

"Such a body of men," says this historian, "might by an expeditious march, easily have entered the House of Commons, and dispersed the UNARMED Parliament, who looked on that proceeding as a clear evidence of his Majesty's intentions to make war upon them."*

Will not an innocent reader be surprised when he is informed that this "Unarmed Parliament" was the most WARLIKE imaginable?

The Parliament had already possessed themselves of the great depôt of arms and ammunition in the Tower of London, and the Arsenal at Hull. They were the sole Sovereigns of the

* The verbose title of the Lawyer Acherley's work conveys some idea of its character. "The Britannic Constitution, or the fundamental form of government in Britain, demonstrating the original contract entered into by King and People; wherein is proved that the placing on the Throne King William III. was the natural fruit and effect of the original Constitution." It is a folio, and has passed through three editions. Yet this Whig production, apparently theoretical, seems to have been famous in its day, and now is cast into oblivion. I do not recollect this work as referred to, by any late writer on the Constitution. Acherley is a source of inspiration to Oldmixon.

entire naval force of England, and twice during the last year, in February and March 1641, they had passed their Ordinance to place the Militia, that is, the whole military force of the Kingdom, under their own officers and at their sole command. This is energetically stated in one of the King's answers. "All those pikes and protestations, that army on one side and that navy on the other, must work us in an opinion that you appeared to levy war against us."* Their devoted train-bands of the City, and even the recruits presumed to be raised for Ireland, were themselves an army ready to be called out. They had an unlimited power over all the wealth of the Capital, the royal revenues were now their own, and from the large subscriptions raised for the Irish War, they borrowed what sums they willed, "for the supply of the public necessity."† They parcelled out that unhappy land, in lots of a thousand acres, to adventurers, and a good citizen's patriotism was rated according to the quantity of his Irish

* Husband's Collections, 261. The King's Answer, 20th May, 1642.

† Rushworth, iv. 778. The Parliament borrowed at once £100,000 of "the Treasurie for Subscription." The forced loans of Charles himself yielded nothing like those "for the Public Necessity."

purchases.* Thus this "UNARMED Parliament" were nerved by the true sinews of War —money and the *matériel.*

We shall often find that the chronology of Facts is something in the history of the Passions, and a simple statement of the movements of these Parties at this critical period, will save much of their mutual declamation.

1642—April 23.—The King made his inefficient attempt to seize Hull; it contained the only depôt of arms which he could call his

* They were selling the skin before they had caught the bear. The lands were not yet their own, but they presumed that in the Irish Rebellion, many millions of acres would be confiscated, and they were anticipating the sales! The value of the land varied in different counties, for 200*l.* was the price of one thousand acres in Ulster, 300*l.* in Connaught, 450*l.* in Munster, and 600*l.* in Leinster—the value was probably rated by the neighbourhood.—Rushworth, iv.

The King, at a moment he was not master to refuse, had given an unwilling assent to these desperate grants, relying on "the wisdom of his Parliament, without taking time to consider whether this course may not retard the reducing of that Kingdom, by exasperating the Rebels, and rendering them desperate."

Noy had flattered the Monarch that he had discovered in "the Ship Money," "a purse without a bottom, never to be emptied"—but the Commons were perfect Fortunatuses in their public purse, while they held the Sovereign power.

own. Oldmixon considers this attempt on Hull as the first overt act of the Civil War. But it must be candidly acknowledged that if the affair of Hull is to be deemed an act of civil war, the Parliament had anticipated the King, for they had ordered that its entrance should be closed against him; besides, the King could not yet be said to levy war who had not yet an army. At the end of April the Lords began to desert the Parliament, which doubtless occasioned some surprise and some uneasiness. Not that these Lords withdrew from Parliament with any intention of raising a civil war. They had retired from the violent measures of Parliament, but they did not pass over to the King to encourage any on his side. They thought that the Parliament durst not make a war, lest the people should rise for the King, while they impressed on the King that should he raise forces, the Parliament would easily persuade the people that their liberties and religion would be overthrown.* So intricate were the feelings and the events of that critical hour, that even honourable men with tortured consciences and confused heads, designed secret purposes entirely the reverse of their actions. Those who wished to keep

* Clarendon, iii. 66.

themselves, as Lord Clarendon expresses it, "negatively innocent," were the unhappiest men in the Kingdom. The crimes of a Nation suffer no man to be innocent.

May 5.—The Parliament declare their resolution to put their Ordinance for the Militia in execution, "warranted by the Fundamental Laws of the Land."

May 12.—The King summons the Gentry of York, and it was on this occasion that the Guard for the King's person was raised, for which, observed the Commons, "there can be no use, considering the fidelity and care of your Parliament."* There was at times something exquisitely ludicrous in the Parliamentary style whenever the King was to be mentioned.

May 20.—The Parliament declare the King intends to levy war, and they call out the Militia throughout the Kingdom.

June 2.—The Parliament present those memorable nineteen dethroning propositions, which the King indignantly rejected. On this day arrived from Holland a ship with arms for the King.

June 10.—Troops and monies are openly raised by the Parliament in a new and extra-

* Husband's Collections, 259.

ordinary manner, "on Public Faith." They issued an order for bringing in money and plate, horse and horsemen, and arms. They fixed a premium for Patriotism, an interest of "Eight in the hundred, on the Public Faith." The Treasurers found that place was wanting to store the treasure—the Commissaries were incompetent to appraise the horses and the arms, and hand the acquittances to the fortunate Patriots. Even the City dames hastened to the Mint to melt down their thimbles and bodkins, for they who had neither money nor horse were desired to subscribe.* We are assured several millions were thus raised—all for the maintenance of the Protestant religion, "the Fundamental Laws," "the safety of the King's person," and "Eight in the hundred!"

June 15.—As late as this day Charles was professing that he had no intention of war, but against this general arming the King sent forth his Commission of Array. The most remarkable circumstance in these equal movements is, that the King in his Commission of Array employed the very same reasons, in the identical words the Parliament had done in their Declaration, as May tells us: "Thus did the Parlialiament's prologue to their Ordinance, serve the

* May's History of the Parliament, lib. ii. 83.

King's turn for his Commission of Array *totidem verbis.*" In this game of political chess, which both Parties were now so cautiously playing, move against move, check-mate occurred.

It is evident that the movements were perfectly regular on both sides. Who then began the Civil War? It is not by assigning some insulated circumstance, as so many historians have done, that we shall ascertain either Who first intended the war, or Who first began it? I would not dispute who were the warlike party. Yet we need not express our surprise with the sage Whitelocke, that "It is strange to note how we have insensibly slid into this beginning of a civil war, by one unexpected accident after another, as waves of the sea which hath brought us thus far."* The inevitable war had been mutually determined on, long ere any period which has been assigned by historians, biassed by their own party views. From the moment the Parliament assumed the Sovereignty over the Militia—that is, the Army, the only difficulty the Parties found, was to conceal their intentions.

When the Commons passed their resolutions

* Rushworth, iv. 754.

that the King *intended* to make war upon them, Charles complained much of this Vote in regard to his *intention*, declaring that God knew his heart abhorred it. "And to such a height did he and his counsellors carry their hypocrisy," proceeds Mr. Brodie, "that even on the 15th of June, when arms had been purchased in Holland, the King repeated his professions," appealing to the Lords whether they saw any preparations or counsels that might beget a belief of any such design; and whether they were not fully persuaded that his Majesty had no such *intention*, but that all his endeavours tended to Peace. The Lords at York unanimously signed a declaration to this purpose. "It is impossible," again exclaims Mr. Brodie, "to conceive a more melancholy picture of insincerity, nay downright perfidy, than Charles and his advisers exhibited on this occasion."

Mr. Brodie argues, as if the purchase of arms in Holland was still a secret which the King and his Council were reserving to themselves. If so, "the hypocrisy and perfidy" were ludicrous, for they were concealing what was as notorious at London as at York. The Declaration animadverted on by Mr. Brodie, occurred on the 15th of June. Already on the 2nd of June the Parliament had issued their order

against the pawning of the jewels of the Crown,* and on the 11th of June, two letters were openly read in Parliament from their spies at Amsterdam, handing over an inventory of the arms and of all the military stores.† Nor should the *intention* of making war be confounded with actual war. Warlike preparations are no proof that war is designed or desired; they may be preventive, or defensive. Charles without violence to his conscience, and certainly with the prudence of a statesman, might solemnly protest that he *intended* no War, though at the same time he should be levying troops.

Clarendon tells us that "that when the Parliament accused the King of *intending* to make war, they were so far from apprehending that he would be able to get an army to disturb them, that they were most assured he would not be able to get bread to sustain himself for three months, without submitting all his counsels to their conduct and control."—"Clarendon says this," exclaims Mr. Brodie, "who only in the seventh page preceding this one, relates that War of the most rancorous kind" (the epithet is gratuitous!) "had been determined on before the Queen left England. Such is the

* Rushworth, iv. 736. † Rushworth, iv. 745.

veracity of Lord Clarendon, that individual panegyrized and followed by Mr. Hume, who says that he was too honest a man to falsify facts." Are we now to decree Mr. Brodie a triumph for aspersing Clarendon, and an ovation for the lesser insult offered to the memory of the Philosopher?

Since war had been decided on by the King before the Queen's departure for Holland, Mr. Brodie argues, it settles the long-disputed point of who began the war, in favour of Parliament, and it shows the faithless narrative of Clarendon, who at the moment he represents the Parliament accusing the King of intending war, while they had really no such apprehensions themselves, knew himself that war had been resolved on by the King. Clarendon, we are told, had "inadvertently" dropped the important fact, which Mr. Brodie ungenerously fancies that his Lordship would not have confessed on reflection.

The modern historian, in his eagerness to assert the innocence of Parliament on this occasion, exults in discovering that the King intended war at a period, previous to the Accusation of the Commons, and that Clarendon knowing this, for he has himself told it, has reproached the Parliament as accusing the King

of an intention of war, when they were persuaded that he could not even raise an army.

The question as it respects "the veracity" of Clarendon, in this instance, is not what had been decided on by the King, previous to the Parliament's declaration, but whether the Parliament declared the King's intention of war, at the very time that they had no apprehensions of that nature, and that the King was precisely in the forlorn state which Clarendon has described?

This is easily answered, for there is not a passage in Clarendon's whole history more authentic than the present one so unreservedly stigmatised by his accuser. The "veracity" of the noble writer is fully confirmed by May, the Parliamentary historian, who on this very incident of the King raising a Guard at York, which induced the Parliament's declaration, observes, "But the kingdom was not much affrighted with any forces which the King could so raise." And shortly after, even when the King had received some supply of arms and ammunition from Holland, the same historian remarks that "He wanted hands to wield those arms." This was their opinion, and as we have seen, it was the opinion of Hampden and Pym. The narrative of Clarendon has neither exagge-

rated, nor misrepresented, the motives and the conduct of the Parliament at the moment they declared the King's intention of war. It was indeed not long after, in the defection of their House, that the Commons might have felt the fears which at first they had feigned. "So much for the veracity of Clarendon," as Mr. Brodie exclaims, and so much was due to this fallacious arraignment.

With Mr. Brodie, the crime of Charles is the King's disobedience to the Commons, in not subscribing the Nineteen Dethroning Propositions they shortly afterwards proffered. With Lord Clarendon the crime of the Parliament was their invasion of the Monarchy. The Scottish Advocate contracts his views by the narrow standard of a legal case, and would often by some subtile point, a quibble or a flaw, put an end to the action. But the language and the acts of political men, placed in the most critical circumstances, are best judged by the statesman in his prudential wisdom, and are best explained by the philosopher, conversant with human nature.

Two of the most illustrious men in our History convey to us the feelings which actuated their contemporaries, in this perpetual discussion of who began the Civil War: one is

the Monarch himself, the other is the immortal Milton.

The torturing reproach of having first begun the Civil War haunted Charles to the Scaffold —and in the few last minutes which separated Life from Death, solemnly the King declared, appealing to those who could hear him, "All the world knows that I never did begin a War first with the two Houses of Parliament—I call God to witness they began upon Me—It is the Militia they began upon—They confessed that the Militia was mine, but they thought it fit to have it from Me."

Milton after alluding to the warlike appearance of some disbanded officers at Kingston, the Queen's packing the Crown Jewels, the attempt on Hull, Charles sending over for Arms, and calling out Yorkshire and other Counties, has delivered as a fact to Posterity that Charles "raised actual forces while the Parliament were yet petitioning in peace, and had not one man listed."* Hence, probably, Acherley derived his "Unarmed Parliament!" Harris in quoting the statement of Milton, observed that "there was *some truth* in these assertions;" an extraordinary sort of Historical Evidence! However Chronology often corrects

* Iconoclastes, 41.

the anachronisms of Party. The Ordinance for calling the Militia preceded the Commission of Array, and the levies of the Earl of Essex took place when the King had yet only his guard of Volunteers. The disturbed politics of Milton, were fraught with all the popular rumours and passions of that day. On the present occasion, to me, the Monarch on the Scaffold, appears superior to the Poet, in the dignity of solemn truth, and the loftier emotions which appealed to it.

Thus it happened that two Parties, dated the same reproachful Event at different Epochs, to hold themselves guiltless, while they mutually recriminated for having done that, which both alike, had long contemplated to do.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST BATTLE BETWEEN THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.

THE battle of Edge-hill is one of the most singular recorded in Military history; it was the first battle of the Civil Wars, when the Nation was yet strange to these unnatural hostilities.

The honest and the honourable men of both parties dreaded nothing so much as a battle; and the people at large had never considered that the pending discussions of Privilege and Prerogative were ever to be terminated in a field of blood; even the parade of two armies they flattered themselves would only hasten on a Treaty which might finally set so many troubles at rest.

It was a war which however instigated by their leaders in the Metropolis, was not prompted by the Nation, divided as they were

in opinions on new doctrines and influenced by very opposite interests. One half of England remained in so neutral a state that some families never suspecting a war, had warily distributed their members on both sides, often perhaps with a view of protecting their estates, whatever party prevailed, and whole Counties were so little concerned that they mutually agreed to sit still and not take up arms against their neighbours. A curious anecdote of the times strikingly shows that those who had neither abilities nor disposition for fighting were left undisturbed, and seem to have taken little interest in the battles between King and Parliament. In the journal of a Yorkshire Squire who lived in the immediate neighbourhood of Marston-Moor, it appears that he went out hunting on the very day of that memorable engagement, but our Sportsman in the details of his chace has not made even an allusion to the battle, though the roar of the Cannon must have echoed to his "Tally-ho!" This Anecdote I think is told by Horace Walpole; and a congenial one, evincing the disposition of some of the common people, to cast a ludicrous air over the heroes of the Civil War, of both sides, has been recorded by De Foe as having happened in his own family. The

Huntsman of his Grandfather called his pack by the names of the Roundheads and the Cavaliers; Goring and Waller; so that the Generals of both armies were hounds in his pack. When the times turned, too serious for jesting, it became necessary to scatter the whole pack, and make them up with more canine surnames.

It is possible that even the secret instigators of the Civil War had never contemplated on those protracted scenes of misery which were opening for their Father-land. A show of war might end in a bloodless victory, and at the worst they had no higher conception of a battle between their own countrymen, than what they called "a civil bout." A contemporary anecdote conveys this idea. On the first breach between the King and the Parliament, one deploring the fatal change about to ensue, another observed "The *King* and the *Subject* must e'en have one civil bout, as we say, and then we shall all be very good friends again."* In vain the prudential sagacity of Whitelocke had presciently warned, that probably few of them would live to see the end of such a War; that they who draw the Sword against the Sovereign must throw away the Scabbard; "and

* Harl. MSS. 6395, (503.)

that such commotions, like deep seas once stirred, will be long ere they are again calmed." The sage Whitelocke voted to provide for War, but not for War itself. It was however the unhappiness of both parties to imagine that a single battle would terminate the conflict, and when that battle had been fought, it was as easily imagined that the next would be decisive. But in Civil Wars the first battle is usually the prognostic of many; for among its other calamities, is that of setting up the power of the Military, particularly when foreign Soldiers of fortune are invited, who always studiously prolong the season of their fatal prosperity.

The Parliament had recourse to military men who had seen service in the Netherlands, to discipline their raw levies. Among these were many Germans. In some accounts from the country we find noticed "the honest German" who drilled them. Recruits drawn from the shop, or the wharf, or the manufactory, had hitherto more ably served them in mobs, than they could in rank and file. The Parliamentary Colonels who had regiments appointed to them, were generally country-gentlemen, and students from the Inns of Court. They were so inexperienced in their Tactics that they had

not yet acquired the technical style. General Ludlow, that honourable Commonwealth-man, was evidently something jealous of these imported officers, the mercenaries of Royalty, some of whom were foreigners, and even suspected of Popery, for he alludes to these Veterans "as a generation of men much cried up at that time." But Ludlow has himself furnished an anecdote which shows how men who had never been in action, when once in the field are but apprentices in their new craft. In the battle of Edge-hill, among other similar disasters of the day, one of these Veterans having drawn up his men into an open space to make an advantageous charge, gave the word of command to "Wheel about!" "Our gentlemen," proceeds Ludlow, "not well understanding the difference between *wheeling about*, and *shifting for themselves*, their backs being now towards the Enemy, whom they thought to be close in their rear, flew back to the army in a very dishonourable manner, and received the next morning but a cold welcome from the General."

Even the common precautions of military discipline had not been practised, and the officers appear to have been as negligent as the soldiers. In the Royal army they had the field-

word given to know their friends in the heat of battle, "For God and the King!" but the Parliamentarians had no word to recognise their fellows from the enemy, and several instances occurred of their firing on each other. This error was no doubt soon corrected. At the sanguinary battle of Marston-Moor, the Field-word of the Parliamentarians, in contradistinction of the King's, was "God with us!" In that day the soldiers seemed to have depended on the colour of their coats as a signal of recognition; these however were as various as their regiments, and it sometimes happened that both parties wore the same colour. The King had a red regiment, held to be "The Invincible Regiment," consisting of 1200 men. Among the Parliamentarians they had also a regiment of Red-coats. There were regiments of purple, of gray, and of blue.* It required some recollection when two encountered to ascertain the friend from the foe, which might depend on the colour, or even the cut of his coat.†

The simple citizens of a provincial town on

* Vicars' Parliamentary Chronicle, second part, 200.

† The Marquis of Newcastle had a regiment composed of Northumberland Men, called from their dress *White Coats*. These Veterans behaved with the utmost gallantry, and though deserted at Marston-Moor by all their friends, they formed a ring to oppose Cromwell, and the White Coats fell in

a sudden attack, would be startled by the pomp and glory of an army, which seemed terrible to those fearful spirits who were hurried from their quiet labours to defend the avenue, or to stand at the breach, in the very throat of war. The siege of Bradford has been described by one of its own townsmen. In his *naïve* narrative, there is a passage so true to nature, and withal so forcible in expression, that a higher genius might not have disdained it. "Every man was now ordered to his post, armed with such weapons as he was beforehand provided withal; the Church and Steeple were secured in the best manner we possibly could. They approached us with the sound of warlike music and their streamers flying in the air — tremendous sight! enough to make the stoutest heart to tremble! to shake the nerves and loose the joints of every beholder! Amazing to see the different effects it had upon others, who were fired with rage even to madness, and filled with revenge almost to enthusiasm!" We were at that time, after twenty years of luxurious peace, little skilled in military affairs. The French Resident Sabran, alluding to the critical state of

their ranks without the flight of one man. Whether, from the colour of their Coats, or their desperate courage, they also obtained the title of Newcastle's "Lambs."

Essex in Cornwall, who must be lost, he said, if the King seizes on the advantage he has now over him, and the reinforcements of Waller, dispatched too late, observed on both parties in the Civil Wars, "*Mais ils font touts si mal la guerre que je doute s'il l'aura combattu, ce qu'il ne pourra faire si avantageusement, et si ce secours arrive à tems le mettre lui-même entre deux feux.*" As it happened, Charles on this occasion escaped from Waller by deceiving him in altering his march.

The truth is, Sabran, accustomed to the military tactics of a Continental campaign, was not aware that in our Civil Wars it was not always deficient skill which occasioned our bad generalship. A general was not always in earnest, and the pursuer in his career would often pause, to spare the massacre of his fellow-citizens. Essex, inclined to Peace, seemed always to have avoided coming to extremities with the King. His name was untainted by fear, and his military reputation was the highest in the kingdom. By his dexterity in raising the siege of Gloucester he did the Parliament the greatest service. Essex, at a moment when he, disliking their proceedings, felt weary of his new masters, and was himself in a most critical position, nobly refused the

unlimited offer made by the King, in a letter written by the royal hand, sternly and honourably referring to his Commission, which he said was "to defend the King's person and his posterity, but for the rest he counselled his Majesty to apply to his Parliament." On many occasions indeed, with these mixed feelings, he seems to have been cautious in pursuing his advantages. On the King's side they often deliberated long without coming to any resolution, and as often resolved without deliberation.* The King's most able general, Colonel Goring, was an airy bacchanalian, who on the most critical emergency could not be enticed from the jollities of the table, slighting every alarmist, till the carouse was concluded. His rapid genius often repaired his neglect, but on one great occasion he suffered the Earl of Essex to escape, not to interrupt the harmony of a convivial party which he had engaged.

The Parliament had the appearance of an army before the King could complete a single regiment, but it was chiefly composed of citizens, and this undisciplined soldiery now saw themselves opposed to the volunteers in the King's ranks, men of name, of condition, and of wealth, while they themselves were so un-

* Bulstrode's Memoirs, 113.

known to the world, that, afterwards their loss was unperceived. Those who fell on the King's side were too eminent to be passed over. Many now beheld themselves in arms against those from whom they were accustomed to solicit commands, more were marching against those old companions with whom they had shared in their common labours. The brother saw his brother in the ranks he was led on to attack. A Parliamentary soldier dying of his wounds, declared that his deepest grief was having received his death from the hand of his brother. Him he had recognised among the royal troops, and turned aside, but the carabine was impetuously discharged by the hand which had never before been raised but in affection.

A spirit of chivalric loyalty animated the slender ranks of the King's army. A spirit so strange to the political party in the Commons, that they had not calculated on that awakening force which had supplied the deserted Monarch, left as he was without other resources than his standard and his name, with an army maintained by the nobility and gentry. The noblemen and gentlemen who crowded to ride in the King's own Regiment, commanded by Lord Bernard Stuart his kinsman, and brother to the Duke of Richmond, were so wealthy a body of

the Aristocracy, that Charles observed, "the revenues of those in that single troop would buy the estates of my Lord of Essex and of all the officers in his army." Wealth! has always been considered by the infirmity of civilized Man, as the permanent standard of Power; but in great Revolutions, where the passions, more even than the interests of the actors are concerned, the artificial potency of wealth, shrinks before loftier motives and mightier principles. The Royal army was inspired by HONOUR, and the Parliamentary army was led on by LIBERTY. These are national virtues, more permanent in their operations and less liable to consume themselves than that which "maketh itself wings, and flieth away."

But there was a fatality in the character of Charles the First, a fatality which arose from that propensity to favour those who stood most near to him. Though of cold and retired habits, his social affections were excessive, and deprived him of all power of judgment. It is unquestionable that this Monarch was deficient in the acute discernment of the real talents and capacity of those persons who were most closely attached to him, a weakness which repeatedly betrayed him into errors on some of the most important events of his life. It is observed in

one of the suppressed passages of Clarendon, that "the King always loved his family immoderately, and with notable partiality, and was willing to believe that their high quality could not be without all those qualities and qualifications which were equal to it, if they had an opportunity to manifest those endowments."* Charles credited them for that which he himself possessed. There was a romantic tinge in the character of Charles the First, it showed itself in that day-break of his active life, the stolen voyage of love to Madrid, to its setting-sun—his long imprisonments. All men about him witnessed in this Monarch that greatness of spirit which he was prone to contemplate in those who were allied to him, or those who were closest in his intimacy.

This domestic weakness was the first ruinous error in the Civil Wars of this hapless Monarch. Charles in exempting Prince Rupert, because the Prince was his nephew, from receiving orders from any one but himself, and by adopting the Prince's plans, was confiding his fortunes to a juvenile soldier, whose rash spirit and intolerable haughtiness made his courage his greatest defect. The Earl of Lindsay, who actually bore the commission of Commander-in-

* Clarendon, iv. 603.

chief, thus became subordinate in power; and besides suffering this indignity, that veteran entirely disagreed with the royal boy's orders and plans. Unskilled in the military science, the Prince delighted solely in the impetuosity of his charge, and in the pursuit of the fugitive. He would rush on the enemy in view, but never at any time reflected on those he left behind, and was sure on his victorious return to find that the battle was lost. Prince Rupert could never correct his natural deficiencies for warlike enterprizes, for he repeated the same error in the three great battles which decided the fate of Charles. Rupert had great courage, but neither science nor genius; he depended on his impetuous charge and never failed in it. But it seems that the Military genius, like the genius of Poetry, requires to be reminded by that critical verse of Pope, as it was originally plainly given—

> "There are whom Heaven has blest with store of Wit,
> Yet want as much again to manage it."

The worse characteristic of this German soldier was his disposition for plunder, and pillaging the waggons, which occasioned Prince Rupert to be called "Prince Robber," being, as Vicars says, "thievishly wise."* The noble-minded

* Vicars' Parl. Chronicle, Second part, 200.

Lindsay would not desert the King for the error of the royal judgment. Considering himself however no longer as his General, but as a private Colonel, he took his station at the head of his own regiment, to manifest that he was willing to die for the Sovereign whom he could not serve.

The Parliament had selected for their Commander-in-chief one who yielded to none in reputation. The Earl of Essex, whose unfortunate history seems to have occasioned him the displeasure of the ladies at Court, had been unaccountably neglected by the King. Essex had felt the coldness of that neglect, but he was of a temper which made him but half an enemy. The royal person was still reverenced as inviolable in the Constitution, and Essex looked on the Sovereign with more awe than on his new masters. The Earl indeed had been perplexed by the novel doctrine which distinguished his allegiance to the King in his corporate, from his personal capacity; but stronger heads than his own, had satisfactorily decided to arm in the King's name against the King. Invested with the distinguished title of "His Excellency," Essex was not insensible to its *gloriole*. We may often use the Abbé St. Pierre's felicitous diminutive of Glory, when

the personal vanity of the Egotist predominates over the more elevated feeling. But there seems to have been a better motive in the conduct of the Earl of Essex. He had flattered himself, for his new masters had flattered him, that he should stand in the breach to allay the passions of the Parliament, and even to direct their councils, and thus to preserve the nation in its extremities. Men of middling capacity often indulge those bold designs to which only the greatest are competent.

It was in a state of such vacillating opinions and afflicted feelings that the two armies met; their animosities had not yet fleshed their swords, and their reluctant spirits weakened at the onset. Many on both sides alike dreaded a defeat or a victory.

The battle of Edge-hill is a memorable instance of one of those indecisive actions in which both parties alike imagined that they were defeated.

It was on an October morning that suddenly on the heights of Edge-hill in Warwickshire was discerned a body of cavalry. It was the horse of the impetuous Rupert, who had preceded the Royal troops; they at intervals were hastening to rejoin him. Beneath in the plain,

called the Vale of the Red Horse,* stood the Earl of Essex, who had chosen his ground and arranged his order of battle, awaiting the attack. During several hours the Royalists were allowed to wind down the steep, without suffering any interruption.

Before the battle Charles severally addressed his Lords and Colonels in his tent—his soldiers and his whole army. His speeches on this remarkable occasion are animated. To the Lords, Charles rejects with disdain the odious term of "Malignant," and explains to the soldiers that of "Cavalier," which had been degraded into infamy, while the plain republican rudeness had prided itself on that of "Trooper."

"My Lords, and the rest here present," said Charles, "your King is both your cause, your quarrel, and your Captain. The foe is in sight, now show yourselves no malignant parties, but with your swords declare what courage and fidelity is within you. I have written and declared that I intended always to maintain the Protestant religion, the privileges of the

* One Brightman on the Revelations, chap. vi. in this name which the inhabitants of Keinton gave the Meadow between Stratford-on-Avon and Banbury, "cleared up a terrible mystery."

Parliament, and the liberties of the subject. Let Heaven show his power by this day's victory! Come life and death, your King will bear you company, and ever keep this field, this place, and this day's service in his grateful remembrance!"

"Friends and Soldiers!" exclaimed the Monarch, "you are called Cavaliers and Royalists in a disgraceful manner. If I suffer in my fame, needs must you do also. Now show yourselves my Friends and not Malignants, fight for your King, the peace of the Kingdom, and the Protestant religion. The valour of Cavaliers hath honoured that name both in France and other countries, and now let it be known in England, as well as Horseman or Trooper. The name of Cavalier signifies nothing more than a gentleman serving his King on horseback. Show yourselves therefore now courageous Cavaliers, and beat back all opprobrious aspersions cast upon you.

"Friends and Soldiers! I look upon you with joy to behold so great an army as ever King of England had in these later times. I thank your loves offered to your King to hazard your lives and fortunes with me, in my urgent necessity. I see by you that no father can leave his son, no subject his lawful King.

We have marched so long in hope to meet no enemy, unknowing any at whose hands we deserve any opposition. But matters are not to be declared by words, but by swords. You all think our thoughts while I reign over your affections, as well as persons. My resolution is to try the doubtful chance of war, while with much grief I must stand to and endure the hazards. I desire not the effusion of blood, but since Heaven hath so decreed, and that so much preparation hath been made, we must need accept of the present occasion for an honourable victory and glory to our Crown, since reputation is that which gilds over the richest gold, and shall ever be the endeavour of Our whole reign. Your King bids you all be courageous, and Heaven make ye victorious!"*

The King gave the solemn word, "Go in the name of God, and I'll lay my bones with yours." With his own hand he fired the first piece, that first shot, the predecessor of years of national misery! Prince Rupert impetuously charged the right wing of the Parliamentarians, who dispersed in all directions, many of these fugitives never stopping till they reached the Metropolis, where they brought the first news of a total defeat. There was also a defection

* Somers' Tracts, Sir Walter Scott's Edition, iv. 478.

in the army of the Parliament; an entire regiment passed over to the King. Fortune seemed favourable to the Royalists, and when Lord Falkland repeatedly pressed Wilmot, who commanded the King's left wing, to charge on Sir William Balfour, who with a small unbroken body of the reserve of Essex's army was roving about and doing fatal execution, this General replied, "My Lord, we have got the day, and let us live to enjoy the fruit." Yet here the Earl of Lindsay fell, and the Standard-bearer Sir Edward Varney was killed. The King himself was in imminent danger, as well as the Princes; the bullets dropped near them, or passed over their heads. Every one trembled for the King, and Charles was importuned to draw off from the midst of the action; but no intreaties availed, and the King rode into the head-ranks encouraging them to maintain their ground, by the valour with which he himself set the example. At length perceiving the doubtful aspect of the field, he commanded the Princes to retire. Charles himself still lingered on the field with some of his Lords and Officers, but they knew not what had become of their horse, and their ranks had visibly thinned.

When Rupert with his cavalry returned

from his imprudent victory, and a pursuit which had been protracted by the plunder of the baggage of the enemy, he saw the wide mischief which his rash conduct had occasioned. He found the King in distress with few attendants; the officers could not rally their scattered regiments, and the men were roving about without their officers. Thus instead of the victory which Rupert had so rashly anticipated, the Prince saw "the hope of so glorious a day quite vanished." It seems probable that had Prince Rupert not pursued the enemy too far, and lost so much time in plundering their waggons, he would have returned in triumph to annihilate the Parliament's forces, and it might have been doubtful whether a second army could ever have been collected. It is remarkable of this battle between disciplined and undisciplined troops, of military men and civic volunteers, that the greatest slaughter on the side of the Parliament was of such as run away, and on the Royalist, of those who stood and fell in their ranks.*

The day was closing, and the King was advised to abandon the field, but on this, his first martial exploit, Charles displayed that intrepid decision and that prodigal gallantry which

* Ludlow, an unexceptionable witness, i. 44.

afterwards he had so many occasions to show to the world. Charles was sensible that the soul of his little army lay in his own conduct, as the raising of it had been by his own person; and he thought as he declared, to use the words of Clarendon, that "it was unprincely to forsake them who had forsaken all they had to serve him." The King perceived, and perhaps he wondered, that the Parliamentarians did not look as if they considered themselves as victors. Those spiritless troops of Citizen-soldiers seemed to place their safety in keeping close together in an immoveable position.

At this moment whoever had offered to advance, had probably struck a panic in his adversary, and had obtained an instant victory. Charles attempted to rally the cavalry for a fresh charge on Balfour, who since the return of Prince Rupert had ceased his active operations; but the troopers declared that their horses were so tired that they could not venture on a charge. Both parties were satisfied to look on each other.

The night parted them, "that common friend to wearied and dismayed armies." It was a cold October night with a sharp frost on the ground, and piercing northerly winds, trying the strength of men on the King's side, who had not tasted

food for forty-eight hours. The condition of the Royal army was far worse than the other. The King would not leave the open field, sitting by a scanty fire kindled by bushes and brushwood. Charles dreaded the morning, when his thinned ranks would expose his weakness to the observation of the enemy. Sometimes they flattered themselves, while all seemed quiet, that the Parliamentarians had retreated; but at break of day they were found standing on the same spot. It is said that Essex could not venture to retreat, lest his men should disperse and run away; but he had provided his honest citizens with plentiful provisions, which, invested with the plenary Parliamentary power, he had levied on towns and villages, while the King's party, who the peasantry had been told consisted of those terrible Papists of whom they had heard so much, found no friends, but were forsaken to perish with cold and hunger.

Thus the King kept the field, and Essex did not lose his ground. The Parliamentarians were not conquered, nor were the Royalists defeated. Both armies continued looking on each other the whole day.

At length the King, to rest his wearied men, commanded them back to their old quarters,

and Essex withdrew to Warwick Castle with his prisoners, yet not without marks of trepidation, for in his haste, he left behind his wounded, and many carriages, and his rear suffered themselves to be chased by some of the King's horse. The loss on Essex's side trebled the King's, but the great names which had perished, or which were included among the prisoners, made the Earl's claim to this disputed victory more apparent to the world; while the Royalists, when shortly after Banbury surrendered to the King, appealed to the pursuit of their retreating enemy, as an evidence of the victory of Edge-hill. It signified little who were the conquerors, when both armies were equally desirous of leaving the other.

The singular circumstance of both parties, after the battle, refusing either to fly, or to renew the attack, Clarendon considered incomprehensible. The Duke of Argyle and Lord Cobham in a conversation with Warburton, deciding as military men, insisted that Essex should have pressed on the King, or followed him up closely. When the King saw Essex neglect this advantage, and retreat northwards, the King should have marched to London and ended the war at a blow. But Warburton, looking more narrowly into moral causes and

the hidden passions of the leaders, as a profound politician, solved the incomprehensible problem of Clarendon. Essex's views and principles would not suffer him to destroy the King, no more than some of Charles's friends wished the King to take the Metropolis by conquest, and had therefore, in council, dissuaded him from the march to London. It is certain that many Royalists dreaded a victory on their own side, lest Charles should imagine that he had conquered the nation. They cherished a hope that the Parliament, if prevented from obtaining a victory over the King, would stand as a perpetual barrier against any future arbitrary measures. Both parties dreaded to conquer the other as much as to be conquered. Such is the distracted state of a Civil War!

While this memorable action was proceeding, the terror of the Metropolis was not less than that experienced in the field. It is curious to observe the nature of those rumours and the panic of those flights which a great battle produces on a Capital whose safety depends on the results. The first fugitives, who had been broken and dispersed by Prince Rupert's cavalry, had hurried on in breathless agony, to declare that all was lost, that the King's army was terrible; and as their fears

multiplied, some imagined a number of incidents which appear not to have occurred. The Earl of Essex had fallen in the field, and with his dying words bade every one shift for himself! The whole of Monday the City was in terror. Late in the afternoon, dispatches from the Earl of Essex himself, acknowledged the impression made on his horse, but that the conclusion was prosperous. Yet, so far beyond their hopes went their fears, that the dispatches of the Earl were not credited. The Lord Hastings entering the House with ghastly looks, had declared that he himself had witnessed the destruction of the army. His Lordship indeed had been among the foremost of the fugitives, and seemed scarcely to know how he had escaped. In the horror and consternation of eight-and-forty hours, every man paid and underwent a full penance and mortification for the hopes and insolence of three months before —sarcastically observes Clarendon.

At length two Members arrived from the army, and their statements being as favourably drawn up as affairs admitted, the House voted that their army had obtained a victory, and appointed a solemn thanksgiving. It was declared in Parliament and it was announced in Guildhall. Still many who were returning

from the scene of action spread the most contradictory accounts, some asserting that the two Members themselves had seen little or nothing of that horrible day's business. The King immediately after the action having taken Banbury, confirmed the more disastrous accounts, nor could his uninterrupted march to Oxford, while the Earl had retreated to Warwick, be denied. At length the Parliament committed every one to prison who reported that the King had the better in the field. An arbitrary measure which increased the suspicions of the political sceptics of a victory which seemed to depend on the Votes of the Commons.

The battle of Edge-hill was in truth neither a victory nor a defeat, but it was the first battle of the Civil Wars, the seed of six years of national affliction!

CHAPTER IV.

THE MILITARY LIFE OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

MILITARY heroism excites the admiration of the world, more than any other virtue. It seems to be the original sin of our nature to be more interested by action than by repose. Power which destroys, astonishes mankind more than Power which perpetuates. A philosopher once inquired into the cause of that restlessness and disorder in man which he could not discover in any other animal. He might have recollected, that no other animal is endowed with that proud Reason which is doomed to be tormented by glory, and never satiated by self-love. As a Captain, the King is not considered to have been among the inferior Generals of his own country. He was unquestionably the bravest of his age. Our Commanders in the Civil War seem to have had little experience in their Art, till the genius

of Cromwell showed that he combated for Victory. The fearlessness and intrepidity of the King have even extorted the applause of his bitterest enemies, so bewitching is personal courage! But his, too, was that nobler moral courage which could sustain defeat, unmoved by despair; a quality which does not always accompany the animal energy and dashing spirit of brutish heroes.

One of our most popular authors has conveyed to some readers an erroneous impression of Charles the First when amidst his army, in the well-known "Memoirs of a Cavalier." The animated narrative of this fiction is wrought with such dexterity, and the events are detailed with such precision, that the great Lord Chatham mistook it for an authentic history, recommending it as the best account of the Civil Wars. He was not a little mortified when that illusion was dissipated. More than once I have seen copious extracts from this suppositious narrative given as authorities by grave writers of history.* It is one of those historical Ro-

* De Foe's "Cavalier" has been printed under four different titles, probably adapted to the different designs of the Editors. One is called "The History of the Civil Wars in Germany, from 1630 to 1635; also genuine Memoirs of the Wars of England in the unhappy reign of Charles the First. Written by a *Shropshire Gentleman, who personally served on*

mances which are very like Truth, and therefore the worse for the likeness, for it is

" A false Duessa, seeming Lady faire !" *

" The Cavalier " pretends that he had " frequent discourses with his Majesty," and on one occasion satisfactorily showed the King how the battle which he had lost might have been gained. From this presumed intimacy, we should have expected to have learnt some-

the Royal side during the unhappy contests in England." Newark, 1782. The late Mr. John Nichols, whose bibliographical knowledge of English books was considerable, in his costly History of Leicestershire, was so fascinated by a provincial edition, and by the " Shropshire Gentleman who personally served," that he has largely transcribed from this Romance for an authentic narrative of the siege of Leicester, without being aware that he was alloying his antiquarian metal with a modern brass. Nichols' Leicestershire, iii. app. 41.—It is a curious fact, that a similar error to that of Lord Chatham's happened to Jackson of Exeter, who had some claims to literary distinction as well as to musical celebrity. He always considered that De Foe's " History of the Plague " was written by a contemporary, from its minute details, and the many natural incidents so forcibly invented. Nor is this surprising, since a learned physician, I think Dr. Mead, writing on " the Plague," refers to that extraordinary historical Romance by the same writer. All this is highly honourable to the genius of De Foe, but by no means to historical Romances, for the dangerous deception successfully practised even on enlightened men.

* Spenser.

thing of the habits and character of Charles the First, when amidst his camp — in the hour of battle — and on his constant marches. These omissions were not forborne from any purpose which many have had of depreciating the personal character of Charles, for De Foe has vindicated the Monarch from the reproaches of the public libels of the times, which denounce him for a Tyrant reckless of the blood of his subjects: "The Cavalier" acknowledging that "He never saw any inclination in his Majesty to cruelty, or to act any thing not practised by men of honour in all nations." On one occasion, the Cavalier had told us that "When he was in Germany with the King of Sweden, we used to see the King with the General Officers every morning on horseback viewing his men, his artillery, his horses, and always something going forwards;" but that he had the least diversion in the English army, where, he proceeds, "The King was seldom seen among us, and seldom without Courtiers and Clergymen, Parsons and Bishops, always about him." This happened when the English army was at York, on the first invasion of the Scots. That Expedition, we have already shown, was a mere parade of War, and as Charles himself acknow-

ledged, that Army was never designed for fighting. The reader who views Charles once placed in this ridiculous attitude, and hears nothing farther of his conduct during these Civil Wars at which our Cavalier assures us he was present, cannot avoid receiving a very ordinary impression of the military life of this Monarch. Had De Foe known what we could tell him, that picturesque artist amidst his inventions had sketched a prominent figure of Charles during many years, unwearied, unsubdued by Calamity, and wrestling with Fate.

We have several addresses of the King to his army, or to the inhabitants of places whom he summoned to meet him. They are not formal orations. Having addressed the Somersetshire Men, he concludes—"Your cheerfulness in this service I shall requite if it be in my power; if I live not to do it, I hope this young man, my Son, your fellow-soldier in this expedition, will, to whom I shall particularly give it in charge."* In pointing to the Prince who was by, and in uttering the language of the heart, "this young man, my Son, and your fellow-soldier," was an appeal to the social feelings of the multitude which must

* Rushworth, v. 690.

have found a response in the breast of every man.

Sabran, the French Resident, had several interviews with Charles the First, passing over to the King at different times from the Metropolis. The Frenchman was little prepossessed in favour of the King; his "Instructions" had hinted to him that Charles had never returned "the affectionate offers" of France.

He is surprised to find that "The King is prodigal of his exertions, and astonishingly laborious. He is more frequently on his horse than in his coach, from morning till night marching with his infantry. The soldiers seem conscious of all the cares and the wants of their King, satisfying themselves gaily with the little he can do for them, and marching with all their hearts *(marchant de cœur)*, as it appears to me, to another battle, to which the troops of the Parliament, better armed, seem to be leading them. I have seen them all, and considered them well." In another passage Sabran is more deeply affected by the conduct of Charles. "I can assure you that he is to my mind a King the most laborious, the most judicious, and the least rash *(empressé)* in such bad affairs, personally giving and directing all

his orders, even to the least; never signing a paper without a strict consideration; and the King is as often on foot as on horseback at the head of his army. His Britannic Majesty desires Peace, but from his knowledge of the contempt with which his inclination is received, he is bent on War. Although the King in my opinion will open the Campaign with advantage rather than loss, (this was in April 1645,) yet he has such inadequate resources that one cannot hope for him long." Not two months afterwards, Fairfax, the new Commander-in-Chief, gave a total overthrow to the King's army, and the reverses of Charles fast followed.

At Naseby, where, as Clarendon so mournfully tells, "The King and the Kingdom were lost," a sentiment, says Warburton, dictated by a generous despair and as nobly expressed, Fortune for ever deserted the Royal Standard. The self-possession and the dauntless intrepidity of the King in the hour of action was on that day put to trial. Charles would have reconquered the lost battle. The King rode encouraging with voice and hand the men, often exclaiming, "One charge more, and we recover the day!" Twice, Sabran notices, the King rallied the infantry, but suddenly the cavalry

turned, and were all in flight. The infantry perceiving themselves abandoned, whole battalions flung down their arms. Charles, regardless of his person, was rushing into the midst of the Enemy, when the Scotch Earl of Carneworth suddenly laid his hand on the bridle of the King's horse, exclaiming with two or three broad Scottish oaths, "Will you go upon your death in an instant?" From one who was present at this action, we learn that the King hardly escaped by charging with his own troop of horse solely, through the body of the Enemy.*

It is remarkable, that in this the most important battle, where the parties met with equal desires and hopes, the action was the least sanguinary of all in the Civil Wars. The killed were few, and the prisoners very many. The number of standards taken astonished Sabran, who observed as the prisoners passed by his window, that among three thousand of Charles's infantry there were not more than two or three carts of the wounded, and not more than eight or ten Cavaliers, prisoners. This account is confirmed by Ludlow, who calculates the total of the prisoners at six thousand. "This victory," adds the Republican General, "was ob-

* Iter Carolinum, Gutch's Miscellanea Curiosa, ii. 442.

tained with the loss of a very few on our side, and not above three or four hundred of the Enemy.*

What then occasioned such a complete discomfiture on the side of the Royalists? It is evident that a panic had seized on the cavalry. Clarendon is the only writer who has ventured

* Hume has taken up some account of this battle, which differs from the present. "The slain on the side of the Parliament exceeded those on the side of the King. They lost a thousand men, He not above eight hundred." The accounts of the killed in battles are very suppositious; each party lessening their own and multiplying those of the Enemy; but as all agree in the present case, to the immense crowd of prisoners, we may be certain it was occasioned by some uncommon accident.

As a specimen of the lying accounts which were bolstered up even by the Parliament to deceive the people, Josiah Ricraft, who has exerted his pen in commemorating "England's Champions" and "Truth's faithful Patriots," pretends to give an exact account of the loss incurred by both the King and the Parliament, in these Civil Wars. He counts over the slain in every place, and every action, and the total is, as he intended before he began to count, that the common soldiers slain on the King's side amount to 21,560, while the total on the Parliament's is only 2533. He seems not to have been aware that this very statement proves how greatly the King divided the common people with the Parliament, notwithstanding the immense resources they held in their hands, and that the King had little more than his name.

to account for this extraordinary panic, and he does this, by alluding to the trivial incident of the Earl of Carneworth suddenly turning round the King's horse by snatching the bridle! Instantly the word ran through the troops "to march to the right," which "led them from charging the Enemy, turning their horses all rode away upon the spur"—*Sauve qui se peut.* On a panic terror, even on an accident as inconsiderable as the one alleged by the noble historian, have doubtless turned the fortunes of battles; but in the present case, it is evident that the imminent peril in which the King stood was equally participated by his cavalry, and the single cry to "march to the right," that is, to march away! was not unwillingly obeyed simultaneously by all. The astonishment of Sabran that there were only "eight or ten Cavaliers" among the prisoners, implies that the panic-stricken cavalry and the infantry who laid down their arms, were formed of raw recruits, or ordinary soldiery. The Cavaliers, that is, the men of rank and honour, fell in their ranks, maintaining their gallantry on the ground which they covered when dead. Of three or four hundred killed of the Royalists, as Ludlow tells us, we learn from Clarendon, that "there were above one hundred

and fifty officers and gentlemen of prime quality dead upon the spot, whose memories ought to be preserved."

It is a curious fact that a great reverse had occurred in the state of the two armies during the Civil Wars. The spirit of Loyalty was surrounded by illusions. The Royalists believed their cause to be the only lawful one; that the name of the King was itself "more than thirty thousand;" and that the people would fight for the Crown, as they expressed it, "though it hung but on a hawthorn hedge." Their deeds vouched their honour; but their confidence betrayed their presumption; Presumption which is only Hope run mad. They seemed not sensible that a part of the nation had become another people. It was not only that Sovereignty was contemned, but that new interests had risen in opposition to the old. Deprived of their estates, the Royalists acquired nothing by a fugitive victory; it was a blaze which extinguished itself. Careless, gay and dissipated, the Royalists rarely acted in concert; they attacked but in hope. Vigilant to preserve their pay and their spoil, and for ever lost if they could not save themselves, the Parliamentarians combated in despair. The moral force of the parties became every year

more unequal. There was also another cause of the unprosperous state of the Royalist army. From the difficulty which the King had found both in paying and subsisting his men, his levies were often raised suddenly, and necessarily were now composed of raw undisciplined recruits. The Commissariat, which the greatest captain of our times has described as the soul of an army, seems then to have been as unknown as the term. There was no want of men, had Charles the means to subsist them. Sir Henry Slingsby notices that having once collected three hundred men who flocked to his summons, having not the means of providing for them, he was compelled to disband, and send them back to their homes. They were ready to fight for the King, but they required also to be fed.

On the Parliament's side, under Cromwell and Fairfax, the troops had not only greatly improved in the strictness of their discipline, and the quality of the men, but they were now acting under the influence of a principle which worked in the field, greater miracles than the whole military art. Under Cromwell his Parliamentarians were no longer as he described them to have been, "decayed serving-men, broken tapsters, and these without religion."

That extraordinary man, who had long witnessed the noble sacrifices of the Cavaliers, now meditated to oppose the spirit of Religion to the principle of Honour. It is his own avowal in a speech to Parliament. We have sometimes smiled at his army halting to sing a psalm—it was as exciting as the Marseillois hymn.* Cromwell was a vast genius, because he derived his greatness, not merely from his deeds, but from a higher source, from a principle which in the present instance unfolds the philosophy of a Montesquieu. With Cromwell's turn of mind, like another Mahomet, he might have founded a new religion. He prayed, and wept, and had all the unction of inspiration. He rarely disputed on doctrinal points, but he poured himself out on Free-Grace. Baxter who well knew Cromwell, conveys a very lively notion of his art of oratory. "Of a sanguine complexion, naturally of such a vivacity, hilarity, and alacrity, as another man hath when he hath drunken a cup too much."† But the man who was not hardy enough to make himself king; dreading the pistols of a few of his brothers in arms, was too wary in his enthusiasm, acting with others,

* See note at the end of the chapter.

† Baxter's Life, 57, fo.

rather than doing that in which he must have stood alone, unguarded by the sympathies of those who surrounded him.

The character of a commander is not only displayed in a campaign, but in its vicissitudes, in the trying hour of his defeat, when the collectedness of his thoughts is to retrieve the past, and in the presence of mind when defection, or open mutiny, are to be repressed by courageous castigation. Charles, the retired Charles adapted to adorn the interior of a palace by the arts he loved, and the seclusion he courted, now wearing out his robust frame in hard campaigns by night and day, even when lowest in fortune, preserved the same unalterable spirit. It is certain that few have possessed such an entire self-control as this Monarch; this was probably a constitutional virtue; it would be of a higher rank if we conceive it to have been the acquirement of his philosophy—whatever it was, it originated however in no deficiency of sympathy. We may recollect the extraordinary manner in which he received, to him the most afflicting intelligence, the catastrophe of the Duke of Buckingham, which was secretly communicated to him while at chapel—he remained unmoved! He showed the same undisturbed magnanimity when standing in the

tower of the wall of Chester he saw his troops in a sally defeated, and his friend Lord Litchfield slain at a moment when such a loss was irretrievable. Sir Henry Slingsby who was about the King, has noticed the imperturbable character of Charles. "Here," says this honest memorialist, "I do wonder at the admirable temper of the King, whose constancy was such that no perils never so unavoidable could move him to astonishment, but that still he set the same face and settled countenance upon whatsoever adverse fortune befell him, and neither was he exalted by prosperity nor dejected in adversity, which was the more admirable in him, seeing he had no other to have recourse unto, but must bear the whole burthen upon his own shoulders."* Indeed the self-command of Charles the First finds hardly a parallel in the history of man. When this Monarch received the fatal intelligence that the Scots had resolved to deliver him up to the English Parliament, he was engaged at chess; his companion struck with amazement stopped his play; the King desired him to proceed, preserved silence, and won the game! Such a revolution of fortune might have startled one of Plutarch's heroes.

I shall now furnish an extraordinary instance

* Memoirs of Sir Henry Slingsby, 82.

of the King's spirited and firm conduct in a mutiny which was not known to our historians. After the battle of Naseby, at Welbeck the King held one of the most important councils of war which occurred during his fugitive reign. Should he march for Scotland, to join Montrose, or return to Oxford to attempt a treaty with the Parliament? The council were equally divided in their opinions; the King inclined to those who were for marching to Scotland. It was sometime after that one morning orders had actually been issued to rendezvous in Worksop Park, when an express arrived announcing the defeat of Montrose, and the face of war, in an instant, changed!

The King retreated to Newark as the nearest place of safety. At this moment Charles the First seemed at the lowest ebb of his fortunes. Bristol had most unexpectedly capitulated under Prince Rupert, by which the King suffered the immediate loss of many towns, and shortly after all the West of England. Lord Digby too had been just routed at Sherborne. Misfortune trod on the heels of Misfortune. Factions and disagreements and personal jealousies, the usual consequences attendant on discomfited troops, were dividing into parties the fragments of the Royal army.

The astonishing surrender of Bristol, on terms not honourable to the Prince, was hardly forgiven, after his assurance of keeping that city for four months. The King addressed two energetic letters to his nephews, which in a view of his character deserve our notice. The agony of his despair appears in a remarkable postscript to a letter the King wrote to Secretary Nicholas. "Tell my son that I shall less grieve to hear that he is knocked on the head, than that he should do so mean an action as is the rendering of Bristol Castle and Fort upon the terms it was."

That fatal blow reversed all his hopes; he calls it "the greatest trial of my constancy that hath yet befallen me;" the depth and bitterness of this feeling can only appear by the letter which the King addressed to Prince Rupert. I have transcribed it from the original in a private collection, preserving in this instance the peculiarity of the Royal orthography. Charles had never been taught to spell his words, but wrote them down by the ear.*

* From the Autograph Collection of W. Benet, Esq. M.P. This gentleman informed me that he is the possessor of near two thousand letters of the times of Charles the First, in which are included a number of Royal letters, and an entire journal of Prince Rupert, during his maritime life

TO PRINCE RUPERT.

Hereford, 14th Sept. 1645.

"NEPHEU,

"THOUGH the loss of Bristol be a great blow to me, yet your surrendring it as you did, is of so much affliction to me, that it makes me forget not only the consideration of that place, but is lykewaies the greatest tryall of my constancy that hath yet befalen me; for, what is to be done? After one, that is so neer me as you ar both in blood and frendship, submits himself to so meane an action (I give it the easiest terme) such, I have so much to say, that I will say no more of it, only least rashness of judgement be layed to my charge, I must remember you of your letter of the 12th of Aug. whereby you assured me (that if no mu-

when he took with him some remaining ships of the English navy, on his leaving our shores. The Prince was not heard of for some years. He had taken with him great treasure, but he returned only with some worm-eaten ships, and by accidents at sea had lost his treasure (and his brother Maurice.) It would be curious to learn how Rupert passed away these years floating on the ocean, and whether the Prince ever turned Buccaneer? The tale remains untold. As Mr. Benet's collection is at his residence in Wiltshire, I had only an opportunity of transcribing the present letter, which I have since found in Clarendon, with the orthography modernised.

tiny hapned) you would keepe Bristol for fower monthes; did you keep it fower dayes? Was there any thing like mutiny? More questions might be asked, but now I confesse to little purpose. My conclusion is to desyre you to seek your subsistence (untill it shall please God to determine my condition) somewhere beyond seas, to which end I send you herewith a passe, and I pray God to make you sensible of your present condition, and give you means to redeme what you have lost: for I shall have no greater joy in a victory than a just occasion without blushing, to assure you of my being your loving oncle and most faithful friend,

"CHARLES R."

A week had hardly elapsed ere the mortified feelings of Charles somewhat subdued by sorrow, awakened his domestic affections for his other nephew Maurice. The youth of this Prince required exhortations for the future, and consolation for the past, but neither could he receive, save from the encouragement of his Sovereign and his Relative. If we take both these remarkable letters together, they will display such tenderness for the younger Prince, and such a majestic correction of the elder, that

perhaps on no occasion does the character of the man break out in a more trying hour. We view Charles in a light assuredly in which others have studied to avoid placing him. The letter to Prince Maurice I have transcribed from the original in the Harleian Collection.

TO PRINCE MAURICE.

Newtoune, 20th Sept. 1645.

"NEPHEW,

"WHAT through want of time or unwillingness to speak to you of so unpleasant a subject, I have not yet (which now I must supply) spoken to you freely of your brother Rupert's present condition: the truth is, that his unhandsome quitting the Castle and Fort of Bristol, hath inforced me to put him off those commands which he had in my army, and have sent him a pass to go beyond sea. Now though I could do no less than this, for which believe me, I have too much reason upon strict examination, yet I assure you that I am most confident that this great error of his, which indeed hath given me more grief than any misfortune since this damnable Rebellion, hath no way proceeded from his change of affection to me or my cause, but merely by having his

judgment seduced by some (rotten-hearted*) villains making fair pretensions to him; and I am resolved so little to forget his former services, that whensoever it shall please God to enable me to look upon my friends like a King, he shall thank God for the pains he hath spent in my armies. So much for him, now for yourself. I know you to be so free from his present misfortune, that it no ways staggers me in that good opinion which I have ever had of you, and so long as you shall not be weary of your employments under me, I will give you all the encouragement and contentment that lies in my power; however, you shall always find me

Your loving uncle and most assured friend,

"CHARLES R."†

It was after the reception of these letters, that Prince Rupert with his accustomed impetuosity proceeded towards the King, and reached Belvoir Castle with his brother and about two hundred of his officers. The King

* This in the original is an interlineation; the forcible expression was recollected by Charles; he had formerly heard it from the mobs, who on one occasion, we find, alluded to "rotten-hearted Lords." It was probably no unusual term at that day.

† Harleian MSS. 6988. 115.

required him not to advance till farther orders. The next day, however, Rupert proceeded, and Sir Richard Willis the Governor of Newark, one of the Prince's party in that fugitive Court, now torn by the factions of the army, went out with a company of cavalry to meet the contumacious Prince, a ceremony which he had never paid to the King himself. Accompanied by this train, Rupert, regardless of any usual ceremony, came into the presence, and came, he said, to justify himself. The King spoke with cold reserve, occasionally addressed himself to Prince Maurice: rose early from supper, and retired, to close any farther intercourse. On the following day Rupert was allowed to make his defence, and after a day or two of debate, the Prince was absolved from any treason in the surrender of Bristol, but he was not cleared from the charge of indiscretion.

The Governor of Newark, Sir Richard Willis, who had sided with the Prince, was living on ill terms with the King's resident Commissioners, who had proved themselves zealous in their master's cause. To put an end to these feuds, the King appointed Lord Bellasis Governor of Newark, but previously had privately communicated his intention to Willis, and appointed him to be Captain of his Horse-guards

in the place of the Earl of Litchfield, who had recently fallen before Chester. It was a command, says Clarendon, fit for any subject. Charles used the most gracious expressions, and without censuring the conduct of the Governor, observed it was easier to remove one person, than to reform the complainants. Willis seemed troubled, and desired to be excused from serving in a place of too great honour, ill adapted to his means. Willis added that his enemies would triumph at his expense, and the King promised to take care of his support, and insisted that no one could be considered as disgraced who was placed so near his person. When the King was at dinner, Sir Richard Willis, with both the Princes, Lord Gerrard and twenty officers, entered into the presence-chamber. Willis addressing the King, declared that he was dishonoured! Prince Rupert affirmed that Willis had been removed from his Government for no fault but that of being his friend. Lord Gerrard asserted that the whole was a plot of Lord Digby, whom he would prove to be a traitor. At this the King rose in disorder from table, and would have had Sir Richard Willis withdraw with him to more privacy, but Willis insolently replied that "he had received a public injury, and expected a

public satisfaction.' The King was startled at this hardihood, and indignantly commanded them all to depart from his presence, and to come no more into it. The looks and gestures of the King were unusually agitated, and the party themselves seemed at least confounded—if not repentant. I have here followed the narrative of Clarendon, who however has transcribed the whole from the pages of Sir Edward Walker, which had been written under the King's eye. Clarendon concludes his narrative thus. "They departed the room ashamed of what they had done, YET as soon as they came to the Governor's house, they sounded to horse, intending to be presently gone."

Here the narrative of Clarendon abruptly closes, though by that remarkable *yet*, it is evident that if they departed with "shame," they continued to be refractory when "they reached the Governor's house, and sounded to horse." Clarendon only farther tells us that this "unheard-of insolence quickly brought the Lords who were absent, and all the gentlemen in the town to the King with expressions full of duty, and a very tender sense of the usage he had endured;" and we only discover by Sir Edward Walker's original narrative, that "in a consultation on what was to be done, it was resolved to let

them go, and not to take any more notice of their madness. "This resolution," continues Walker, "proceeded rather from his Majesty's mercy than justice, for if he had pleased he might have punished them at his pleasure for this insolency, *all the foot, and most of the gentlemen in town expecting orders what to do.*" Why "all the foot?" Here is an extraordinary bustle among the troops and no adequate cause assigned.

It seems to me that Charles in this narrative which he had himself corrected, as appears by his own hand-writing, purposely obscured a painful incident, which his feelings were too poignant to detail, and which his delicacy from being himself personally concerned and the honour of his nephew involved in it, prevented him from perpetuating, though in suppressing it, the narrative betrays "a tale half-told."

The incident, which is here given to illustrate the military character of Charles the First now occurred. I have drawn it from the manuscript Memoirs of Lord Belasyse or Bellasis, written by his Secretary Joshua Moore.

As soon as the parties had left the King, and reached the Governor's house, where they "sounded to horse," Prince Rupert with all his Officers drew up their cavalry in the Market-

place at Newark; the town was thrown into a state of mutiny. The Prince then accompanied by most of the Officers waited on his Majesty, with a declaration that finding themselves no longer trusted, they desired to have passes granted to go beyond the seas. The King with much surprise, but with more courage and scorn, told them that "The passes to leave his service should be granted, *not only to leave the kingdom, but never more to make use of their swords.*" I have transcribed the King's spirited and prompt reply from the manuscript. Charles, however, did not conclude by the mere severity of the sarcasm. On the return of these officers to their men, Charles called for his horse, and immediately marched with sword and pistols, to the Market-place, having given orders to charge the Prince in case of any resistance from the mutineers. The King, sword in hand, advanced from the ranks, calling on the Prince—"Nephew! why are you thus in arms?"—"To defend ourselves against our enemies."—"I command you," said the King, "to march out immediately to Belvoir Castle, and stay there till the passes be sent you to go beyond the seas." The Prince submitted, and marched off his troops."*

* Sloane MSS. 4162. Art. 16.

This extraordinary adventure at the Market-place, it is evident, has been entirely passed over in the Narrative sent down to us. How that affair was considered by the King, appears by "a petition of Prince Rupert and his Officers," wherein the subscribers observe, that "having met to make their several grievances known, we find we have drawn upon us some misconstruction by the *manner*, by reason your Majesty thought that appeared as *a mutiny*."* Charles observed, that "He would not christen it, but it looked very like one."†

* It is preserved in Evelyn, ii. 109.

† This affair terminated in Prince Rupert "freely acknowledging his errors," and in the family quarrel the Nephew was reconciled to the Uncle. Clarendon's State Papers, ii. 195. Willis was however never suffered to come again into the King's presence, and Lord Gerrard was the bearer of a challenge from this Ex-Governor to Lord Bellasis, which the King forebade his Lordship to accept.

The Editor of Evelyn was sadly perplexed at the strange inconsistency in the account given of this affair by the various contemporary writers. Burton, in his History of the Civil Wars, declares Prince Rupert's party actually threw up their Commissions, yet this "petition" which the Editor found among Evelyn's papers, startles him, as it implies positively that their Commissions were taken from them. I suspect this to be the fact by Sabran's notice, that as soon as the Prince had retreated to Oxford, the King sent his orders to arrest the Prince in his house, and commanded him to leave

The military life of Charles the First exhibits a singular series of personal exertions, often in a state of miserable deprivation, hardly to be paralleled in the history of any other Monarch or man. His painful marches, and his fugitive life, were a tribulation of nearly four laborious and afflicted years—and his two last were passed in the awful repose of his imprisonments. A curious record, the zealous labour of one who had been his daily attendant,* has been left us,

the kingdom. This circumstance originated a rumour that the Prince had been bribed by Parliament, to surrender Bristol at the price of eight thousand Jacobuses, which were secured at Amsterdam. The Editor of Evelyn refers to Sir Richard Bulstrode's Memoirs, and to Clarendon, where "the reader will find much amusement." The Editor did not know, what he may now depend on, that Clarendon's account is a mere transcript of Sir Edward Walker's Narrative, and farther, that Bulstrode's is a mere transcript of Clarendon's! Some of our Editors do not appear to have meditated on—or even to have compared together the materials which lay before them.

* The Iter Carolinum in Gutch's Miscellanea Curiosa. Some of these entries may amuse the reader. "The King and his party sometimes lodged in a Bishop's Palace, or at the seat of a Lord, or a Country Gentleman, and at a Merchant's abode, but not unusually at a Yeoman's house," —and "a very poor man's house." "Dinner in the field," is an usual entry, but the melancholy one of "No dinner this day"—is repeated for successive days. "Sunday no dinner, supper at Worcester, a cruel day." This march

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wherein from the day he quitted Whitehall, to that of the King's transportation to Holmby, the marches, the retreats, and the battles were registered by nights and miles. Many an affecting incident is cursorily noticed. A supper and a bed, or a dinner in the field, seem not always to have been had, as these are particularly specified among the happier days of these perpetual marches. The King had not always bread for his table, and one night has been recorded which had not the night's meal.

It was an extraordinary fate that a King of England, at the head of an army, was reduced at times to such shifts and miseries, that the story of Alfred with the good-wife was not a scene more ludicrous than Charles the First had sometimes to pass through; and that the satire of Voltaire of the assembled Monarchs who had not wherewithal to pay their quota for a scurvy supper, was actually realized in the history of Charles the First. When Charles with his tired troops was a fugitive among the mountains of Wales, Sir Henry Slingsby has

lasted from six in the morning till midnight"—"a long march over the mountains"—"His Majesty lay in the field all night, in his coach, on Boconnock Down"—"The King had his meat and drink dressed at a poor widow's." Such was the life of Charles the First during several years.

told a simple narrative of this kind, which the *naïveté* of his own style will best represent. "When the King was at supper eating a pullet and a piece of cheese, the room without was full, but the men's stomachs were empty for want of meat. The good-wife troubled with the continual calling upon her for victuals, and having, it seems, but that one cheese, comes into the room where the King was, and very soberly asks if the King had done with the cheese, for that the gentlemen without desired it." Charles once complained that "His rebel subjects had not left him out of his Revenue, enough to preserve him from starving." In the trial of Rosewell, a Dissenting Minister, a curious circumstance was disclosed. When a lad, in travelling, he chanced to see King Charles the First in the fields, sitting with a few followers to a sorry dinner under a tree, and from the King's conduct on that occasion he received such deep impressions of the man, that he retained ever after an awful recollection of the Monarch. A tree indeed was often the canopy of state under which the King gave audience and held councils.

Often the King rode hard through the night, and saw the break of day, which only recalled the wearied fugitive to the anxious cares of a

retreat, or a pursuit. Once, late in the evening, the King summoned several gentlemen together, and after their conference he dismissed them to their beds with this pathetic address, "Gentlemen! go you and take your rest, for you have houses and homes, and beds to lodge in, and families to love and live with—but I have none! My horse is waiting for me to travel all this night, and return to the place whence I came." The King had long been like a hunted partridge, flitting from one ground to another—this is an affecting image given of his erratic and anxious courses. In his strange condition, destitute, not merely of the household wants of men, but of those still more poignant, the bereavement of his wife — his children—his friends—the suffering Monarch once observed, "As God hath given me afflictions to exercise my patience, so hath he given me patience to bear my afflictions."

On the present subject, of the military life of Charles the First, we may notice the difficulty of communicating with the distant localities of his scattered followers, the messengers frequently passing through the quarters of the enemy. The modes contrived for conveying secret intelligence were as extraordinary as any recorded among the stratagems of war by the

ancients. Bruno Ryves details the corporal persecution which a Dr. Cox, a Royalist, with a King's trumpeter who had waited on the Doctor, endured from the Earl of Stamford at Exeter. Among other personal injuries, they were not only most narrowly searched, then stripped naked, and the fists of a serjeant-major crammed into their mouths, and even down their throats—but the Earl turned physician on this occasion, and forced the Doctor and the Trumpeter to swallow two, we may add, too powerful emetics, the Earl standing sentinel by the two bowls in expectation of getting at the secret intelligence which it was imagined one of them had swallowed. Inhuman as this treatment appeared to Bruno Ryves, it is not improbable that the Earl of Stamford was well aware of this novel mode of conveying secret intelligence. In the Manuscript Memoirs already quoted, I discovered the fact. During the siege of Newark, the King neglected not to inform Lord Bellasis of his condition, and wrote with his own hand some of these short dispatches. The last of these, in the words of the Manuscript, "was brought to his Lordship in a man's belly, written in cyphers and put in lead, which the man swallowed lest he should be taken in attempting to pass the

Scots' army." Charles opens this very letter to Lord Bellasis in a style which evidently betrays the agitation of the Royal writer.

"BELAYSE,

"If you discover the secret I now impart to you by *this extraordinary way of conveyance,* I wish you as ill, as you have had hitherto good fortune in my service—"

History seems to afford no parallel to the variable exigencies into which this Monarch was thrown, abandoned by Fortune more than by his friends. Among Sovereigns, the life of Charles the First appears as singular, as its close was once to all the world. Urgent emergencies, when the business depended on himself, were uniformly met by a firmness in action, or by a force of language, which equally prove the excess of injustice which has depreciated his capacity, and that meanness which has calumniated, to fit the character of the Monarch to a system of politics.

NOTE FOR PAGE 86.

Of the Parliamentary Army, combining military and spiritual movements.

The peculiar feature of the Civil War of Charles the First was the extraordinary mixture of religious fanaticism with the ordinary affairs of life. The cant of Cromwell in his addresses to the soldiers was not his own invention, when men

—— Fought like mad or drunk
For Dame Religion as for Punk.

The Parliamentary forces when in full march, would have offered many a groupe for Hogarth's pencil. The regiments on marching were chanting different Psalms; once a party of Royalists having passed by another party at dusk, the latter breaking out into Psalm-singing, it provoked a battle, from which the darkness had otherwise spared them. Their standards bore Scriptural mottoes and devices; of these several are still preserved in the Dissenters' Library of Dr. Williams, in Red-cross Street. Some of these bore "If God be for us, who can be against us?" or "As a Captain of the Lord am I now come." One standard bore "an arm painted thrusting a bloody sword through a crown." They adopted Scriptural names; Cleaveland alludes to this by a stroke of humour, "With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of foreigners, when themselves entertain such an army of Hebrews. One of them beat up his drums clean through the Old Testament; we may learn the genealogy of our Saviour by the names in his regiment. The muster-man uses no other list but the first chapter of Matthew."

There are several publications intended for military service, penned by Ministers. "The Soldier's Catechism, by Robert Ram, Minister, published by Authority." Another is,

" A Spiritual Knapsack for the Parliament's Soldiers, 1644." The most extraordinary of these specimens of the temper of the times is, one entitled " Military and Spiritual Motions for Foot-Companies, with the Exercise of a single Company as they now ought to be taught, and no otherwise. By Captain Lazarus Haward, 1645."

Some innovations in the military discipline had been recently attempted, which Captain Lazarus asserts were only adapted to amuse the Spectators, but were dangerous to the Soldiers in service. He is desirous of rejecting these " whimsies" altogether, nor does the honest Captain appear sensible that he had a portentous one of his cut. It was a project of Drilling and Exercising a company of Infantry, at the same time by " a double motion of Soul and Body,"— " This full and whole exercise of a foot-company, spiritual and temporal, may make us like the Israelites to go up as one man, with one heart and in one form, a Soldier of that great Captain, Christ Jesus."

His scheme is to give the *word* of command to produce the military movement—and to every *letter* in that word he affixes some pithy and pious sentence to produce the accompanying spiritual one. He forms acrostics of

" To the Right About!"—" As You Were!"—as thus:—

T he Devil is let loose for a season to try the patience of God's church.
O ur Enemies, O Lord, are near to hurt us, but Thou art near to help us.

T he sword never prevailed but Sin set an edge upon it.
H asten from the company of the wicked.
E very man shall sit under his own vine, nor hear any news or noises to affright us.

R eligion made a stalking-horse for politics is odious.
I t is a grievous judgment upon a nation, when teachers sent for man's salvation shall become means of their confusion, &c. &c. &c.

How the *spiritual motion* which depended on the *letters* could accompany the *military movement* which was given by the *word*, this driller of Saints has not explained; but no doubt Captain Lazarus was admired for the ingenious impossibility of executing military movements, which if his men at the same time respected their spiritual ones, must have equally perplexed " both their Body and Soul."

His Manual is still curious to a military antiquary, as giving a correct representation of " the full and whole exercise of a foot-company," and bearing also a very exact print of a foot-soldier in his accoutrements of the age of Charles the First.

CHAPTER V.

JUDGE JENKINS AND "THE LAW OF THE LAND."

In times of political agitation, sincerity is a rare virtue; for often has the spirit of Party been its substitute, to hold men together in the same iron bond. This principle explains the apparent anomaly of persons acting in public with a body to whom they do not naturally cohere. Personal views, above all love for those with whom they are joined, or hostility against those they oppose, and even minuter accidents, have induced many characters who figure in our History, to adopt a Party with whose principles they did not sympathise. No unreasonable suspicions therefore have sometimes been raised, whether such persons were not more influenced by Party-motives, whatever that Party may be, than by their private sentiments. Whoever joins a Party, begins a

race, and like men running down a steep hill, the point at which they would have stopped has long been passed by.

But when we discover men, whose force of character scorns every disguise, and rejects every compromising principle, and who at the cost of fortune, and even at the price of life, keep their unswerving rectitude, we are struck by this unpopular virtue of sincerity. In every political man it bears a charm. We admire it even in him whose feelings we may not participate, nor to whose judgment we may not assent. We appreciate its generous nature, even in an enemy, and though this unpliant morality be intractable to the hand of the most subtle leader, still the man who adheres to his Party though it be discomfited, and to his principles though they be exploded, evinces a force of character which may well awe the more flexible and weaker dispositions. It is a giant-mind, disdaining every artifice to deceive us by feigning a sympathy it utterly abhors, and it stands before us, in the strength which has been the growth of its age, like some lofty Ilex spread into magnitude, and glorying in the same eternal verdure through all the changeful seasons.

The times of Charles the First formed the

primitive state of modern political revolutions. The minds of men placed in the most conflicting opposition, amidst ambiguous and unsettled notions, experienced an equal conviction of the truth of their own different principles. It was a rough unbroken soil, the better perhaps adapted for the roots of that hardy virtue, political sincerity. The great actors in the reign of Charles the First were not always a knot of petty intriguers. There were some inflexible men individually exhibiting an unity of conduct and a decision of purpose. Such characters have not been properly estimated by Historians; beatified by one party, they have been branded as Fanatics by another, and the enthusiasm of their sincerity has been dusked by the opprobrium of bigotry. Their political sincerity casts a grandeur over their memories.

We may at times suspect the pure disinterested Patriotism of Eliot, of Pym, and even of Hampden, busied as they were among the whole machinery of Revolutions; but who will doubt the sincerity of the chivalric Arthur Lord Capel, who issuing from his beloved privacy, when all around was despair, would only live to perish with his Sovereign; or even of President Bradshaw, who on his death-bed solemnly avowed as an act of justice the con-

demnation to death of that Sovereign?* Who suspects the monarchical devotion of Lord Falkland, the Earl of Derby, and the Marquis of Newcastle, or the anti-monarchical spirit of Milton, of Ludlow, and of him who desired no other epitaph than "Here lies Thomas Scot who adjudged the late King to die?" All these men worshipped the cause which they had hallowed on their own hearths; sometimes like Gideon they had made an Ephod of their own—till "it became a snare to Gideon and his house." We must not judge of these men by the philosophical spirit of our own age; it had not yet arisen. Men must suffer, before they can philosophise. The wisdom of nations must be the bitter fruit of extinct follies and obsolete crimes.

A mighty Athlet, in the vast arena of the

* I confess I have doubts of the character of this obscure talking Serjeant, eminent only for one bold determined act, notwithstanding his death-bed declaration. His acceptance of the estates of Lord Cottington, amounting to 4000*l.* per annum, a great household to maintain his rank as Lord President, and other sources of emolument and offices, convey no favourable impressions of the purity of his patriotism. Whitelocke gives no advantageous view of his ability.—"In the Council of State, President Bradshaw spent much of their time in urging his *own long arguments*, which are inconvenient in state-matters."—380.

first English Revolution, was one of our greatest Lawyers, whose moral intrepidity exceeded even his profound erudition in the Laws of our Constitution. There was indeed a singularity in his remarkable actions, but they were not more eccentric than they were bold, original, and even great. Judge Jenkins takes no station in the page of our Historians, yet he is a statue which should be placed in a niche.

During half a century had Judge Jenkins been the luminary of Gray's Inn. In his youth Lord Bacon had often consulted the papers of the hard Student, and successively all the Attorneys-General had referred to this oracle of Law. He met the Revolution much past his middle age, with confirmed legal habits, and the most perfect knowledge of that "Lex Terræ," the Law of the Land, which his stern portrait represents him firmly grasping in his hand.

Judge Jenkins had never been an obsequious Courtier. A Welsh Judgeship had been forced upon him, which the Judge, with all his frugality, found that every year he served, the expenses exceeded the salary. He has nobly appealed to all the Inns of Court to bear witness that he had never aimed at personal aggrandisement, well satisfied in his chamber to ex-

pound those laws on which he religiously meditated. "How far I have been from Ambition, my life past and your own knowledge of me can abundantly inform you. Many of you well know how I ever detested the Ship-Money and Monopolies; and that in the beginning of this Parliament, for opposing the excesses of one of the Bishops, I lay under three Excommunications, and the examination of seventy-seven articles in the High Commission Court." Surely our lantern at length shines on an honest man! This Judge would retrench the Royal prerogative, and the power of the Church, when stretching themselves beyond the Law, but when the King was to be stripped of his whole Prerogative and the entire Hierarchy was to fall, with the same resolution he vindicated the violated Law of England.*

* Arguing as an English Lawyer, he maintained that much misunderstood Law-Maxim, like so many others which are paradoxical in their words but not in their meaning, that "The King can do no wrong."—The reason is, that nothing can be done in this Commonwealth by the King's grant, or any other act of his, as to the subject's person, goods, lands, or liberties, but must first be according to established Laws, which the Judges are sworn to observe and deliver between the King and his people, impartially to rich and poor, high and low, and therefore the Judges and the

The eminent reputation of Judge Jenkins nearly rivalled the celebrity of Coke, whom, in alluding to the Parliament, he has called "Their Oracle!" we know not whether in jealousy or in anger! The name of Judge Jenkins possibly may not be inserted in a legal bibliography, for "the works of that grave and learned Lawyer Judge Jenkins, a prisoner in Newgate," consist of a microscopical volume, where, as if it were designed for a satire on all other Law books, is compressed the erudition of a folio. They are all dated from the Tower or Newgate. Suggested by the occasions of the time, they first appeared in fugitive leaves, which were rapidly dispersed, and often gratuitously distributed among the people. By "the Law of the Land" they were thus instructed, that they were existing under no form of government; that there was no Parliament where there was no King; with many other confutations of "the erroneous positions of the Commons," and a variety of their acts of "trea-

Ministers of Justice must be questioned and punished if the Laws be violated, and no reflection to be made on the King." All this is very legal, but when the Judges depended on the favour of the Crown for their seats, there is reason to believe, that they would lean too far in favour of the Prerogative. Judge Berkley was a remarkable instance.

son." He dedicates his "Lex Terræ" to the Societies of the Inns of Court, and to all the Professors of the Law. His concise opinions, with an admirable frugality of words, are however luxuriant in their marginal references to Statutes and to Records, to Magna Charta, and to their own "Petition of Right;" while Bracton, and Plowden, and Coke, and even St. John, their own Solicitor-General, are the authorities which echo the solemn denunciations of Judge Jenkins. "Nothing is delivered for Law in my book but what the House of Commons have averred to be Law, in books of Law published by their commands, agreeable to the books of Law and Statutes of this Realm in all former times and ages."

This eminent lawyer was more active than gowns-men usually are. He was not only the great Chamber-Counsel of every one who opposed the Parliament; but this Welsh Judge not only on his circuit imprisoned whomever he deemed to be Rebels, but in Lord Goring's army in Pembrokeshire was taken with his long rapier drawn, courageously leading the forlorn hope. This Judge was now singled out to be a victim, or a confederate, at his own choice, with the ruling party in the Commons. The authority of his name on all legal points

would have consecrated even a public sanction.

A suit was instituted in the Court of Chancery against this learned Judge, of irreproachable integrity, for "a foul cheat and breach of trust, as some alleged." Thus the cautious Whitelocke enters it on the day, in his Diary. It was a vexatious suit merely got up to cast an imputation without the colour of a charge.* He refused to answer, not to decline, he said, the jurisdiction of Chancery, but to decline the power of the House of Commons to examine him. In the King's Bench he alike persisted in warning the people that the present Parliament was a mere delusion, for all they did was illegal and extra-judicial, and liable to be revoked. Once he was fined a thousand pounds, and at another time committed to Newgate for high-treason. No one could daunt the legal culprit. Miles Corbet insisting on his close confinement, the Judge now himself placed at the Bar, retorted, that "Some of them might be prisoners ere long themselves if they did not run away in time." The political prophet lived to verify his own predictions, and might have triumphantly appealed to the correctness of that

* Judge Jenkins has himself stated the case, and its secret history, in his little volume.

judgment, which at the time, passed for absurdity and inveterate obstinacy. Firm in his style, he was yet so moderate, that "the Reformers," as the Judge calls them, every where declared that Judge Jenkins had made his "Recantation." He published a keen and bitter retort, to refute the lie they had published.

At length, in February 1648, the Judge with another Royalist, one Sir Francis Butler, was brought to the Bar of the Commons to be attainted.

Lenthal the Speaker addressed the prisoners, as two intolerable malignants and traitors to that Honourable House, who now would proceed against them as men convicted of treason. The Speaker more particularly reproached the ancient Welsh Judge for his contumacious conduct, which had not passed unnoticed by the House, in omitting to pay that obeisance to the Chair when placed at their Bar, which was the greater fault in him, knowing as he pretended to be in the Laws of the Land. Judge Jenkins had refused to kneel as is usual before that Honourable House.*

While the Speaker was addressing Judge Jenkins, the old man in a low voice requested his companion not to reply—"Let all the

* Whitelocke, 293.

malice fall upon me, my years can better bear it." The Speaker having ended, Judge Jenkins asked whether they would now give him liberty to speak?

"Yes! so you be not very long."

"No! I will not trouble either myself or you with many words. Mr. Speaker! you said the House was offended at my behaviour in not making my obeisance to you when they brought me here, and this was the more wondered at, because I pretended to be knowing in the Laws of the Land. I answer, that I not only pretend to be, but am knowing in the Laws of the Land, having made them my study for these five-and-forty years, and it is because I am so, is the reason of my behaviour. As long as you had the King's arms engraven on your mace, and that your great seal was no counterfeit, and acting under his authority, I would have bowed in obedience to his writ, by which you were first called. But, Mr. Speaker, since you and this House have renounced your allegiance to your Sovereign and are become a den of thieves, should I bow myself in this House of Rimmon, the Lord would not pardon me!"

The whole House were electrified—all rose in uproar and confusion! it was long ere order

could be obtained, or their fury could exhaust itself. It seemed as if every Member shrunk from a personal attack. The House voted the Prisoners guilty of high treason, without any trial, and should suffer as in case of condemnation for treason. They called in the Keeper of Newgate to learn the usual days of execution, which were Wednesdays and Fridays. The day to be appointed then became the subject of their debate.

At this critical moment, when it seemed to be out of all human chances to spare the life of

"This greatest Clerk but not the wisest Man,"

the facetious and dissolute Harry Martin, who had not yet spoken, rose, not to dissent from the Vote of the House, he observed, but he had something to say about the time of the execution. "Mr. Speaker! every one must believe that this old gentleman here is fully possessed in his head, resolved to die a martyr in his cause, for otherwise he would never have provoked the House by such biting expressions. If you execute him, you do precisely that which he hopes for, and his execution will have a great influence over the people, since he is condemned without a jury; I therefore move that we should suspend the day of execution,

and in the meantime force him to live in spite of his teeth." The drollery of the motion put the House into better humour, and the State-prisoners were remanded.

The day after the re-commitment, a remarkable conversation took place between the old Welsh Judge and his fellow-prisoner, which clearly confirmed the sagacity of the witty Harry Martin.

The unfortunate companion of the Judge somewhat querulously asked if he had not been too hardy in his language to the House?

"Not at all!" replied this venerable Decius. "Rebellion has been so successful in the kingdom, and has gotten such a head that the weakness of many loyal men will be allured to compliance should not some vigorous and brave resistance be made in public, and to their very faces! This was the cause why I said such home things to them yesterday. And I am now so wrapped up in the thought of my execution that I hope they will not long suspend the day, for I think that like Sampson I shall destroy more Philistines on the day of my death, than I have ever yet done all my life."

Curiosity was excited—it was evident that the old man had some scheme, difficult to com-

prehend, when he should be placed by the side of the gallows.

"I will tell you all that I intend to do and say at that time. First I will eat much liquorish and gingerbread to strengthen my lungs that I may extend my voice near and far. Multitudes no doubt will come to see the old Welsh Judge hanged. I shall go with venerable Bracton's book hung on my left shoulder, and the Statutes at Large on my right; I will have the Bible with a ribbon put round my neck, hanging on my breast. I will tell the people that I am brought there to die for being a traitor, and in the words of a dying man I will tell them that I wish that all the traitors in the kingdom would come to my fate. But the House of Commons never thought me a traitor, else they would have tried me for such, in a legal manner by a jury, according to the customs of this kingdom for a thousand years. They have indeed debarred me from my birthright, a trial by my Peers, that is, a Jury; but they knew that I am not guilty according to law. But since they will have me a traitor, right or wrong, I thought it was just to bring my counsellors with me, for they ought to be hanged as well as I, for they all along advised me in what I have done. Then shall I open

Bracton to show them that the supreme power is in the King—the Statute-book to read the oath of allegiance—and the Bible to show them their duties.* All these were my civil counsellors, and they must be hanged with me! So when they shall see me die, affirming such things," continued this romantic brother of the Coif, "thousands will inquire into these matters, and having found all I told them to be true, they will come to loath and detest the present tyranny."

No day of execution so fondly dwelt on by the Welsh Judge was ever appointed, and the patriotic Royalist was defrauded of offering his country that extraordinary lesson, which his imagination had cherished in his reveries.

The policy of hanging an old Welsh Judge for stubbornness, and without a jury, was doubtful. The decisions of such a venerable Member of the Law, in truth, were fully valued by the House, and though they menaced him with death at the Bar, they proffered him, more than life, in the privacy of his cell. Several Members of the Committee visited Judge Jenkins in Newgate, and offered, that "If he

* He repeated these doctrines, referring to the volume and the page.

would acknowledge the power of the Parliament for lawful, they would not only take off the sequestrations from his estate, which was about 500*l.* per annum, but that they would settle a pension on him for life of a 1000*l.* a year." "Never can I own Rebellion, however successful, to be lawful; I would rather therefore see your backs than your faces," sternly replied the old Judge. The spokesman repeated the same offer, "if he would only suffer them to print that he acknowledged their power to be lawful." Indignantly replied the Judge, "I will connive at no such doings for all the money you have robbed the kingdom of; and should you impudently print such matter, I will sell my doublet and coat to buy pens, ink and paper, to set forth the House of Commons in their proper colours."

Still Seduction had not exhausted all its arts, they touched a finer nerve in his domestic feelings. "You have a wife and nine children who all will starve if you refuse our offer; they make up ten pressing arguments for your compliance."

"What!" exclaimed the Judge, "did they desire you to press me in this matter?"

"I will not say they did," replied the Committee-man, "but I think they press you to it without speaking at all."

The old man's anger was kindled; he cried out, "Had my wife and children petitioned you in this matter, I would have looked on her as a whore, and them as bastards!" The honourable Committee of the House of Commons finally retreated.*

After this time Judge Jenkins was removed to various confinements, from castle to castle, and gaol to gaol. He suffered eleven years of durance, with the same constancy with which he persisted in expounding the Laws of England. It is a curious fact that this Judge in prison furnished Lilburne with all the legal points which led to his famous triumph by jury, and stirred up that restless bold man to the prosecution of Cromwell,† yet it would

* These interesting conversations with the romantic project of the Judge for the day of his execution, we find in a curious pamphlet. They were drawn "from the mouth and notes of Sir Francis Butler." It is entitled "True and Just Account of what was transacted in the Commons House at Westminster, Anno Dom. 1648, when that House voted David Jenkins, Esq. a Welsh Judge, and Sir Francis Butler, to be guilty of High Treason against themselves, without any Trial." 1719.

† Godwin's Hist. of the Commonwealth, ii. 425.

seem that it was to Cromwell the Judge afterwards owed his freedom.* He lived to witness the Restoration, and this was that Judge Jenkins who on that surprising Revolution was expected by all men, and would himself have accepted the appointment of one of the Judges in Westminster Hall, as the sole but proud reward of a long life of arduous trials and triumphant inflexibility. Jenkins said that he was represented at Court as superannuated and unfit for such a place, but Sir Phineas Pett who knew him, describes the Judge then, as a very acute man, of infinitely quicker parts than Judge Mallet, who was at that time made Lord Chief Justice of England. There is reason to believe that another enemy to Jenkins, greater than his age, thwarted him at Court in not obtaining this judgeship. "So he might have been, would he have given money to the then Lord Chancellor," said honest Anthony Wood. It was for this casual stricture that the University of Oxford, at the instigation of Henry the son of Lord Clarendon, heavily fined our great literary Antiquary, for the pretended libel.

* In the Gesta Britannorum of Sir George Wharton, I find this entry. "Jan. 14, $16\frac{56}{57}$, Judge Jenkins, that constant sufferer, ordered his liberty, yet continues he still in Windsor Castle."

The two statues of Charles the first and the Earl of Danby were raised at the entrance of the Physic Garden by the produce of this cruel fine. They stand in perpetual memory, that the passions of men may raise statues to suppress Truth, but ere the statues have mouldered away, Truth unexpectedly rises in all her freshness and immortality.*

Judge Jenkins was the Cato of Lucan,

> "Fortune chose the side of the Conquerors, but He, the Conquered."

Some may smile at a Judge Jenkins' tenaciousness of the Laws of the Land; at the nervous integrity which foiled a golden bribery,

* Anthony Wood declared that he was ready to prove what he had asserted by written and printed evidence. I find Wood in his own copy of the Athenæ Oxonienses altered the suppressed passage by rendering it much stronger; thus, "would he have given money to the then *corrupt* Lord Chancellor *Hyde*." Pepys' Diary, recently published, confirms the charge against Clarendon. The Hon. George Agar Ellis, on these authorities, has disserted on the corruption of this old Statesman. It is mortifying to detect this tergiversation in such a moraliser as this great genius, but it is very instructive. Clarendon after many years of melancholy abstinence from power and profit, often wanting the value of a dinner, when in office was a famished man. Whoever in haste would raise a fortune and found a family, will hardly escape the fate of Lord Clarendon.

turning aside to enter into eleven years of durance, and deem, but as the dotage of a bewildered brain, the romantic dream of his execution, had it occurred. Yet whoever smile, must return to more solemn thoughts, when they discover in Judge Jenkins one of our greatest constitutional Lawyers, and a Patriot at Court or in Prison. The eccentricity of Judge Jenkins, for wisdom and patriotism out of season are deemed eccentric, arose not from the singularity or caprice of a whimsical humorist like the crouching Noy, or the headstrong stubbornness which drove on the honest and voluminous Prynne. Jenkins advanced no point of law which rested not on the custom of the Realm, judicial Records, and Acts of Parliament. At a time when men appealed to the laws as they pleased, and rejected them as they willed, Judge Jenkins only knew the laws to obey them. Admirably has he said, "So long as men manage the laws, they will be broken more or less, as appears by the Story of every Age."

In truth, the opinions of Judge Jenkins were perfectly sane, in all his opposition to the Parliament as it was then constituted. The Parliament was at that time placed in a very anomalous position. Even Mrs. Macaulay has not attempted their defence on what she calls

"the narrow bottom of constitutional forms." She confesses that "on the side of the Cavalier faction were in general *the forms of Law*, on that of their opponents, Magnanimity, Justice, Sense, and Reason." This female advocate of the Levellers, never alludes to the price which her Heroes exacted for so many and such great virtues. That price was, all the wealth of the kingdom, and the incessant donations so reciprocally conferred, of all the estates of the Royalists.

Yet among these Levellers, or even among the Commonwealth-men, a more honourable class, was there one who surpassed in "Magnanimity and Justice" this venerable Judge? In "Sense and Reason," that is, in compliance with the times, in floating down the stream, there were many indeed who were more dexterous than our old Welsh Judge. In lawless days, Judge Jenkins bore himself up rejoicing, and even dreaming at the abandonment of Self, in the proud vindication of the *Lex Terræ:* A profound Lawyer and an English Patriot, endowed with that physical courage rare among retired men, which asserts their own unchangeable nature by active Heroism.*

* There is a singularly curious dialogue between Hugh Peters, the army chaplain, and "Free-born John" (Lilburne)

in prison. Hugh Peters was the *mouton*, to use the French revolutionary style of former days, of Cromwell; we have already seen him in this character in the history of the Hothams.

Cromwell would not release " Free-born John" even after his triumphant trial by jury, when he was so gloriously acquitted. Peters visited him in the Tower, when the following dialogue took place.

Hugh Peters introduced himself as merely on a visit, without any other design than to see John.

John.—" I know you well enough. You are one of the setting-dogs of the Grandees of the army, who come with fair and plausible pretences to insinuate into men when they have wronged them, and work out their designs when they are on a strait, and cover over the blots which they have made." Then John complained of the illegal seizing of him by soldiers carrying him before that new erected thing called a Council of State, who committed him without an Accuser, Accusation, Prosecution, or Witness.

Peters taking up a volume of Coke's Institutes, assured John, that he was only gulled in reading or trusting to such books, for there were no Laws in England.

John answered that he did believe him, for that his good masters Cromwell, Fairfax, &c. had destroyed them all.

" Nay," quoth Hugh, " there never were any in England!"

John showed him the Petition of Right, asking " whether that were Law?"

Peters had the impudence to deny it, and asked " what Law was?"

John replied by that admirable definition of Law in one of the Declarations of Parliament, which I have before quoted, as the composition of Pym: a passage which

can never be read too often. "This," exclaimed John, "is a definition of Law by the Parliament in their days of their primitive purity, before they had corrupted themselves with the Commonwealth money."

To this the comic Priest replied. "I tell you, for all this, there is no Law in this nation but the sword and what it gives; neither was there any Law or Government in the world but what the sword gave."

"Then," replied honest John, "if six thieves meet three honest men and rob them, that act is righteous because they are the stronger party. And if there be no Laws in England and never were, then your masters are a pack of bloody rogues who set the people on to murder one another for the preservation of their Laws. I thought I had been safe when I made the known Laws the rule of my actions which you have all sworn to defend."

"Ay! but," retorted Hugh, "I will show that your safety lies not in the Laws. Their minds may change, and then where are you?"

But John still persisted in blowing against the wind. "I cannot notice what is in their minds, but in their Declarations—that they will maintain the Laws of the Land."

At this moment the new system was broached by Rouse and Goodwin, and even the philosopher Hobbes, that submission to the present power, was all that was necessary to constitute "the Laws of the Land."

CHAPTER VI.

SECRET ANECDOTES OF THE YEARS 1644 AND 1645.

THE manuscript dispatches of the French Resident at London at a critical period are authentically written from week to week, and are precious, as the personal observations of a Foreigner who was intimately acquainted with the busy actors of the time. As is usual with the French, the writer could not contrive to write down their names, but by trusting to his own Gallic ear. It required some ingenuity to discover in *Le Comte d'Orgueil*, the Earl of Argyle; in Le Comte *de la Dredayle*, Lord Lauderdale; Milord *Canouel*, Lord Kinnoul; Colonel *Guaiche*, Goring; and it required some time to unmask Milord *Ausbrick*, to detect Lord Uxbridge.

During the years 1644 and 1645 Monsieur Melchior de Sabran was the French Resident

in England, under the administration of Cardinal Mazarine. The personage of this French Minister has not exhibited itself in our History, though two years of residence, and two folio volumes of his Dispatches, attest his daily diligence, and also its inefficacy.

The fault was not in Monsieur Sabran, for in the technical style of modern French diplomacy, this luckless Envoy was thrust into "a false position." Never in the vast manufactory of Legation has a forlorn workman more patiently and more piteously sate down to disentangle so ravelled a clue, never was thread more twisted, never spindle so twirled. All was perplexed! All was irretrievable! Monsieur Sabran so benevolent—so courteous—so tremulous with delicacy, would have been the friend of all—And every individual opposed him! "I am sent," sorrowfully he opens his negotiations, "to untie a knot which the English themselves acknowledge can only be dissolved as was the Gordian by Alexander." "I am destined," exclaims the baffled negotiator in his agony, "to the most delicate employment, and the most uneasy and untoward in result."

The situation of the French Resident was this. Sabran had been sent by Mazarine, in his public character, as a privileged Spy, to dis-

cover by his own observations the existing state of affairs between Charles and the Parliament, to review silently the military force of the King, and estimate the real influence of the Parliament over the people, and on the spot to contrive by his own judgment for those opportunities of a minute, which, Allegorists have revealed, require us to snatch Time by his solitary forelock.

Public affairs were still equiponderant. Sabran found that the forces of the Parliament, often raw levies, amounted to above 50,000 men, but then Charles had 36,000 good troops. The King was yet formidable; and during this period, once Essex in Cornwall seemed lost, and once Waller at Cropredy-bridge was outwitted. The Royalists were flushed with their success at Newark and Pontefract. "God save the King!" (Vive le Roi!) was once echoed on the Thames, by a forced levy of men by Parliament, reluctantly going down to head-quarters. The sanguinary storming of Leicester had struck a terror among the Parliamentarians. Wales was offering men who only called for arms, and Ireland was deemed to be loyal. All these at times exhilarated the French Resident in his solitary cabinet. The reverses of the King had not yet opened on

him, Fairfax and Cromwell were only on the point of appearing.

Mazarine and his administration, at bottom, were desirous of reinstating the English Sovereign with a limited power, not probably from any sympathy with the liberties of the English nation. In the "Instructions" of the French Resident, it is observed that "It is equitable to maintain the cause of the King of Great Britain, without however attempting to elevate his power so high, that from King he should become Lord and Monarch of England, for the Laws of that Country balancing the absolute power of their Monarchs, must be maintained in their entireness, to appease men's minds, and lull their troubles to rest." This probably was an ostensible argument which might safely be urged on both parties, but there are shadowings in diplomacy, and we detect a more secret hint to moderate the zeal of the discreet Negotiator, from gaining too many advantages for the King. Charles, "it is noted in the Instructions," has never corresponded with all our affectionate offers, ever inclining more to the Spaniard. Still, however graduated the scale of mediation the French Cabinet proposed, they were not disposed to side with the Parliament, as we gather from this prudential

State-motive. "The conformity of Religion, and the disposition to form and maintain *a Republic* which is prevalent in the minds of the English and the Dutch, will unavoidably establish a very strict union between them, and it is for the benefit of these States, as well as for the good of France, that this should be traversed." Sabran is moreover particularly cautioned against "the Puritans," English, Scotch, or Irish; "for these persons nourishing a hatred of Royalty and all just government, not only will attempt to pull down that of their King, but to ally themselves with the neighbouring Republics, and this it may be useful to impress on the mind of the King."

It was a critical difficulty with our forlorn Resident in pursuance of his Instructions, that he should not acknowledge the independence of the Parliament, separated from the Sovereign, which would have put an end to any intercourse with Charles. And on the other hand, he was not to appear to the Parliament as one at all too partial to the interests of the King, which might instantly have terminated his negotiations at London. But assuredly the invincible difficulty was, that our dexterous negotiator found himself equally disregarded by Charles, and by the Parliament; both alike

avoided his proffered friendship, and looked on the French Resident with equal distrust. In a word, Sabran discovers that in all England there was not a more suspicious-looking person, in the whole corps diplomatique, than the luckless new-comer.

This soon appeared to our Resident. "That eternal suspicion of England, that France must be more gratified by its troubles, than by its quiet, is as great as ever. They judge of us by their own defects, and their own ill-will, and by the evil which they would have done us, rather than by any proofs of the bad designs of France, or of any deceptions practised contrary to the sincerity of the Queen and Cardinal Mazarine."*

Sabran had not been long in London ere a bitter "Discours" from "An English Gentleman" appeared on "French Charity." The kindness of France was ridiculed, because "this kindness was so excessive that it becomes incredible. What makes this dangerous neighbour in an instant turn into so kind a friend?" This pamphlet detailed evidence of a circum-

* I find by these dispatches that this famous Cardinal, at first, retained the name of Mazarini; afterwards, to disguise his Italian origin and to become a Frenchman, he gave his name a French termination.

stance little known, which I have noticed in my former volume. It is what Sabran calls, and therefore does not deny, "les pratiques secrettes de Blainville," one of the former French Ambassadors.* Sabran somewhat consoles himself, though his too feeling antennæ once touched, shrink with all the sensitiveness of a snail's—that this production is the labour of some Spanish agent under the guise of "an English Gentleman."

The Parliament, as he had foreseen, would not receive him as a public Minister, unless he came prepared fully to recognise their independent power. He was therefore compelled to preserve his private character. This debarred all intercourse with a Member of the House of Commons, as a Member. Hollis and Vane regretted that they could not visit him without leave of Parliament. He freely communicated with the Peers, because the Lords, whether in or out of their House, always retain the same rank.

After some time had elapsed, during which our Resident had been actively employed, having taken more than one journey to Oxford, reviewed the army of Charles with his own eyes, and held an interview with the

* In the Second volume of these Commentaries, p. 204.

Monarch, the day arrived when Sabran was to be admitted to an audience with the Parliament. Previously he had sent a copy of his prepared Harangue to Count de Brienne, the Secretary of State. A paragraph in it, induced a remarkable observation—"Your speech to the Parliament is composed with great discretion. One thing only has astonished me. You exhort them not to suffer in the kingdom other religion than the one established. If this admit of explanation and excuse, namely, that this is meant to report to them what has been confided to you by the King, consider how the Spaniard will reproach us, while every Catholic will imagine that we have abandoned their protection. Soften this term, I pray you. It will be prudent ever to avoid the subject of religion. It will be said that we have no religion ourselves."

Sabran acknowledges that the offending exhortation had been inserted in consequence of a note received from Charles. The ticklish paragraph was expunged from the speech.

The Parliament had not yet disdained the ceremonials of Royalty, and Sabran was to be conducted to the House by the "Sieur Fleming," the Master of Ceremonies. The Parliament insisted that at his audience the French

Resident should be uncovered. He replied, "I can only stand uncovered when I am in the King's presence." They insisted that the King's throne being there was the same as his Majesty's presence among them. They alleged that the English Resident at Paris was always uncovered.—"True," replied Sabran, "but it is before their Majesties, and here I see no King! I can only acknowledge royal Majesty in the person of the Monarch." The discussion might have proved interminable—particularly as Sabran declared that he would not stand—but both parties being equally desirous of an audience, the Master of the Ceremonies —that Deity of Horace who usually descends to adjust a fortunate catastrophe in political etiquette—suggested that mutual honours should be balanced. It was accorded that an arm-chair should be placed for the French Resident who after his speech might cover. Sabran having addressed the House with his hat in hand, immediately clapped his beaver on a head whose pulsations might have required the arm-chair into which the Representative of his most Christian Majesty flung himself. We are apt to ridicule the mysteries of Court-etiquette, but the Ceremonial constitutes conventional signs—an alphabet of honours, and in that in-

telligible style, individuals have asserted their independence, and Nations have kept their state. Sabran had politically disputed the present *punctilio*. The Representative of France would not have himself held too cheap, and his allusion to the absence of the English Monarch, was in furtherance of the grand design of uniting the separated Parliament with the Sovereign.*

Count de Brienne, the Secretary of State, who had more than once visited England, had wide views of the State of the Nation. In June 1644, he penetrated into the Revolution of that day to its extent, then but in the birth

* A passage in Clarendon shows that the Parliament were yet excessively tenacious of the punctilios of etiquette. When the King sent the Duke of Richmond and the Earl of Southampton with a message for a treaty, "the Houses did not presently agree upon the manner of their reception, how they should deliver their message." The Scottish Commissioners were to join the two Houses in the painted chamber, "sitting on one side of the table;" the Royal messengers at the upper end, where there was a seat provided for them; all the rest being bare, and expecting that they would be so too, for though the Lords used to be covered whilst the Commons were bare, yet the Commons would not be bare before the Scotch Commissioners, and so none were covered. But as soon as the two Lords came thither they covered, to the trouble of the others, but being presently to speak they were quickly forced from that eye-sore.—Clarendon, v. 28.

and labour of Time. He writes, "The King of England is pressed hard by persons who will not cease till they have stricken down his authority. The Puritans are incapable of any moderation, and I am persuaded that the Great of the Kingdom (les grands du Royaume) will fall from their pre-eminence, and if the Royal authority shall no longer subsist, then a Republic will be formed, such as will consort with the religion of the Puritans. I mean to say, that not only the people will possess the power, but the most insolent will be the only ones in consideration. The remedy of these evils, without falling into another, which would be the establishment of an absolute *Seigneurie*, would be to accommodate matters—but what difficulties start up! If the Sword is to decide the question, the danger is equally great; the Conqueror will assume all his advantages."

This Statesman assuredly had taken the most comprehensive view. He saw distinctly what hovered in the distance—from principles he had deduced consequences; his fears, or his sagacity amounted to prediction.

It is however curious to observe that the Prime Minister of France, Cardinal Mazarine, who perhaps did not much care to disorder his

epicurean enjoyments, by busying himself with the troubles of England, had formed a very contracted notion of the great events whose proximity might have alarmed a more active Minister. Mazarine only twice wrote to Sabran. One of these cabinet dispatches was curt. "Pray let me know exactly what pictures, statues, or furniture can be procured of the late Duke of Buckingham." In 1645 the Cardinal's deepest policy advanced no farther than in telling Sabran, "to impress on both the Parliament and the King, that they are only shedding their own blood and wasting their own wealth, and that at last they must come to some agreement—this was unavoidable." The Italian-Frenchman had no idea that their affairs could only be finally terminated by coming to no agreement at all. He foresaw no Revolution of the nature which was opening before him a Revolution which had evidently disturbed the imagination of Count de Brienne.

In these dispatches we discover several secret conferences, and circumstances partially known in our history, are more completely disclosed. The distracted councils of Charles appear, when Sabran, Spy all over, opened letters confided to him, by the great Stateswoman, the

ambiguous Countess of Carlisle, who expedites letters from her brother Percy, a devoted Loyalist. "My Lord Percy, brother to the Earl of Northumberland, has sent three or four notes to the Queen of Great Britain, or rather to Mr. Jermyn, which were delivered to me by the Countess of Carlisle, his sister. I opened one of these, which sufficiently betrays the schism of those who are about the King, and that the Queen, or rather those who are with her, have not the same sentiments of those who govern his Majesty her husband." This is one, among many other proofs, that Charles did not servilely act under the influence of the Queen, as he is perpetually represented to have done. Her opinions, or rather those of her party, he frequently opposed, and on some trying occasions it is known that he acted in opposition to their suggestions.

At a secret conference at the house of the Countess of Carlisle, Sabran by appointment met with Lord Holland, Hollis, and the Earl of Essex, all inclined to the Presbyterian party, and enjoying, at that moment, the highest reputation with the Commons. They were willing that the French Resident should mediate between the King and the Parliament.

They assured Sabran that it was a *sine qua*

non condition, that the alliance with the Scotch should be preserved. Those of the Higher House, and many of the Lower, who would maintain Royalty against those persons who of late were seizing on the whole authority of Parliament to extinguish Royalty, (the Independents, the Army, in a word our Jacobins,) unless they were seconded by the Scotch, would not venture to act. They wished me, adds Sabran, to persuade his Majesty that the Scotch may be depended on, although they confessed that the King could not accept such hard terms, but if he promised to take them into consideration, till in some future conference at more peaceful times with both parties—what was deemed most reasonable might be accepted, and in the mean while his Majesty should declare that he would consent to put aside the Bishops, and reduce the Ecclesiastical government to Ministers—to an uniform puritanic system.

To this Sabran replied—"You then would have his Majesty renounce his Religion; this you will find difficult, and more so, by holding the knife to his throat without giving him any assurance that his affairs shall be re-established, and his authority restored. To me, the matter is wholly indifferent, believing neither

in one religion nor the other; but it is this very circumstance which enables me to think more freely, and less passionately, to distinguish that Reason by which one of the parties should more legitimately remain in his own. After I shall have held a consultation with the Scottish Gentlemen, I will then consent to dispatch my Secretary to the King. But should I now do this, those in Parliament whom you tell me are so potent, so violent, and so suspicious, would imagine that I am only acting for the King, which would greatly prejudice my Neutrality.

"All this I said," proceeds the dexterous Negotiator in his dispatch to the Secretary, "to persuade them that I had nothing to write to the King but what was agreeable to them, and also to get time to learn whether I should do it, or in doing it what advice I should offer the King. Besides, in this manner I shall get sought after by them, and dive into the real divisions so prevalent among them all.

"It would be quite ridiculous to make me the author, that the King of England, who is of a Religion which still retains some ceremonies, should be brought into one which believes nothing, the enemy of every thing which reminds one of God and of Sovereignty, and

common with that of our Huguenots. Nevertheless I shall charge myself with their commissions to detect their designs, and enter into negotiations if advisable. They would take the King by surprise, and lose himself, his children and his crown. But how can his Majesty, who has printed a public profession of the Protestant religion, attach himself to the Puritan? It would not afford a reasonable Peace."

This Conference with these great personages of the English Presbyterian party does not elsewhere appear. It is curious to detect the bad faith of secret political intrigue, to botch what cannot hold together. In the present instance we discover that the party, perfectly aware that Charles would not accede to the establishment of a National Kirk in England, suggest the mean artifice of an apparent compliance, by "the promise to take the subject into consideration." In the future proposed conference between the parties, it seemed left to the King, who should decide "what was most reasonable." But while they thus seemed to leave a door open for escape, they would have first entrapped the King by extorting his temporary consent "to put aside the Bishops" and institute the Church government by "Ministers." It is evident that this consent once

publicly granted, "what was most reasonable" would never afterwards have admitted of a discussion. Monsieur de Sabran probably comprehended the whole dark manœuvre. At all events, that "ter Catholicus," thorough-grained as he was, on that day must have crossed himself all the way on his return home, and washed his hands of them in an ewer of *eau benite*, for surely on that day Monsieur displayed what his friend the Secretary would deem *une politique fine et cachée.*

We are informed by Sabran that "In a conversation with the Chancellor of Scotland and his adjunct, I told him that the Parliament believed that the Scots, displeased with the refusal of his Majesty to change the form of his religion, would be glad to avenge themselves, provided that the Royalty should in some shape be maintained in the person of a descendant. It is thought, I told them, that they would not mind the weakness of age in the young Prince, for now they talk of the little Duke of Gloucester to authorize this change in the Government. For an unity of persons is necessary for the administration of affairs, whether it be for the Duke of a Republic, or a *Chef-général*, as in the Prince of Orange; but all this was the visible ruin of the

Sovereign authority, for the purpose of their remaining free, and enjoying the revenues of the King and the Church, and once masters, subject the Crown wholly to the form of the new Government." Sabran here took a French Statesman's view, considering the restoration of the Monarchy as a first object, this argument could not have had much force with them. He proceeds, "They replied that they wished for a King, and for King Charles, but they looked and spoke very confusedly when I assured them that the King really wished for peace, but would no longer ask for one, dreading a contemptuous refusal after all that I had done. I had left the King in the best disposition for Peace, but more willing to consent to one than to seek it."

Sabran conveys a notion of the secret motives of the Scotch in their transactions with the King and the Parliament, which I have not elsewhere found. He considers them merely as a mercenary soldiery, like the Swiss, often at a loss how to act with the conflicting parties to secure their stipends. Their's was a war for the Purse.

He writes, "Though the Scotch are considered to be more reasonable, it is only from an opinion that they would not consent absolutely

to the extinction of Royalty, dreading to become at last a province of England, but not from any other cause, for they still persist with the English in the first resolutions, unconvinced that these go entirely to the destruction of the Royal authority. The truth is, that they are blinded by an opinion that the heavy subsidies now due to them, amounting to more than all the wealth of their country, which by various treaties, the King of England and the Parliament agreed to pay them for their levies of men, as well as the sums which the Parliament have since promised for their present movements, would all be in jeopardy should the Parliament not remain obstinate, and interest itself to extinguish these debts. It is on this pretext that the present Parliament has secured the Scotch on its side, and bewilders their reason, which in them is not so refined as to perceive that the protraction of the war, though it will increase their claims, by the general inconvenience which it occasions will postpone the payments, or possibly annihilate at once all their claims."

This was a profound reflection, and may be said to have been verified by the subsequent events, notwithstanding that by a strange accident, and by the most dishonourable of all pub-

lic acts, the Scots posted away with their bag. They had to endure the slights of the predominating party,* who treated with contempt even their idolized Covenant. When the unexpected incident of the King taking refuge in the Scottish camp occurred, it altered the face of affairs —the game was then in their hands. At Topcliffe House the Covenanters huckstered for the person of their Sovereign, the bargain was struck—it was for ready money, and the rest in promissory notes. The treachery exceeds the treason, and Charles was delivered up into the hands of his personal enemies. The Covenanters having sold all they had which the English would buy, for themselves for some time had been of no value, in returning homewards, left a canting recommendation that their purchasers should be careful of "the Lord's Anointed!" Well might the French Secretary of State when alluding to a proposed bribery for the

* Sabran affords a curious anecdote of the day, which shows how the Scots were regarded by the Independents. The Scottish Deputies sore at the suspicions, and at the affront they had received in having their letters opened, complained to the Committee. The younger Vane rose and insolently reproached them for having little contributed to the war, and the service of the Parliament; but what was more certain, they had drawn from England great sums, and had always taken too much care of themselves."

Chancellor of Scotland, assign as one reason that his Lordship would not be offended,—"parcequ'il est Ecossois qui vaut autant à dire qu'interessé."—The poverty of Scotland at that time is but a poor plea for this dereliction of Honour and of Morality; but these were the Covenanters of that brave and shrewd people! The Scottish nation have redeemed this abjectness of spirit, and this gross avarice, even by the most romantic sensibility. The immolation of their persons, the forfeiture of their lands, and a perpetual exile from their beloved mountains and valleys, were as fatally, as unworthily bestowed on the race of the very Monarch whom they had betrayed, with an infamy which has passed through the world. What a history is this of the Stuarts! of their devoted Enemies, and their devoted Friends!

An event in France now occurred which the Secretary of State imagined might produce a sinister effect in England.

One of the Parliaments of France had recently ventured to present "A Remonstrance" to the French Monarch, for which four of the Members were cast into prison, and the rest submitted. The Secretary of State, intimately acquainted with the feelings of the English people, is anxious that the Resident should

explain to them that "a French Parliament is only a Court of Magistrates, who are solely to administer the Laws. It is not an English Parliament to which they will compare it." Sabran in reply observes, "They have not failed here to reflect on the equivocal term of Parliament, asserting that it is to this point the King of Great Britain would reduce their own. They express their surprise at the punishment of the refractory members. They will not acknowledge the difference of the nature and quality of the two Parliaments. I tell them that the English Parliament conjointly with their King makes the Laws, which being settled by their common consent, neither he nor they can violate them; but that our Parliament consisted merely of a body of Law-officers from whom the King solely requires the administration of justice, invested as they are with no other power than what they derive from the King's grant. Our King himself is above the Law, and in the spirit of Equity the royal authority can alter the Law."

At this distant day, it is important to observe, that it was these very French Parliaments which kindled the first sparks on the altar of civil freedom in France. This company of Magistrates had often resisted the

arbitrary decrees of Richelieu; under the administration of Mazarine, they caught a new spirit, and in their close imitation of the political scenes which had passed in our country, they composed "Remonstrances" to the French Monarch. The Frondeurs of Cardinal de Retz was even an attempt at a Revolution, but the people being neither invited nor conducted, took little interest in the discontents of a few Grandees, and the Aristocratic Insurrection concluded by a surprising reverse of the personal interests of the Parties. It was the comedy of a Revolution, and the only disturbance it occasioned was, that the Cardinal took a short journey, and one of the noble Insurrectionists married his niece. All was silence, pride, and servitude under the splendid reign of Louis XIV. The French Parliaments under his successor often raised their voice, and were sometimes suspended, and sometimes exiled. Humiliated by the Court, they rose in the popular regard. The eloquence of these advocates of civil freedom was echoed in the land, and men got by rote whole passages of their addresses or apologies. The benevolent Louis XVI. ever desirous of his people's welfare, reinstated the Parliaments which his predecessor had interrupted. The grateful people

rejoiced, and found the first Champions of the rights of Citizens, among the magistrates and advocates composing their Parliaments. Our neighbours, in the first sober hours of their revolutions have often appealed to those of England; they have even servilely fallen into our errors. The reaction of public opinion among the two influential nations in Europe will inevitably operate on the political state of the Continent; and should each accept from the other, what may be found of public good in either, the neighbours will cease to be rivals. May we indulge the hope that the future historian shall chronicle that astonishing event which has never yet happened—of two great neighbouring nations, without jealousies, without envy, and without fear?

Our Resident was fully convinced that a powerful party in the Parliament was intent to abolish Monarchy. But as this faction had not yet openly declared their designs, it became an anxious subject of inquiry not only how to remove Charles the First, but to avoid a dissension with the Monarchists and the Scots, by transferring the regal authority to another branch of the royal blood. The Prince Palatine, the nephew of Charles, a very humble pensioner of the Parliament, was considered

by some as a pliant creature, who would accept the Crown on any prescribed terms. This Prince, who was of a mean character, on a pretext to solicit farther charity from the Parliament, pleading for the mere necessities of his family, was now in London, and his Mother the Queen of Bohemia, and himself, both of whom had, observes Sabran, never been on good terms with their Majesties of England, would be glad to repair the loss of their Palatinate. Should this plan fail, Sabran continues, the Parliament doubt not that the Scots would be contented to fix the Royalty on the little Duke of Gloucester, who is not above four years old, and who, having him in their hands, would be brought up in their own way, and submit the Government to a perpetual Parliament. The French Secretary and the Resident alike concluded, that if the Parliament transferred the Crown to a Stranger, as some proposed, or a junior branch of the family, it would only be reviving the domestic feuds of York and Lancaster. Brienne adds, "Their history for future ages will be as full of tragical deeds as that of the Past."

I have given this extract for more than one reason. It is impossible in discovering these critical difficulties in settling the Monarchy,

not to detect parallel circumstances, which are not so strange to ourselves. History is a perpetual detection of the circumscribed sphere of all human actions, and the repetition of all human events.

We learn here on unquestionable authority, from the interviews between Sabran and the King, that Charles the First was so earnest to settle a Peace, that the French Resident deemed it advisable to keep back the communication of the King's proposals, as giving the Parliament too great an advantage over him, in discovering his facility, and his submission. In truth the prevalent faction in the Commons wanted not Peace; they had in view a far different object than participating that power and authority which they had usurped. And this appears by what Sabran particularly notices. "The Parliament have concealed from the people the King's desire of an Accommodation, and suppress, as well as they can, a knowledge of the Royal letter sent by a Herald, passing off the trumpet as coming for an exchange of prisoners."

The French Resident and the Secretary of State had long suffered from a mutual infusion of reciprocal terrors, and in December 1644 they imagined themselves to be two Jeremiahs.

The singular project of "the Self-denying Ordinance" was now first broached; that marvellous expedient of the Independents, who under the popular pretext that the Members of both Houses should "give up all their time to their country's service without reward or gratuity," and to secure their uninterrupted service in Parliament, and as Cromwell said, "to vindicate the Parliament from all partiality to their own Members, it should be unlawful for any Member of either House to hold any office in the army, or any place in the State." This political manœuvre was opened by the elder Vane, who was made to resign the Treasurership of the Navy, and by Cromwell offering his commission of Lieutenant-General. The real object was not only to gull the people but to eject at one blow all moderate men, and particularly their present noble commanders, while they new-modelled the army with their own more thorough-paced creatures. It is known how Cromwell offered to lay down his military command, and how he contrived to be petitioned to retain it, and by his absence from the House, while at the head of his troops, avoided any risk of being reminded of his patriotic offer—What Mouse would bell the Cat?

"All power," exclaims the agitated Resident,

" is now fast going to the House of Commons, and the people: the design, no longer admitting of dissimulation, of abolishing the Monarch and Monarchy, the Peers and their dignity; and thus will they spread among their neighbours all that fury which looks for support from all of their Religion. We have already come in for our share of the evil, for the Swedes have now sent a Deputy." (France had long been alarmed at secret intrigues with Sweden.) " This novel alliance, even the Dutch in their prudence abhor, and foresee the peril in which themselves stand, as well as from the monstrous power which this Parliament assumes, whose aliment, henceforth, must be flames and blood."

On the arrival of this Swedish " Deputy" as Sabran calls this Envoy, the French Resident held a secret conference with the Hollanders, who appear to have been as jealous of this new political union, in which they contemplated a powerful rival, as Sabran was alarmed at the loss of this ancient ally of France, at the union of all the Protestant Powers, and above all at the example now openly held out to the Huguenots of France by their dangerous neighbour. The Dutch seem to have been only terrified at the loss of trade, and the indifferent footing they were on with the Parliament, who

treated them with disdain, suspecting a mediation from the Prince of Orange from his family alliance with the King.

The irreconcilable breach between the Earl of Manchester and Cromwell was the preliminary to the introduction of the famous Self-denying Ordinance. The recriminations between these two great personages openly occurred in the House; they are noticed by Clarendon. Cromwell had accused the Earl of Manchester of betraying the Parliament, by checking his pursuit when the King retreated from Newbury. The Earl in assigning some extraordinary reasons for this apparent ill-conduct disclosed a remarkable communication made by Cromwell to him. Cromwell told the Earl, "My Lord, *if you will stick firm to honest men, you shall find yourself at the head of an Army that shall give the Law to King and Parliament.*" "This discourse," proceeded his Lordship, "had made great impression in him, for he knew the Lieutenant-General to be a man of very deep designs, and therefore he was the more careful to preserve an Army which he yet thought was very faithful to the Parliament."

The brief report which Sabran sends to his Cabinet of this memorable clash, has

probably preserved an expression of Cromwell more explicit than we find in Clarendon. "The Earl of Manchester is accused of not having willingly fought the Royal Army, and of having said that it ought not to be done, for that this had been the real cause of the resources and the strength which his Majesty had acquired; Cromwell, on the other hand, is accused of having said that '*he hoped to see the day when there should not be a King nor a Peer in England.*' This speech is most important, for it is really the point they drive at." Sabran seems here to have preserved the unguarded language of Cromwell. It is evident that the intimation which Cromwell gave to the Earl, as we find it in Clarendon, was thrown out in the warmth of confidence; the tone was that of invitation. When the arch-plotter discovered that the Earl started at the seduction, and possibly an involuntary gesture might have betrayed Manchester to the scrutinizing and watchful eye of him who was apt in reading men's thoughts, Cromwell raised his tone to defiance and menace; and at that moment revealed an important secret hitherto closely confined to his own party. Sabran describes the agitation at the moment of this occurrence. "The Lords understanding that the other House

were discussing the accusation against Cromwell wherein they took so deep an interest, they were desirous of hearing Cromwell, and of being informed of the whole matter; but the Commons kicked (s'est cabrée)—declaring that the Higher House must not know of any proceedings of the Lower till they were concluded, and then only by their Messenger." The truth is, this moment was a critical trial of the strength of both Factions. The peace-party, who already dreaded the fierceness of Cromwell, were desirous of having the matter thoroughly investigated, but the Cromwellites, we may now give the Independents that title, Clarendon observes, put all obstructions in the way, and rather chose to lose the advantage they had against the Earl than to have some unavoidable discoveries they were not yet ready to produce.

Alluding to the Self-denying Ordinance, Sabran proceeds—"This is the most cunning artifice the Commons have yet practised, to fill all offices with popular persons, and manifest to the Londoners that the War would have finished, and Liberty had been secured, had Manchester fought. In this way this House gets credit with the people, and by the power which it confers on them will have the entire com-

mand of all offices civil and military." Sabran had not penetrated into the deeper designs of new-modelling the Army with Cromwellites. He observes, however, that they have already begun a new Government, by calling themselves "the States" (Les Etats). In the hurried change through the whole fabric of the Constitution, many absurd proceedings occurred which at the instant they were not aware of; among these was this new title to the English Government. A long debate ensued when they sent out the Fleet, to decide what it should be called, and at last resolved on "The State's Fleet." Cromwell coming to the House at the close smiled, and facetiously asked the Speaker, "Whether they had got another *Hogen Mogen?*" It is remarkable of Cromwell that he often turned off the most solemn matters with a jocular air, as he did at the moment of signing the Death-warrant of Charles. It was the art of getting over difficulties by diverting attention from them.

Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Pembroke, told Sabran that such was the intolerable oppression of the men who had now the power in their own hands, having gained over the people to their side by their pretended disinterestedness, that they conceal their secret designs, and every day grow more violent and

absolute. The brother of the Earl of Argyle, who served the Parliament in Scotland, assured him that the Parliament had taken their final resolution. They held the mediation of foreign powers as too partial for the King of England, and particularly that of France. They would not endure those who were about the King. On this Sabran makes this extraordinary observation. *Un secours d'Etrangers seroit incompatible avec les Anglois, et ne peut être propre que pour conquerir cet Etat, à quoy une Croisade seroit mieux employée qu'en Barbarie, tant je prevois extrêmes leurs fins.* The embarrassments of European Cabinets have been mutual on those parallel events which have succeeded each other in the modern history of England and France. It would have dismayed the working brain of Sabran, could he have imagined that his "Crusade" was ever to be conducted into his own Capital.

The Independents surely meditated to open their Rule by a reign of terror. Suddenly we see sanguinary executions fast following on one another. The State-prisoners who had been long left in durance, and seemed to have been forgotten, are hurried to their fate. The Irish Lord Maquire in vain pleaded his privilege, petitioning to be beheaded, and was with an Irish gentleman hanged at Tyburn. Sir Alexander

Carew, who had remarkably expressed himself against the Earl of Strafford, now himself felt the sharpness of that axe for which he had so vehemently called. The two Hothams, Father and Son, though opposed to each other, expiated their political tergiversations. The venerable Archbishop Laud, after a confinement of four years, was dragged forth to leave his old bones on the scaffold,—an inhuman triumph which Sabran forcibly describes. This ancient Archbishop was thrown as prey or garbage, the fee of the Hounds, to satiate the Scots. "C'est pour donner *curée* aux Ecossois que l'on a aujourd'hui condamné à mort le viel Archevêque de Canterbury, et les deux Seigneurs d'Irlande." In all respects the Independents were the Jacobins of France; and the Levellers, the worser of the worse, openly declared that "the Kingdom was theirs by conquest," and proposed "a free Election" by universal suffrage for not only freeholders, but all men living, even beggars should have a vote in choosing their Representatives, servants only were excepted.* There are crimes and follies which we vainly flatter ourselves can never be repeated.

* Clarendon's State-papers, ii. xl. I imagine that the votes of "the Beggars" could only have been a satirical rumour.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TWO FRENCH RESIDENTS.

MINISTERS of State, in the removal of their Ambassadors or the choice of their temporary envoys, act on the principle of those who call in a second physician whose practice is diametrically the reverse of the first. The ineffective system of his predecessor having suffered the disorder to increase, the other earnestly proceeds with his own; and though neither save the patient, who is dissolving in his own weakness, his intractable state, which may evince the despair, does not necessarily prove the unskilfulness of his physicians.

Such was the case with Cardinal Mazarine, when he dispatched Sabran as the French "Resident" at London during the years 1644 and 1645, and having recalled him supplied his place by Monsieur De Montreuil in 1646.

For two years had Sabran been busied in England, and yet so entirely ineffective were his operations, that I never could trace his name standing in connection with the King or the Parliament. Accident alone brought the bulky tomes of his inedited negotiations under my inspection. This state of singular obscurity for a public Minister, was not however occasioned by any torpid listlessness in the Envoy himself, nor from any deficient sympathy amidst the awful scenes which were rising around him. On the contrary, Sabran was a close observer of every event, a listener to much secret intelligence; very subdolous in intrigues, and on an intimate footing with the leading personages of the day. We must look for some cause which may satisfactorily account for the extraordinary circumstances of an Envoy being nullified during two complete years of incessant activity.

There is great truth in the reflection of Clarendon, which he has expressed with the accustomed vigour of his conceptions, that "the unexpected calamity which befell this Kingdom was not ingrateful to its neighbours on all sides, who were willing to see it weakened and chastised by its own strokes." I shall confirm this observation by a manu-

script letter which I found among the Conway Papers, which exhibits a genuine representation of the nation and the feelings of our European neighbours at the opening of our civil dissensions, and more particularly of the French nation. It contains passages which might be imagined to be written in our own times.

"MR. RAN DOMVILLE TO LORD CONWAY.

Paris, Sept. 21, 1640.

SINCE Paris hath begun to entertain itself with the affairs of England, it seems to have shut out all other news to make room for this. All sides seem to be well pleased in our misfortunes; those that sit at the helm, add boldness to their designs, having buried their fears and doubts in the distractions of that State. The Catholics despair not to find a way opened to their cause by these confusions, and those of the Religion (the Huguenots or the foreign Protestants and Presbyterians) hope to reap an advancement of their discipline. As in the beginning all forms how contrary soever took their matter from a general confusion, so from the present troubles the most inconsistent interests seem to borrow their support and hope. Neither is France free from all inward troubles;

she hath so long wrestled with an enemy that in some parts she hath cast herself into a fever. The French fleet at this time gives the law to the Mediterranean and braves the Spaniard in his own ports.

"The desolation which is found all over the Kingdom of Naples much defames the Spanish Government, and with no small injury to the rule of Princes gives too great a reputation to that of Commonwealths."

We discover at this early period, that in the fall of Monarchies, men imagined that they should find relief under Republican Governments. Man flies to the extremes of the circumference of the circle which Nature has drawn around him, till he settles in quiet at the centre, being removed at equal distances from Despotism and from Anarchy.

We have already had occasion to show that Richelieu, long provoked by former aggressions of England, and latterly refused that co-partnership in European power, with which the wily Cardinal had tempted the English Monarch, had vindictively proceeded, with the hoarded hatreds of many years. His intrigues had blown into a flame the embers of insurrection in Scotland, and he had even thrown

off the mask, when the French Ambassador kept up no unfriendly intercourse with the English Parliament. Clarendon denounces "the Great Cardinal" for "the haughtiness of his own nature and immoderate appetite of revenge, under the disguise of being jealous of the honour of his Master." The noble historian did not know that this profound Statesman lived to regret some of his measures, for his confidential Secretary has informed us, that matters had gone farther than the Cardinal had designed, or than he desired.

Mazarine, the pupil of Richelieu, inherited all the advantages which the more vigorous genius of his great master had created. The character of this Minister is finely touched by the most refined judge of all Statesmen. "This Cardinal," says Clarendon, "was a man rather of different than contrary parts from his predecessor; and fitter to build upon the foundations which he had laid, than to have laid those foundations, and to cultivate by artifice, dexterity, and dissimulation, in which his nature and parts excelled, what the other had begun with great resolution and vigour, and even gone through with invincible constancy and courage."

The Italian Epicurean, not instigated by the

passions of the native Frenchman, bore no personal animosity to Charles or to the English Nation. Adopting however the system of the Cabinet of the Louvre, Mazarine moderately entered into its designs. This Minister was no otherwise delighted by the troubles of England than as they kept the nation from forming any active alliance with the Spaniard, intent as he was in prosecuting the war with the rival powers of France. "The Cardinal," says Clarendon, "did not yet think the King's condition low enough, and rather desired by administering little and ordinary supplies, to enable him to continue the struggle, than to see him victorious over his enemies."

The whole of "the Negotiations" or the dispatches of Sabran confirm this observation, as likewise his first cautious instructions, which were to serve the Envoy as the basis of his Negotiations. Sabran was sent to England, doubtless to communicate whatever he could learn, and to discriminate with his own eyes. But with any other power he appears never to have been invested. He could not by any positive act of his own do that, by which either party could be benefited. He was not to compromise himself in his intercourse with the Parliament lest the King might find occasion to

be jealous, and he was to play the same part with the King, that the Parliament might not suspect him of any predilection for Royalty. A more neutralised being could not have been contrived by the mechanism of politics. It happened, however, that Sabran became so frequently alarmed, that he felt his situation desperately irksome, and the human Puppet at times, in the exercise of his faculties, seemed ready to burst his secret pulleys.

When Sabran was told that a moderate supply in money from France would be of essential service to the King, both for his own subsistence and to enable him to open the Campaign with an army of sufficient force to approach the Capital, Sabran warily regretted that France had no monies to spare in her present position! He offered arms, but Charles observed that those already received from France were found to be utterly worthless! He suggested the aid of Foreign Volunteers, Charles refused to receive any foreign soldiers, observing that men were not wanted, but the means of subsisting them. Charles having expressed his satisfaction on the arrival of the Queen in France for the honours she had received, which had made a deep impression on the minds of the Londoners, suggested that

the fear of France might bring the Parliament to reasonable conditions, and should France propose such, provided she was cautious not to incur a suspicion that she acted from any sinister motive, it would be the only means to terminate his affairs. This too was Sabran's own opinion, but he only replied by "acquainting the King with the present state of our affairs through Europe." No attempt at mediation was made, except the under plot of an intrigue carried on with the Scots to separate them from the Parliament of England, and to play one against another with the King between the two! In a word, after two years of *espionage* and *persiflage*, Sabran, who from the first was a suspected person by both parties, never improved in their confidence. He was actually worn out by his inefficient neutrality, and assisting neither, he left them to themselves, and they apparently left the French Resident to his own contemplations. This Envoy was appointed to do nothing, and after many hard trials with both parties, succeeded in that difficult employment.

When the fate of Charles after the disastrous battle of Naseby seemed fast approaching on him, and the Parliament assumed "the supreme dominion," Mazarine started from his

slumbers of neutrality, more alarmed at the appearance of a monstrous novel Commonwealth rising up in Europe, than touched by the ancient jealousy of the former greatness of the Crown of England. The French Minister now dispatched another Envoy in earnest, to save the sinking Monarch. Monsieur Montreuil was sent, as Clarendon observes, "with some formal address to the Parliament, but intentionally to negotiate between the King and the Scots." Montreuil came better provided than Sabran, to acquire the full confidence of the Parties to whom he chiefly addressed himself. The Queen Regent of France, or Mazarine, had invested the new Envoy with ample authority to treat with the Scots, and Henrietta had solemnly impressed on Charles the decision of France to serve him.

The new Envoy proceeded without dissimulation in all his communications with the King. He felt a personal regard for the Monarch, whom he earnestly sought to extricate from one of his most trying situations. At this critical moment Charles was meditating his escape from Oxford, but agitated by doubts and by despair, he knew not whither to fly, nor what measures to pursue. Montreuil, unlike Sabran, soon obtained all the confidence of Charles, for

he was acting with an honourable sincerity. This however did not alter the situation of Charles. Montreuil was zealous to accomplish the object of his Mission, but he had come on an erroneous principle, and had to encounter a difficulty which no human power could overcome, since Religion itself, as well as Monarchy, according to the notions and the feelings of Charles, were to form the dark and self-sacrifice. The Queen had signed a sort of engagement with a subtile Scotch Agent, Sir Robert Murray, that the King should consent to the establishment of the Presbyterial government in England; Jermyn and Culpepper at Paris had confirmed the proposal, and pressed it on the King as his last resource.

This immolation of an heretical Episcopacy in favour of another heretical Church-government was a change perfectly indifferent to a Roman Catholic Queen, as was Henrietta; to the thoughtless Jermyn, the silken creature of a Court; and to Culpepper, a military man, shrewd and bold in his measures, but who Charles declared knew nothing of "Religion." To them all it appeared a simple concession, by which the powerless Monarch might secure his Throne.

Charles alluding to the paper signed by the

Queen, observed to Montreuil, that it was void, for "the Queen his dear consort, in the particular of the Church was a little mistaken, by her not so full knowledge of the Constitution of the English Government." He freely consented to allow the Presbyterial government in Scotland, "but if the Scots will never declare for me unless I should make such concessions for the destruction of Monarchy, by the grace of God I never will do it." Charles said, "That their doctrine is Anti-Monarchical, I bolted out of Mr. Henderson." Charles used a more forcible argument when he observed, that should he consent to the terms the Scots prescribed, he would only be securing that party which in England had become the weakest in the State, and would only exasperate the Independents, whose ascendancy already appeared, both against them and himself.

The candour of Montreuil is admirable. Having stated his argument to Charles in favour of the Scots, he fairly concludes, "This time your Majesty will think me quite Scotticised, but I believe you will do me the honour not to think ill of me for representing affairs without any disguise, which we do only to intelligent Monarchs:" *(Aux Rois bien sçavants.)* On another occasion, this honest Ne-

gotiator addressed the reverse arguments, those which Charles himself had supplied him with, to bring the Scots to terms. Montreuil now reminded them that their great enemy the Independents were of late far more powerful than they. "I showed them that they ought to feel but little interest in establishing their Church government in England, and for ruling over the consciences of their neighbours, compared with the more pressing necessity of preserving their lives, their property, and their liberty, all which they would lose whenever they abandoned your Majesty." To the frank Negotiator, Charles replied as frankly. His decision was invariable, but with a gracefulness not always accompanying his clear and business-like style, he adds, "To answer your freedom with the like, I plainly tell you that already you have from me all that I can do, and you may believe me that no necessity shall compel me to do that, which I have refused to do at the desire of two Queens, either of them having power enough to make me do what is possible, *sans marchander*. In a word, you have all that my shop can afford, it is your part to make the best bargain you may," alluding to the Presbyterian party at London.

Montreuil, with a generous zeal to accomplish this perplexed negotiation, finding the Scots Commissioners at London and the King alike unalterable, determined on journeying himself to the Scottish army at Newark, taking the King at Oxford in his way. He resolved to try whether the heads of the army were as intractable as their party at Westminster. Montreuil discovered that the Scottish Officers were more moderate in their councils, and not unwilling to listen to any expedient which might serve them to recede from the rigour of their demands. The honest Negotiator was sanguine that he should now accommodate the more difficult points. The Scots were gratified to learn that it was the King's design to come among them. The difficulty was now to contrive a method for this extraordinary removal, so that they should not offend their masters—the English Parliament. They proposed sending a body of cavalry to Harborough, a place which the King could safely reach, and when he met those troops, as it were accidentally, he should declare that he was proceeding to Scotland, and command their attendance. By this subterfuge the Scots had warily planned to avoid the appearance of having invited the King, their object being to show that

the King had voluntarily taken refuge with their army.

On April the 1st, Montreuil, to give assurance to the King, drew up an Engagement expressive of their earnest desire to receive their natural Sovereign, and to offer him every personal security.* It is curious to observe the shifts to which all parties are put to botch an insincere, or a difficult treaty. Montreuil who could not extract from the Scots any but a verbal agreement, had drawn up one with his own hand, to satisfy the impatient King, who was still counting the hours for his escape from Oxford; and though not one of the party would venture to subscribe the Engagement, pleading the critical position in which their friends stood with the powerful Independents at London, yet they pledge their oaths with Montreuil, that his signature shall be as valid as if it bore the names of those who never signed it!

The encouragement the King had received from Montreuil hastened his decision for this famous transportation of himself. Impatient to pass over to the Scots, Charles deemed it, however, prudent to ascertain the promised arrival of their cavalry. The King sent for Dr. Hudson, whom he called his "plain-dealing Chap-

* This document may be found in Clarendon, v. 387.

lain." This Dr. Hudson was one of those rare energetic characters, who seem born to wrestle with the Fate they cannot conquer. This remarkable person was a devoted Royalist, who had never forsaken the fortunes of his Master, and had always opened his mind with the most unrestrained freedom when others would not, or dared not. But his practice was not restricted to the studies of Divinity, he had greatly distinguished himself in the Field, and for his hardy activity held the office of Scout-Master-General in the North, and by this means was well conversant with the bad roads and cross-cuts, which were the annoyance of our ancestors, more particularly when a secret journey was to be contrived.

The King desired Dr. Hudson to prepare for a journey, without however informing him of his destination. The Doctor however knew it. The King expressed his astonishment, declaring that he had confided the secret only to Prince Rupert and the Duke of Richmond. The Duke of Richmond had been weak enough to trust the secret to the Duchess, and she to her Maid, and the Maid had communicated it to the Doctor, and however silent the last receiver of the secret intelligence might have been, there was already a rumour afloat at Oxford.

On April 8th, Dr. Hudson posted to Harborough, and there neither found Montreuil nor the Scottish cavalry. He pushed on to Southwell, where Montreuil lodged, who appeared disconcerted at his appearance, perplexed in his opinions, and very ill-pleased with the Scots. On the 10th of April, Hudson returned to the King, with a very discouraging prospect, and gloomily presaged that the Scots were designing to make a bargain with the King's person.*

Clarendon will now supply that part of the narrative which the noble writer drew from the actual correspondence of Montreuil with the King and Secretary Nicholas.† "Many days had not passed after the sending that express" (the express which carried the Engagement written by Montreuil and assented to by the Scots) "when he found such chagrin‡ and ter-

* Manuscript account of the King's Escape by Dr. Stukeley. Cole's MSS. xiv. Though Harborough was only a distance of forty miles from Oxford, it is remarked that it was in "a bad season and bad roads." A morning ride of forty miles was then an expedition in roads without turnpikes. "

† We have the interesting correspondence of the French Resident from two sources, the Clarendon, and also the Thurloe State-papers.

‡ Cole, who in his Manuscript has quoted this passage from Clarendon, writes—"Chicane," so it ought to be read

giversation in some of those he had treated with, one man denying what he had said to himself, and another disclaiming the having given such a man authority to say that from him, which the other still avowed he had done, that Montreuil thought himself obliged with all speed to advertise his Majesty of the foul change, and to dissuade him from venturing his person in the power of such men; but the express who carried that letter was taken prisoner, and though he escaped and preserved his letter, he could not proceed in his journey." Had this letter reached Charles, Montreuil imagined it would have deterred him from venturing his person with the Scots, but an alteration again occurred, which induced the King to keep to his resolution, having no other resource left him.

The honest Mediator, probably after Doctor Hudson had returned to the King, indignantly

in Clarendon instead of "*Chagrine.*" As Cole was a mere matter-of-fact-man one would suppose that he did not venture on so ingenious a reading without some authority. The sense and the truth would not suffer by its adoption. I looked eagerly into the last accurate and uncastrated edition of Clarendon, where the Rev. Dr. Bandinel has closely watched the autograph of Clarendon himself, even to a syllable; but the conjecture of Cole has only its own merit, being unwarranted by the original Manuscript.

remonstrated with these equivocating Scots. He insisted that they were insulting the honour of his own Sovereign by their perpetual prevarications, since France stood forth to guarantee whatever the King of England should engage to perform. When Montreuil raised his tone, he again brought them back to their old protestations and a renewal of their former scheme, but the conditions were made somewhat harder. A place was again appointed mid-way between Newark and Harborough. Montreuil opened his inmost thoughts to the King and Secretary Nicholas. He himself had lost all confidence in the parties.

The ardent Negotiator, out-wearied and baffled by these political Jugglers, subsides into prudential counsels and chilling warnings. He complains that the Scots contrive every obstacle to prevent him from positively advising the King not to quit Oxford, at the same time that they proceeded irresolutely, as if they cared not to assist his escape. Their motives were complex, and their proceedings were contradictory. The truth is, the Scots were earnest enough that Charles should be in their Camp, but the difficulty was, to induce the King to come voluntarily to them, and to conceal any advances on their part. They avoided doing any

act on their side, or to venture their signature to any treaty which might implicate them with their pay-masters the English House of Commons, or as they subtilely stated it, "should they break with the English Parliament, it would deprive them of means to preserve the King."

Montreuil thus closes one of his dispatches; "I will say no more but this, that his Majesty and you know the Scots better than I do; I have not taken upon me the boldness to give any counsel to his Majesty, yet if he hath any other refuge or means to make better conditions, I think he ought not to accept of these." His confidence did not improve—A day or two after, he says "They tell me that they will do more than can be expressed; but let not his Majesty hope for any more than I send him word of, that he may not be deceived; for certainly the enterprise is full of danger!" And far more than the honest Negotiator ever imagined!

We shall see that shortly after the arrival of Charles, Montreuil was not even allowed to confer with the King. The negotiation of the French Resident, who was an honester man than his Master the Cardinal designed him to be, ended most unhappily. Montreuil protested

against their perfidy, but he could not conceal from himself that he had totally failed in his Mission, and to avoid the daily insults of the Scots, he and Ashburnham, the confidential companion of the King, flew to Paris, where the late Resident in vain attempted to rouse the indignation of the Cardinal, for the honour of France.

The failure of this negotiation cast Mazarine into one of those critical dilemmas from which a sole Minister, as was the Cardinal in France, only extricates himself by the sacrifice of a victim. "No unusual hard-heartedness in such chief Ministers," says Clarendon. Had Montreuil been permitted to publish the history of this important transaction, he had probably cleared himself of the imputations cast on his disastrous negotiation; his integrity would not have been suspected for his too sanguine reliance on his first interviews with the Scottish officers, nor on the anomalous document where his own signature was to testify for others, what they themselves refused to attest.

In this secret mission the Cardinal at first appears to have been prevailed on by the solicitations of the two Queens to mediate between Charles and the Scots. The project har-

monized with the State-policy, but since the negotiation had concluded with a disaster, by placing the King in the imprisonment of the Scottish camp, Mazarine, who consulted his ease as often as the policy of the State, cared not to listen to the cries of a baffled Negotiator. Desirous of silently wiping off the indignity which his luckless agent asserted had been offered to the Crown of France, anxious too to conceal from the English Parliament how deeply France had engaged herself in this secret intrigue with the Scots, and equally dreading lest Montreuil's "plain unvarnished tale" should irritate the Scottish chiefs by its exposition, the Minister condemned the luckless Envoy to silence, forbade his appearance at Court, and afterwards exiled him from Paris. Clarendon, who has commemorated his fate, adds that Montreuil "died of grief of mind." What is more certain in the history of this French Resident, Clarendon seems not to have known. The discarded official man went over to the Opposition party, accepting the Secretaryship of the Prince of Conti. And when that Prince, the Duke of Longueville and the great Condé were imprisoned at Vincennes, Montreuil became their active correspondent, and their secret counsellor. When these

Princes obtained their liberty, his death prevented the recompense of his able services, but as this happened five years after Montreuil's unlucky mission to the Scots, it seems more probable that instead of "dying of grief of mind" from that incident, the discarded Envoy experienced no little satisfaction at mortifying "the hard-hearted Minister" by his firm and even triumphant opposition.

After these two French Residents, Bellievre the French Ambassador took up with his fine needle the dropped stitch of this net-work; proceeding on the same principle, threading the Parliament against the King, and the King against the Parliament. The policy of the Cabinet of the Louvre was never designed by Mazarine to be of any essential service to England. And so we discover the conclusion by a passage in one of Lord Clarendon's letters. "I am glad the French Ambassador hath disgusted the King, if he be enough disgusted. The truth is, the cheats, and the villany of that nation is so gross that I cannot think of it with patience, neither can the King ever prosper till he abhors them perfectly, and trusts none who trust them."

Such is the nature of ministerial offices and Machiavelian politics! But this system, how-

ever reprobated by Clarendon, has not been peculiar to the French Cabinet, the English have had their share in this short-sighted policy. Nations, or rather Ministers, have sought in the domestic feuds of a neighbouring nation, a false and hollow prosperity for themselves: unable to build up their own strength by their own wisdom, they often deceive themselves by imagining they acquire stability in proportion to the weakness of their neighbours.

CHAPTER VIII.

FLIGHT FROM OXFORD TO THE SCOTTISH CAMP.

At Oxford, early in 1646, Charles was driven to his last resource. The King had passed through a dismal and disastrous winter. Day after day his garrisons had vanished, his scattered troops were defeated, or disbanded. He was no longer the commander of an army, while the armies of the Parliament multiplied around him. The King, sanguine as he was often in his worse fortunes, could not disguise from himself the ruin which was now hastening on him.

Fairfax and the other Parliamentary Generals were gradually drawing around their armies, and his beloved Oxford, which had long been the resort of the most eminent personages of the nation, and was consecrated by those treasures of literature which had often attract-

ed his thoughts at intervals of quiet, was shortly to be begirt by an implacable enemy.

Pressed still harder than by the Parliament's armies, by their unconditional "propositions," and by the solicitation of his confidential advisers at Paris to accept them, they strained his religious conscience on the rack, and all seemed to be lost, but the feeble Honour, which he would not yield but with his life.

There was no wisdom amidst distracted counsels, and no confidence among the hopeless. On one side they pressed the King to stay at Oxford, and surrender on honourable terms; for since the vote of the Independents in the Commons had passed, that he should never reign more, they only contemplated in the private flight of the King inevitable calamity; but Ashburnham, who was usually of the King's mind, was willing to perish in flight, rather than to surrender at discretion.

Every hour seemed more urgent than the last, and Charles was to decide on his instant course. Cast into many a reverie of desperate resolves, once Charles offered to two eminent commanders, that if they would give their word to conduct him to the Parliament, he would trust himself to their hands; but they refused to engage themselves by so perilous a favour.

Thrice had he solicited a personal conference at Westminster, but the Parliament, who was daily expecting the circumvallation of Oxford, and had driven their game into a strong toil, had only replied by "an insulting silence," "an answer, answerless," as Elizabeth once curtly expressed herself to the Commons. The truth is, that even in this last reduced state of the King, his enemies dreaded "the royal presence" more than they had done his armies.* That romantic fancy which on more than one occasion had broken out, was still clinging about his mind. It was his favourite plan to venture himself in disguise, and unexpectedly appear at London. Perhaps not without some reasonable hopes, Charles imagined that by an uncommon mark of generous confidence he should secure his protection from a grateful city.† It has been said that to end

* Dr. Lingard, x. 334, who has drawn a correct outline of the proceedings of Charles at this critical moment. The Parliament were so greatly alarmed at the idea of the King coming even privately to London, that they published an Ordinance to imprison the Sovereign should he be found within their limits.

† I say reasonable hopes, for May, the parliamentary historian, furnished a curious statement of public opinion in the Capital, about this time, which evidently marks its vacillation; and the increasing influence of the royal "Malig-

this conflict of his head and his heart, his conscience tempted even by his friends, and his future proceedings distracted by adverse councils, Charles meditated by throwing himself out of Oxford, with four or five thousand men, to perish in the field, and thus exhibit in that Aceldama the woful spectacle of a signal immolation.*

nants" over their Conquerors. Alluding to the dissensions between the Presbyterians and the Independents, the historian tells us, "The Malignants were ready to join with either side, that they might ruin both. For they themselves, though disarmed, were now become the greatest number, especially by the inconstancy of many men, either upon particular grievances, or on account of the burden of taxations. A great number of the Citizens of London, not of the meanest, had revolted from their former principles, insomuch that the inhabitants of that City, all the King's garrisons having been by Fairfax's bloodless victories emptied into it, came to be in such a condition of strength, as that the Parliament without the Army's help could not safely sit there."—May's Breviary of the History of the Parliament, p. 122.

* I derive this fact from a Manuscript of Dr. Stukeley's "Account of the Escape of King Charles," among the Cole MSS. vol. xlv. 372. Such desperate decisions seem to be indicated in a letter to Montreuil, on Charles's design to fly to the Scots. "Exeter is to-morrow to be given up, so that I must expect to be blocked up here within very few days, which rather than be, I am resolved to run any hazard to come to you."—Clarendon State Papers, ii. 221.

At this moment the feelings of Charles were wrought up to their highest tension; and it may serve as an extraordinary evidence of the visionary turn of his mind, and the awful superstition of his soul, that Charles entertained some wayward fancy that should he ever re-possess his throne, he would perform a public penance for the sin, as it seemed to him, which lay heavy on his soul,—the death-warrant of his great Minister. At this moment he wrote down a secret vow, solemnly offered to God, of his future resolutions to restore to the Church all the Cathedral and other Ecclesiastical lands formerly held by the Crown, and now, as he conceived, appropriated by sacrilegious hands. This singular document, the effusion of some melancholy and feverish hour, when pressed for farther concessions for the establishment of the Presbyterial Government in England, was buried under ground for security, during thirteen years, by Archbishop Sheldon. A transcript, attested by several eminent persons, may now be inspected in a very curious collection of Autographs.*

* Mr. Upcot, of the London Institution, has formed an extraordinary collection of Autographs, with the most fortunate industry. Its abundant volumes, and its admirable classification, would furnish some authentic and original materials for our literary and political history.

The language of Charles the First was often prompted by the most profound emotions, and at this awful crisis, we detect the extreme agitation of the Monarch. Among other projects of the moment, his confidant Ashburnham was attempting to treat with the Independents, through the medium of the younger Vane.* The pretended principle of this Faction, as it allowed to all men liberty of conscience, was more favourable to Charles than the principles of the Presbyterians, which restricted the faith of mankind to their papistical synods and their Israelitish excommunications. One of these dispatches to Vane was written by the King. We may feel the agony of his cry!—"Be very confident that all things shall be performed according to my promise. By all that is good I conjure you to despatch that courtesy for me with all speed, or it will be too late; I shall perish before I receive the fruits of it. I may not tell you my necessities, but if it were necessary so to do, I am sure you would lay all

* Dr. Lingard affords us an ingenious conjecture on this extraordinary correspondence with this popular leader, who had evidently listened to the King, and indulged the intercourse with a view to keep "the royal bird" in his net till the great Fowlers, his friends Fairfax and Cromwell, could get down to the toils. They were bringing up their armies from Cornwall to Oxford.—x. 338.

other considerations aside, and fulfil my desires. This is all; trust me, I will repay the favour to the full. I have done. If I have not an answer within four days, I shall be necessitated to find some other expedient. God direct you! I have discharged my duty."

The favour so earnestly implored was to admit the King to come to London, with a security of his person, observing that "the wealth of the nation is already exhausted, and the sufferings of the people so great, that they are no longer to be supported. This is reason; 'tis not to cast a bone among you!" *

Even at this moment, so humiliated in his own regard, so humble in his supplication, and anticipating the calamity preparing for him, Charles, amidst his unparalleled adversity, was borne up by the Majesty which suffered, but knew to suffer. No Monarch has written in so impassioned a style, for no Monarch has found himself in a similar position, and few Kings, even few men, have experienced such exalted emotions, and closed a long life of trial with the greatness with which he had borne it.

It is a beautiful reflection of Hume on this occasion, that "As the dread of ills is commonly more oppressive than their real presence,

* Clarendon State Papers, ii. 326.

perhaps in no period of his life was he more justly the subject of compassion;" and he adds with great truth of discrimination, "His vigour of mind, which though it sometimes failed him in acting, never deserted him in his sufferings, was what alone supported him."

The truth of this statement is farther displayed in the warmth of the noble declaration which at this hour of awful suspense Charles wrote to Lord Digby. Even at this critical moment, he was still flattering himself with the delusion of accomplishing a design which finally became his ruin. So prone was the hapless Monarch to exemplify his favourite motto, which he frequently wrote in his books, *Dum Spiro Spero.*

"Since my last to you by Colonel Butler, misfortunes have so multiplied upon me that I have been forced to send this (to say no more) but strange message to London, yet whatever comes of me, I must not forget my friends wherever they are.

"I am endeavouring to get to London, so that the conditions may be such as a gentleman may own, and that the Rebels may acknowledge me King; being not without hope that I shall be able so to draw either the Presbyterians or Independents to side with me for

extirpating one or the other, that I shall be really King again.

"Howsoever, I desire you to assure all my Friends, that if I cannot live as King, I shall die like a Gentleman, without doing that which may make honest men blush for me."

"Oxford, 26 March, 1646."*

This was no unusual style with Charles; this circumstance is alluded to by Clarendon in writing to Culpepper. "How often have you and I heard him say, that if he could not live a King he would die a Gentleman; let him wear that princely apophthegm next his heart; and he will yet be happy in this world, and I am sure he will be as glorious to posterity."

When Charles decided on leaving Oxford, accompanied by Dr. Hudson and Ashburnham, he was irresolute where to direct his flight. Whether to venture on to London and seek a personal reconciliation with his Parliament, or to get by sea into Scotland to join Montrose, or repair to the Scottish camp before Newark, casting himself on their protection? Such important movements were to depend on any intelligence which he might procure on the road!

* Carte's Life of the Duke of Ormond, iii. Appendix, No. 433.

Dr. Hudson had an old pass for a captain, who was to go to London about his composition. In a scarlet cloak the Doctor represented the military bearer. At midnight the King came with the Duke of Richmond to Ashburnham's apartment. The scissors were then applied to the King's tresses, and Charles's lovelock, which was never more to float on the left side, and to clip that peaked beard which adorns the royal portrait. At two in the morning Hudson went to the Governor, Sir Thomas Glemham, who brought the keys. The clock struck three as they went over Magdalen-bridge. They passed the Port which opens on the London road, where the Governor received his orders from the King, not to suffer any Port to be opened for five days. The Governor took his leave with a "Farewell, Harry!" for to that name Charles was now to answer, as Ashburnham's servant, wearing a Montero cap, and carrying a cloak-bag.

Hudson and Ashburnham rode with pistols. They met several troopers; a party of Horse inquired to whom they belonged? "To the honourable House of Commons," was the answer. One of Ireton's men joined them on their way to Slough, and observing the Doctor, or the Captain, repeatedly give money to

the soldiers, asked the King, as the servant, whether his master was one of the Lords of Parliament? The King replied "No! my master is one of the Lower House."

They baited at an Inn at Hillingdon, a village near Uxbridge. Here several hours were passed in debating on their future course; London or Northward? They looked over "the Newsbooks," from whence they gathered no comfort. They found that the Parliament had already notice of the King's escape, and on a prevalent rumour both at Oxford and at London that the King was actually in London, the Parliament betrayed their alarm by publishing an Ordinance, by beat of drum and sound of trumpet, that whoever should harbour the King should forfeit their whole estate.*

Those who pretend that the cares and necessities of a King are not to be regarded as of more consideration, nor should more excite our sympathy than those of "a peasant," as one has recently expressed it,† or of any other individual, seem to be little conversant with human

* Whitelocke, 208.

† Mr. John Towill Rutt, in his notes on Burton's Parliamentary Diary, ii. 320, to whom I would do ample justice as a most intelligent Annotator. His observation applies to the *Murder* of Charles, which makes it the more cruel, unphilosophical, and unjust.

nature. The decision of a Monarch may be a catastrophe in the history of a Nation, and the emotions of a conscientious Prince may be commensurate with the greatness of the contemplated object. Was there no difference in the magnitude of the feelings of Alfred in his distresses, and his reveries, for re-conquering his kingdom, when he took refuge in the cot of the husbandman, than that peasant would have experienced had he been expelled his own hut? We might as well conclude, by a false analogy, an equal sympathy is excited when some obscure skiff perishes, as when a noble ship of war, with all its complement of men, and its many associations of glory, sinks in the Ocean.

Opposite and unsettled were now the musings of Charles. Should he venture to hasten to those who had already pronounced his fate? Could the Sovereign in his person restore peace to his people, whom four long years of devastating civil war had afflicted with all its miseries? The idea was glorious, the emotion was sublime! Charles was still balancing in his mind to dare this desperate attempt—but what he had seen in "the News-books," had revealed without disguise the temper of those whom he would vainly have conciliated. In agony the

King tore himself away from his favourite scheme, and his abandoned Capital, and with his two faithful followers, pursued their road northward, uncertain of their destination.

Their way was beset with dangers. They passed through fourteen garrisons of their enemies. They frequently met with soldiers, whose inquiries, as yet, were satisfied with a few shillings thrown to them; but trivial incidents will alarm the fugitive. Once they were hard pursued by a drunken Squire galloping after them. They now heard that it was known that the King had quitted Oxford in the disguise of a servant, and it became necessary to change his appearance to that of a Clergyman. The Barber who trimmed the King expressed his astonishment at the rough clipping of his beard, from the hasty inexpert scissors of Ashburnham, and he seemed too curious in his inquiry after the dishonour of his craft.

The King and Ashburnham were left at Downham in Norfolk, while Dr. Hudson was dispatched to Montreuil for information. The French Resident declared the King had no choice left but to put himself into the hands of the Scots, whose Commissioners again confirmed their former verbal agreement to the

full, though they still refused to subscribe any paper. The Doctor, who had all along suspected the intentions of the Scots, since their former failure of sending the promised cavalry to Harborough, now offered, with his accustomed courage, to go himself to London and ascertain if the King would be honourably received. Montreuil pronounced the scheme absolutely fatal.

On Hudson's return the King resolved to repair to the Scots. He had left Oxford on the 26th of April, and arrived on the 5th of May where Montreuil resided. After dinner the King passed to Kelham-bridge, the head-quarters of General Leven. Discovering himself to the Scottish General, Leven raised his hands in amazement, and expressed the most alarming surprise. He lodged the King at Kelham House for his security, secure as in a prison, and gave him a guard of honour, who also served as a sentinel over the royal Captive.

The Scots had obtained the secret object they wished through the honourable confidence of Montreuil in their verbal, but solemn assurances, and having signed no terms, and sent no troops to receive the King, they had eluded every appearance of being implicated in this important movement. This affair was con-

ducted with such caution and secrecy by the Commissioners at the Scotch quarter, who had held an intercourse with Montreuil, that it appeared uncertain whether the Scots, under General Leven, were at all co-partners with their Commissioners. The cards were shuffled, and they were now free to play their game to perfection. It was a see-saw between the Scotch Commissioners at London, who had first settled the treaty, and the Scotch Commissioners at the army, verbally confirming what Montreuil required on the Faith of France. It was however pretended by the Scottish Lords, that they had not been privy to conditions agreed at London, or unauthenticated by any document, as if in a transaction of this vital nature the parties had not freely communicated. When Charles discovered the extraordinary duplicity which had been practised, he demanded "How he came to be invited thither, and whether Lesley was not to have met him with a troop of cavalry?" Montreuil justified what he had so often informed the King, from themselves, to their faces; they could not deny these charges, but with ingenious effrontery they acknowledged that it was all very true, for they approved of his Majesty's confidence in them, and honouring their army with his residence as the place where he intended

to settle a peace;" which peace the Earl of Lowthian informed his Majesty was to accept their Covenant, and subscribe whatever had been required!* On the subsequent day of the King's arrival, Lesley, the Scotch General, addressed a letter to the Committee of both Kingdoms, giving this strange account. "The King came into our army yesterday in so private a way, that after we had made search for him upon the surmises of some persons, who pretended to know his face, yet we could not find him out in sundry houses. And we believe your Lordships will think it was matter of much astonishment to us, seeing we did not expect he would have come in any place under our power."—Notwithstanding the treaty which had been for some time carried on by the Scotch Commissioners?—"We conceived it not fit to inquire into the causes that persuaded him to come hither, but to endeavour that his being here might be improved to the best advantage for promoting the work of Uniformity, for settling Religion and Righteousness.†"

How "they improved it to the best advantage" we shall see, as well as their own tariff of their "Religion and Righteousness."

From the recent published Narrative of Ash-

* Ashburnham's Narrative, 76. † Rushworth, vi. 268.

burnham, I am inclined to conclude, that this favourite companion of Charles delivered what was not distant from the truth, when he observed, "The Money due from the Parliament to the Scots, was the design of divers in their army inviting his Majesty to them, and proved to be the price of his delivery to the Parliament." *

* Ashburnham's Narrative, 87.

CHAPTER IX.

THE KING IN THE PRESBYTERIAN CAMP.

THE possession of the person of the King by the Scots inflamed the keenest jealousies on the side of the English Parliament. The minority in the Commons was now becoming the more powerful part. They had got the helm of the vessel into their hands, which, as was observed, though it be one of the least pieces of timber in the ship, yet turns the whole body at the Statesman's will. Cromwell and his party in 1646, as Whitelocke informs us, were carrying on their designs with much privacy and subtility. It is equally curious and instructive, to place together in juxtaposition, the scattered atoms of intelligence which we gather from contemporaries, unconnected with each other, indicative of the same period, and

alluding to the same circumstance. Ludlow, the honest Republican General, confirms Whitelocke's suggestion. At this time, the public and magnificent funeral of the Earl of Essex had been procured by the Presbyterian party, and excited the envy and indignation of the Army-party and the Commonwealth-men. Ludlow writes, "I observed that another party was not idle." This appeared in a remarkable conversation in which Cromwell tampered with Ludlow, clearly showing that even at this period, in 1646, that extraordinary man was contemplating the annihilation of a Parliament, and the erection, doubtless, of himself as a Chief, under the modest assumption of General.* These depositions from such opposite quarters, accord with Clarendon's correct statement. "The Presbyterian party in the Houses did what they pleased, and were thought to govern all. The Independents craftily letting them enjoy that confidence of their power and interest till

* Ludlow's Memoirs, i. 160. Cromwell, with dramatic art, first touched the filial nerve of Ludlow by an allusion to his late father, a stern Commonwealth-man. "If thy father were alive, he would let some of them have what they deserve." And shortly after, "These men will never leave till the army pull them out by the ears." 163.

they had dismissed their friends the Scots out of the kingdom." *

The Army-party, that is, the Levellers, and the party of the Commonwealth-men, were those who were most uneasy at the disposal of the King's person by the Presbyterians. We learn this secret from General Ludlow. As soon as it was known that the King had gone to the Scottish army, "the House of Commons, deeming it unreasonable that the Scots' army being in their pay should assume the authority to dispose of the King, otherwise than by their orders, sent to demand the person of the King, resolving farther that the King should be conducted to the Castle of Warwick.† They had decided to imprison the King at once, which afterwards cost them so much artifice and trouble to effect. An army of observation, consisting of cavalry, closely watched the movements of the Scots, and a vote of the House for continuing the payment of the army during the subsequent six months, intimated an intelligible decision to their refractory Allies.

It was only a fortnight after the King's arrival in the Scottish camp in May, that the

* Clarendon, v. 421. † Ludlow's Memoirs, i. 152.

Parliament voted that "This kingdom had no farther need of the army of their brethren the Scots in this Kingdom," and a grant of one hundred thousand pounds was made for the Scots, provided that "They advanced into Scotland." The notice which the Scots took of their dismissal was excessively mild. They declared that "They came into England out of affection, and not in a mercenary way, willing to return home, and want of pay shall be no hindrance thereunto."*

The vote of dismission was however renewed, July 6th, with a severe animadversion. The Parliament declared that they had no more need of the Scots' army, which they desired to withdraw out of the kingdom, "which is no longer able to bear them;" alluding to their heavy contributions, their free quarters, and other considerable grievances which had ground down the people, and almost depopulated the northern counties. The Scots, with a happy forgetfulness of their recent magnanimous profession of their indifference to "want of pay," now sent in a demand for five hundred thousand pounds.

Certainly in the lexicon of political Morality, the term gratitude will not be found.

* Whitelocke, 211—219.

The instant an ally becomes useless we discover that he is onerous. We now view the Parliament prescribing their commands, and not soliciting the aid of "their brethren" of Scotland, formerly their "dear brethren." Their position had altered. The English Parliament had extinguished the forces of Charles, who now, by his own hand, had voluntarily surrendered every town he possessed. Sole Sovereigns of the Kingdom, the Parliament, elate in conquest, had their numerous armies at liberty to expel an invader; and their novel and undisguised boldness was prompted by the union of Authority with Power. The Scots, on the contrary, who had formerly made their Paymasters court them, now awed by the armies of England, in their turn were become the Solicitors. They had affected not to be considered as "Mercenaries," but in reality, they had a stake depending which made all Scotland serious, a stake which it were hopeless to fight for, and could only be obtained by craft and treaty.

The secret of the great change of conduct in the Parliament and the Scots is revealed by a single observation of Whitelocke. "The Houses now saw the advantages of keeping up their army, as that which the more inclined

the Scots to come to this offer,"—that is, of delivering up all their garrisons in England on the auditing and paying their arrears. But they dealt in rounder sums than their arrears. Those who had professed that they were "not Mercenaries" and indifferent to "the want of pay," at first had talked of two millions, and the royal pledge they held in their hands they deemed to be an ample security.

The King's durance at Newcastle lasted nine months, and the negotiation for the royal person was a deliberate act, for it passed through a gradual process. The adjusting the sums the Scots claimed, combined with the disposal of the King's person, were affairs of extreme delicacy. At first the Scots were resolute that "they neither would nor could compel the King to return to the Parliament." They had then some hope of seeing a King in Israel, and converting Charles to their Covenant. At the close of the year 1646, the Scottish Commissioners quitted London, but in what humour they left their old Masters we may gather from an extraordinary circumstance. When it was moved in the Commons, to vote the thanks of the House to the Scottish Lords, for *civilities and good offices*, the Independent faction carried an amendment to strike out the three last

words! The exalted characters which Parliament were wont to bestow on the Scotch Commissioners on every occasion, were now sunk into the coldest phraseology of political etiquette. It is clear that the Scots had not yet had their accounts passed.

At Edinburgh, however, they were probably impatient to conclude the difficult negotiation. The Scots pressed their Covenant on the King, sure he would never subscribe to it; but they who had so long cried out against forcing their own consciences, allowed no such tenderness to others. The King demanded of the Scotch Commissioners at Newcastle, whether if he went to Scotland he should be there with honour, freedom, and safety? To this they returned no answer, which perhaps was sufficiently explicit.*

On the 16th of January 1647, it was debated in the Scottish Parliament, what should

* Whitelocke, 239, under the date 22nd January. The accuracy of this sort of dates is difficult to ascertain. We cannot always be certain whether this Statesman, in his most useful diary, journalized his intelligence the day the circumstance occurred, or only the day on which he learnt it. It is evident that when Charles put this important question, either the Scottish Parliament had not yet declared their decision, or Charles had not yet heard of it.

be done with his Majesty's person? Burnet tells us that the Parliament at Edinburgh were all inclined to deliver the King to the English Parliament, but it is probable that Whitelocke more correctly informs us, that to the Scottish honour, it was carried but by two votes for the King not coming to Scotland.* On this occasion the Hamiltons were cast into a state of desperate affliction according to their opposite characters. The Duke was all melancholy and despair, the Earl of Lanerick breathed fury and rage.† They witnessed the open defection, or the designed absence of their friends. The Earl of Lanerick's emphatic abjuration has come down to us, "As God shall have mercy on my soul at the great day, I would choose rather to have my head struck off at the Market-Cross of Edinburgh than give my consent to this Vote!" He groaned in declaring that "it was the blackest Saturday that ever Scotland saw!" alluding to a great eclipse which happened many years before, and from which that day on which the Parliament had met was called "the black Saturday." The Hamiltons, who kept up an active correspondence with the

* Memoirs of the Hamiltons, 311. Whitelocke, 240.
† Memoirs of the Hamiltons, 307.

most secret sources of intelligence at London, with a political second-sight contemplated on the scene which was about to open in England. Burnet positively states that "the designs of the Independents against the King's person and Monarchy had been faithfully discovered to the Scotch by some of their Commissioners at London." This was two years before that event which was to startle Europe occurred! The Hamiltons seem to have had a juster conception of the intentions of that Party by whose talons the Sovereign was now to be grasped, than had the King himself.

Hume has noticed a curious circumstance. The Scotch Parliament, ashamed of the infamy of this extraordinary transaction, had afterwards absolutely voted for the protection and liberty of the King; but the General Assembly decreed, that as Charles had refused the Covenant, it became not the Godly to concern themselves about his fortunes. A public Fast and a double Sermon were ordered in the Morning, "according to our custom at St. Andrew's before the Execution," as the Earl of Lanerick observed. The rest of the day was to be employed in taking a final resolution. But it is evident that the Resolution had been taken before the Fast and the Sermons: it

was, as usual, a mockery of Heaven to give a religious solemnity to a predetermined design. The Parliament in decency were now compelled to retract their generous Vote. We see that the land of Papistry is not the only land where a nation may be priest-ridden.

The truth seems that the Scottish accounts were now on the point of being passed. It was bruited at London that the Scots had discovered, that "should they receive his Majesty, it would be contrary to their engagements with England." A Scotchman, slave at once to his worldly interest and his Israelitish Covenant, when it was supposed that the Duke of Hamilton was concerned in planning the escape of the King, earnestly wrote to his Grace not to concur in any such design; "The King getting out of their hands would ruin all;"—that is, we presume, the four hundred thousand pounds—"and that since God had hardened the King's heart not to serve him according to the Covenant, this Pharaoh himself ought no longer to be served." *

On the 25th of January the Scottish declaration arrived at London, which communicated to both Houses that "as the King has often

* Memoirs of the Hamiltons, 307. "So high-flown were men at that time," observes Burnet.

declared his desires to be near his Parliament of England, they had fixed on Holmby to conclude the bargain, provided that the money was forthcoming." This fortunate recollection on the side of the Scots of the King's repeated desire to be near his Parliament was sudden, but it served for a colourable plea.

The waggons dragged the heavy freight to Topcliffe House, and the Scots gave "their Acquittances." After chaffering through many months, though they had allowed a heavy discount for their two millions, reducing it to less than a fourth, they had on the whole driven a hard bargain with a niggardly Parliament, who had at first tried to foist them by a single hundred. The Parliament could only have been obstinate from sheer envy of their former "dear brethren!" for to this levy of money no "honest man" contributed a single penny. The Parliamentary Arithmetic at this moment was simple. Noy imagined that he had found "a bottomless purse" in his Ship-money, and was mistaken. The Parliaments, however, had on every emergency this bottomless purse in the sale of the Church lands, Bishops' rents, Sequestrations, and compoundings for the Estates of that half of the Nation, the Delinquents.

The Parliament of Scotland, on the due

receipt of their silver, and the acceptance of a bill for the remainder, at one year's date, sent "their Resolution to their General to deliver the King to the Commissioners of England, but to be careful to stipulate for 'the safety of his person!'" The stipulation cost a penful of ink to balance the sum of four hundred thousand pounds.

Charles said that "He was bought and sold," and the witty Republican Harry Marten, objected to the stipulation for "the safety of the person of the King," for that "the King had broken the peace, and why should the Parliament be bound for his safety?" At that moment was the future Regicide uneasy lest the treaty with the Scots should be inviolable?

This sale and purchase of Royalty seems not to have surprised Charles, who, from the day he arrived in the Scottish Camp, discovered that he was in the condition of a prisoner, accompanying the movements of an army which he could not command. The extraordinary anecdote related of him on this occasion confirms the idea that he had hoped for no better fate. The King was playing at chess when he received the letter giving the first account of the Scots having decided to surrender him to the English Parliament. The intelligence so

little disconcerted him that he finished, and won the game without interruption, and those who had observed him reading the letter could not detect by any alteration in his countenance, or manner, the importance of that communication. The truth appears to be that he was at that very time meditating his escape from Newcastle by sea, but as usual he knew not whither. A disguise had even been put on, and the backstairs had been descended, when Charles apprehending that he could not pass undiscovered through all the Guards, with his accustomed romantic feeling, dreading the disgrace and indecency, as he imagined, to which he exposed his person, altered his resolution and returned to his imprisonment. *

From the 4th of May 1646, to February 1647, lasted the durance of Charles in the Scottish Camp. During these nine months the King experienced another civil war, in the opinions of his confidential advisers. His military career had closed, the arena of political intrigue was narrowed, and the single object of discussion was the abrogation of the Liturgy and the Episcopacy, and the establishment, on their ruins, of the Covenant, and the Presbytery in England.

* Memoirs of the Hamiltons, 307.

If Scotland had vindicated her national right to erect that Kirk establishment, which she had erst received from Knox, on the principle that the majority of the people were Presbyterian, by the very same principle had she lost all right to obtrude her Presbytery on an Episcopal nation. It was evidently an act of tyrannical usurpation on the side of the Covenanters —and so far as regards the policy of the English Government, we may sympathise with the hard fate of Charles, who as an English Monarch had to reject this Scottish yoke.

Unhappily with Charles the First, these waters of bitterness welled from two distinct sources. The one comprised his political independence, for he would not be a mere titular King, and the other involved his religious conscience, for Episcopacy with him, as much as Presbytery with the Covenanters, was a Divine Institution. The abolition of the Church of England, as this Church has been emphatically distinguished, was to him more terrible than death:—when as the last act of his despair, he consented to a temporary suspension of the Episcopal order, in the agony of his spirit, tears fell from the Monarch's eyes.

His English confidential advisers now at Paris, the Queen, Jermyn, and Culpepper, and

the various Ambassadors and the Residents of France, were incessantly pressing on Charles the wisdom of yielding up Episcopacy. The Parisian party dispatched Davenant to the King. The Poet, as reckless on the subject as his Confederates, had probably pleased his fancy, that his elocution, his philosophical spirit, and his poetical vein, might give a close to the interminable discussion on the Church of England and the Presbytery of the Kirk, with the facility with which he was composing the stanzas in his own "Gondibert." Courteous as was Charles to Poets, the Monarch was serious and severe before the Bard, who quitting his rhymes, mingled theology with diplomacy.—"To part with the Church," observed the Wit, "was the advice of all his friends." —"What friends?" asked the King.—"The Lord Jermyn."—"He does not understand any thing of the Church!"—"The Lord Culpepper was of the same mind."—"Culpepper has no religion!" The Wit now engaged on a topic, which probably he had little considered, and cared less about, ventured to assign his own ingenious reasons, and spoke slightingly of the Church. The pious but indignant Monarch, reproaching the trembling poet in terms of unusual reprehension, commanded the witling

never more to presume to come into his presence.*

We should neither consider Charles the First according to the notions of our own times, nor of those who even in his day blamed the King for the stiffness of his opinions. Inasmuch as the dissensions on Church government turned simply on a mode of worship, was the King to have a conscience less tender for his Church, than that which his opponents asserted their own to be for their Kirk? "Such religious zeal prevailed on both sides, and had reduced to an unhappy and distracted condition the King and People," observes our historical philosopher. These topics are now unworthy to occupy a philosophical mind, and have been long consigned to the clashings of obscure Sectarians. But what we may admire is the magnanimity of Charles, if not the generous temper, in never forsaking for his own ease, even for his crown, the declining and ancient religious institution of his people. Now a captive in the Presbyterian Camp, in his solitary distresses he poured forth an energetic remonstrance to the Parisian party, and still resisted that unconditional submission which two deputations from the Parliament had prescribed to

* Clarendon, v. 412.

a vanquished Monarch. In this agony of his spirit, to work on it more deeply, it had been insinuated by Davenant, that if the King did not concede the great point in agitation, the Queen had decided to retire to a Monastery. On this, the King in reply to Jermyn and Culpepper, stated his own case with remarkable energy, and touched on his more private griefs with the most refined delicacy and with the deepest emotion.

"I find myself condemned by all my best friends of such a high destructive and unheard-of kind of willfulness, that I am thought to stand single in my opinion, and to be ignorant of both my main foundations, to wit, Conscience and Policy. But must I be called single, because some are frighted out of, or others dare not avow, these Opinions? And who causes me to be condemned but those who either take courage and moral honesty for Conscience, or those who were never rightly grounded in Religion according to the Church of England. As for the two Queens (Anne of Austria and Henrietta) and Cardinal, I should blame them if they did not give out sentence against me, considering the false information of those who believe themselves to be, but are not, true English Protestants; nor do understand the

inseparable mischiefs which the Presbyterian doctrine brings along with it to a Kingdom. (He alludes to their Anti-monarchical principles.) Wherefore instruct yourselves better, recant and undeceive those whom you have misinformed. Davenant has threatened me of 351 (the Queen) retiring to a Monastery. I say no more of it—my heart is too big—the rest being fitter for your thoughts than my expression. In another way I have mentioned this to 351 (the Queen), my grief being the only thing I desire to conceal from her, with which I am as full now as I can be without bursting. Neither anger nor grief shall make me forget my friendship to you." *

When Charles passed over to the Scottish Camp, he repeated a former promise, that in regard to Church Government he would be very willing to be instructed concerning the Presbyterian, to content them in any thing not against his conscience. † The Scots sent to Charles their veteran polemic, Alexander Henderson. That famous disputation, which however was carried on by an exchange of Papers, opened at the close of May, and was not terminated in the midst of July, for labouring on a fresh reply to the last received from the

* Clarendon State Papers, ii. 270. † Ibid. ii. 220.

King, the Polemic of the Kirk was compelled to give it up either in despair or vexation of spirit, and retiring to Edinburgh, died in August.

It is averred by the Prelatical party that the old man died heart-broken. Clarendon mystifies the tale, "being *so far* convinced and converted, that he had a very deep sense of the mischief he had himself been the author of." The degree of "conviction and conversion," in the graduated scale of polemical theology, which is assigned by Clarendon's "*so far*," might form a curious enigma. It is probable that the Presbyter left Newcastle in despair of converting the King to the Covenant. The reputation of the whole affair remained with the King, unaided by his Clergy or his books. It seems more certain that neither had convinced the other. When great Polemics happen to die after an indigestible disputation, it has been usual to imagine that they sank into the grave under an immedicable logomachy. But the Scottish biographers assure us that "he was worn out with fatigue and travel." "The fatigue" probably of the Opponent and the Respondent, for "the travel" from London to Newcastle and thence to Edinburgh was

much shorter. All the heat and weariness of an interminable disputation about the primitive origin of Bishops or of Presbyters, carried on through a sultry season, might in its exacerbation end in a tympany with a grey-haired Polemic.

The King and his Scots parted from one another without regret. Charles received the English Commissioners with cheerfulness. They kissed hands, and the King in good humour rallied the Earl of Pembroke at his advanced age for performing "a winterly journey with such youthful companions." The Commissioners waited on the King with the accustomed state. The Presbyterian party in Parliament had voted fifty pounds *per diem* for the royal maintenance, and conducted the King to one of his Palaces, instead of the imprisonment of Warwick Castle, as the Independents had at first proposed. The people flocked wherever the King appeared, many falling on their knees before him to receive the royal touch, from the superstition of that day. Some with tears, some with acclamations, some with fervent prayers, saluted the Monarch, who was pleased that the troops did not disturb these grateful salutations. On his arrival at Holmby House, in Northamp-

tonshire, not distant from Althorpe, the King found that ancient and favourite palace, built by the Lord Chancellor Hatton, who called it "the last and greatest monument of his youth,"* fully prepared for his reception, and many country gentlemen with joyful countenances awaiting to receive their Sovereign, returning after several years of such well-known affliction. The presence of this Sovereign usually excited the loyalty of the People.† Charles did not appear to be less a

* It was one of the miserable effects of the Civil War, that this ancient mansion at Holmby, as well as others at Oatlands, Richmond, Theobalds, &c. were pulled down to raise money to satisfy the arrears of some regiments of the army. They all did not raise so much as any one of those royal residences had cost when built, and they were among the architectural curiosities and ornaments of the Nation.

† In the eyes of that sturdy Commonwealth-man Ludlow, the image of fallen Majesty could excite no generous emotion. He expresses his surprise at this zealous affection of the people, who, he says, "notwithstanding that he (Charles) was beaten out of the field," by the honours paid him, concluded he must "certainly be in the Right though he was guilty of the blood of many thousands." Charles is thus reproached as a sanguinary man, which, assuredly, he never was, nor is it just to charge the King *only* with inflicting the miseries of a Civil War, in which, short of life, which he never shrank from risking, the King had participated of the miseries more than any individual in his dominions.

Sovereign than in happier days, nor was the stately mansion of Holmby darkened by the gloom, or restricted by the impassable circuit of a prison. Appearances were more flattering than the reality!

CHAPTER X.

THE ARMY.

THE gardens of Holmby House, and the neighbouring bowling-green of Althorpe, to which the King was allowed to resort, to one of his strict sobriety offered healthful recreations. The intervals, according to his custom, whenever he resumed his tranquil habits, were devoted to settled hours for writing and study, to his favourite chess-board, and to conversations in his walks, accompanied by a single companion. The Commissioners never obtruding themselves in their *surveillance*, still treated their captive as their King.

The Monarch, whose retired character had formerly communicated such a cold formality to his manners, had long mingled with his brothers in adversity. Already the day had arrived

"Whate'er they felt, to feel, and know himself a Man!"

Much had he suffered, and in his approaching captivities, much remained to be endured. His familiar graciousness charmed his attendants; it recovered the aged and eccentric Earl of Pembroke from a fit of sickness, by the King's pleasantry and personal attentions, and it melted away the Republican fierceness of a Commonwealth-man by one of the smallest gifts which the magical hand of royalty ever converted into a bribe to corrupt the weakness of human nature.*

* General Ludlow, a sincere Republican with narrow views, ascribes the apostasy of Major-General Brown, one of the Commissioners, to a cause which suits not the gravity of History. "Col. Brown the Woodmonger, being nominated to be a Commissioner, who sat behind me in the House, assured me that he would ever be true to us. And truly I then believed him, having met him at the beginning of the war in Smithfield buying horses for the Parliament, and served them successfully. But when the King found out the ambitious temper of the wretched man, and cast some slight favours upon him, *giving him a pair of silk stockings with his own hand*; his low and abject original and education became so prevalent in him, as to transform him into an agent or spy for the King."—Ludlow's Memoirs, i. 154. This "pair of silk stockings" kept the Colonel loyal all his life, and procured him a Baronetcy at the Restoration. It was by his personal intercourse with the Monarch, that "the Woodmonger's" attachment rose, from his admiration of the true

Amidst this apparent calm, during a period of about four months, the rigour of the imprisonment was however felt, his confidential friends were dismissed, and his chaplains denied admittance. Two Presbyterian Divines were baffled by the evasive civility of the King, in their attempts at saying grace, and converting the Episcopalian Monarch to the Covenant of Israel.

The calm the royal prisoner enjoyed was not participated by his subjects. A crisis was pressing to its birth of time, and Charles was only allowed his present tranquillity till the struggle of two gigantic parties had decided whose prisoner the King was.

It will be sufficient here to remind the reader, that the Parliament for some time past had quailed under "the Egyptian Slavery," as Denzil Holles calls it, of the Army. The Army indeed applied the identical expression to the Parliament. The Presbyterian faction consisted in great part of persons who had grown rich on the spoils of the country. They had shown themselves but indiscreet managers of

dignity and the magnanimous fortitude of the man. A circumstance which frequently occurred in the many years of the adversities of this King.

the heavy assessments, and other sources of revenue drawn from the public purse. Cromwell observed that "he was as fit to rule as Holles;" and his faction, the Independents, or the Army, though inferior in number, but more powerful in reality, had portioned out among themselves the most lucrative places, and dispensed the most prodigal donations. Thus the younger had deeply encroached on the elder Faction. The Presbyterian Clement Walker, sourly exclaims, "that our Princes have become thieves was heretofore our complaint, but now we must invert it, and cry that our thieves are become Princes!"*

* We may turn to Denzil Holles' Memoirs, 132, for a statement of the plunder of the public money by the Independents; and we may farther pursue our researches in Clement Walker's History of Independency, Part I. 143 and 167. Our Red or Black Book becomes White in comparison. The Independents monopolised all the great offices, divided the taxes, and gave daily to one another for pretended services, arrears, and losses, great sums of money. Some secret anecdotes of these spoliations are recorded by Clement Walker. Holles gives full rein to his lively resentment. "They charge us with having a great power upon the treasure of the kingdom, disposing of the public money, enriching ourselves, and would embroil the land in a new war, that we might not be called to an account. Oh the impudence! They know that themselves only meddled in money-matters, well-licking their fingers, for they know they shared

The Army originally raised for the preservation of the Parliament, having accomplished that design, was now without an object. Among other improvident acts of the Parliament, the Army was always left with heavy arrears, which were to be drawn from each county, and which ground down the miserable people. An uncertain pay was usually extorted from the terrors of the Civil government, or like marauders, the soldiers lived at free quarters. The Parliament reasonably declared that they would be governed by known Laws, and not by the arbitrary will of military despots. Their secret wish was now to disband their victorious army; and for this purpose, having bribed away their allies the Scots, and thus apparently settled the peace of the kingdom, there remained, as it seemed to them, no farther excuse for the maintenance of this onerous body. And for a prelude, a plea, and an expedient, they urged the immediate necessity of dispatching troops to Ireland, thus to scatter,

and divided among themselves all the fat of the land, the treasure, the offices, the King's revenue, the revenue of the Church, the estates of so great a part of the nobility and gentry, whom they had made Delinquents. And we not one of us had any thing to do in all this!" Was this tone either that of self-congratulation or self-regret?

and to break that force, which they could not dissolve.*

The Presbyterian Faction was now to meet its fate in the creative genius of Cromwell. By a series of the most refined intrigues, by the most exquisite dissimulation practised both with the King and the Parliament, and by the most daring *coups d'état* which stand in the records of History, Cromwell was raising the Army to be the Sovereign or supreme power in the Nation. That artful man and great genius has been described by Hume. "Though one visor fell off, another still remained to cover his natural countenance. Where delay was requisite, he could employ the most indefatigable patience; where celerity was necessary, he flew to a decision." The simple artifice of Cromwell was to belong to all parties till he had raised one for himself. Bound to no single principle whatever, the future Protector, as his ambition opened on him, raced with whatever principle or whatever party was pre-

* Mrs. Macaulay, the vehement advocate for the Independents, or the Levellers, states the case. "They were to be transported to the wasted inhospitable country of Ireland, where their masters the Parliament might starve or relieve them at pleasure."—iv. 284.

valent at the moment, at once in the House a Presbyterian, in the Army an Independent, and with the King a Royalist. It was observed that he was always the first to oppose a change, but when he could not control it, he was the first to drive it furiously on.

An extraordinary invention in the military system, which required the daring conception of a profound conspirator, was now displayed by Cromwell. The new-modelling the Army, called the Self-denying Ordinance, had already preceded this last master-stroke, and had answered a former design; it was a congenial invention. There was now instituted in the Army itself a mimetic government of the two Houses. A Parliament was elected among the Military themselves: the Upper House of the Army consisted of a Supreme Council of Officers; for the Lower, every Regiment furnished two Representatives drawn from the common soldiery, *Ex fæce populi*, says Holles. The common soldier, however, assumed a new rank, for he would no longer be called "common" but "private soldier."* These Repre-

* This assumption of individual independence in opposition to their public engagements is noticed by Ludlow. "The chief officers pretended to keep the *private Soldiers*, for they

sentatives called Adjutators, as Ludlow names them, from their conduct became soon known by the more expressive variation of Agitators.* I do not hesitate to believe that Cromwell, conjointly with his son-in-law Ireton, whose powerful pen drew up the papers of the Army, were the secret movers of this novel military revolution. It was not only fully credited by contemporaries, but we learn from Baxter, the history of a former acquaintance of his, closely connected with this formidable body. This person, from a humble station, became Captain Berry, and at length rose to be one of the Lords of the Protector, though to finish his story at once, at the Restoration he dropped back into his original obscurity and earned his livelihood as a gardener. This Berry was a

would no longer be called *common Soldiers.*" i. 166. The technical term *Privates* for common Soldiers seems to have been retained, from the present obscure circumstance: it is not, however, to be found in any of our Dictionaries.

* Mr. Godwin says, " their office being to *aid* the regular Council of War, or to *agitate* such questions as the interest of the Army required to have considered." This explanation seems peculiar to this able writer. But it gives too fair a face to the monster. What sort of *agitation* might be expected from these Senators, " the Privates," is pretty obvious. Lord Chesterfield justly observed that " the army which fought for the Nation under Charles the First, fought against it for Cromwell."

crony of Cromwell, and the actual President of the Agitators.*

Here then was a Kingdom within a Kingdom, where one could not subsist with the other. This anomalous establishment astonished their adversaries; it had risen like a sudden exhalation. The Soldiers at a distance from the Capital appeared as their own workmen, while their absent masters in Parliament seemed engaged in opposition to their scheme.

* Baxter's folio Life, 51. In that enormous compilation, entitled "Memoirs of the Protector Oliver Cromwell, by Oliver Cromwell, Esq." I trace nothing but an abridgment in a lawyer's summary of the most obvious documents of our History—uncorrected by any discernment, and unenlightened by any original researches. On one occasion, however, the compiler ventures to deny that Cromwell had any influence over the Agitators. His erroneous notion is founded on their Mutiny, which Cromwell quelled by courageously seizing on some, and shooting another at the head of the Regiment. Our compiler even asserts the improbability of Cromwell's supposed influence over Fairfax! And so little was this compiler practised in the historical researches of this period, that he actually ascribes to the Earl of Strafford that manuscript found in the King's Cabinet, entitled "Propositions for bridling-in Parliament, &c." from the Earl's name being appended to it in Ludlow's Appendix. On such spurious evidence he condemns Strafford to the block! He ought to have known that it was a very unfair *ruse* of the party. I have given the history of this manuscript, which made such a noise at the time, in Vol. iii. p. 24.

Nothing was done in the Army but what had been planned and ordered by the Officers at London. Cromwell, however, lay concealed by his mysterious conduct, though not unsuspected. On one occasion, he hastened down to the Army and quieted the turbulent, and on his return it was declared that this Saviour of his Country merited the public honour of a Statue. Still some members were suspicious, and one day not seeing him in his place, the House moved to have him sent for. He had not yet deserted them, and he appeared, to renew his protestations. On that very evening he stole away, and in the morning was in the midst of the matured revolution of the Army, in defiance of all the execrations which he had heaped on his own head, and of that solemn assurance by which he had pledged himself that the Army would go with a word to any part of the world the Parliament would choose to command!

The two Houses in the Army, these new Rulers, took the Government into their own hands, censuring the Orders and Votes of Parliament, and issuing their own Warrants. The observation of Hume is remarkable—"The Army in their usurpations on the Parliament copied exactly the model which the Parliament

had set them in their recent usurpations on the Crown." And to this we must add, that those tumultuary petitions and mobs, by which the Parliament had driven the Sovereign from the Capital, when they were brought to act against the Parliament themselves, as they now were, forced the Parliament to fly from their seats, and to throw themselves into the merciful arms of the Army.*

Perhaps it has not been remarked that the great political actions of Cromwell were

* The Parliament had long been worried, probably from not regulating the pay of their Army, who seem at times to have connected "the Liberty of the Nation" with the state of their own arrears. A Petition or a Mutiny was sure to send down waggon-loads of Silver—"for a fortnight," or "a six weeks' pay," or "one month's pay more added to the two months' pay formerly voted." When the Commons were still farther pushed, they emitted an Ordinance "to pay them out of the produce of the sale of the Bishops' lands." Still the Army, without discipline, would live "at free quarters," till Fairfax—for all passed under the General's name, who in his Memoirs acknowledges that the army used it officially without his privity—awfully informed the Houses that "they must make provision for constant pay." Then followed "An indemnity of the Soldiers for all things done by Sea or Land during the late Wars." It came to wearing paper cockades, with the motto "England's Liberties, and Soldiers' Rights." The army was a Lion, to be gorged when it roared.

repeated *coups d'état;* some of the greatest which History records, with some minor ones, turning on the same principle. Familiar as we are with the memorable "Purge" of Colonel Pride, which hastened on the trial of the King, we appear not to recollect that these greater "Purges" were four times repeated. "Purge" was the term which was now in vogue, and in practice. When Ireton at one time renewed his protestations to the King that He and his Father-in-law would stand to all their promises, however the Parliament opposed them; he employed this new-fashioned phraseology, declaring that "They would purge and purge and never cease purging the Houses till they had made them of such a temper as would do his Majesty's business.*

"Dr. Lingard, with an excess of delicacy, softens the term to "Purifications;" but this lustral water conveys a very erroneous impression. The act was of too violent a nature to be thus gently sprinkled over. The term was rife at that day. It is often used in Manuscript letters as well as in publications. A History of England that omits the term altogether, is wanting in the complete History. That part of the House which remained, consisting of about fifty members, was also as offensively called "The Rump," and by its sanguinary proscriptions received an epithet which rendered it disgustful to the imagination. The taste of our ancestors was gross, to us, but very strong to them. An

The first of these *coups d'état* had been "The Self-denying Ordinance," as it was most saintly styled, by which Cromwell ejected the great Parliamentary Generals, though it was contrived that the principle on which they were deprived of their seats, which included Cromwell himself, should not reach him, and was afterwards constantly violated by all the members of his military faction. By this stratagem he had new-modelled the Army, with his more active spirits. Baxter gives a good idea of his new plan. "When the brunt of the War was over, he looked not so much at the valour of the men as their opinions." The second "Purge" was in frightening away by the menace of a violent sequestration, the Eleven Presbyterian leaders, alleging to the House their own precedent in the case of Strafford and Laud, to get rid at once of these Eleven Straffords and Lauds! The third "Purge" was that of Colonel Pride, a low and military Bravo, who did not know the Members personally whom he was to arrest, till the Lord Grey of Groby, and the Door-keeper standing by him, looked over the list the Colonel held,

historian must sometimes be susceptible of considerable bad taste, if he would reflect in his pages an image of the age, and the persons he writes about.

and pointed out the marked members as they entered the House.* The fourth memorable

* This fortunate adventurer, from a drayman, it is said, rose to be a Brewer, then a Colonel, a Baronet, and finally one of Cromwell's Lords. He was nick-named "Cromwell's Dray-horse," and Ludlow says was knighted by a faggot-stick, probably in one of Cromwell's convivial fits. It is said he was remunerated for this act by a grant of the Queen's Manor-house, Park, and lands at Holmby, and immediately cut down the woods; he had besides an Abbey with £3000 a year, allowed him at an easy rate of purchase. It is curious that this Pride was the main cause that Oliver never dared to crown himself. The Protector had always a terrible awe of the Army. He had tampered with the Officers repeatedly, but could not overcome their prejudices or their envy.

The compiler of the Memoirs of the Protector Cromwell thinks he was not concerned in this remarkable expulsion of the Members, which he ascribes to Ireton and the Agitators, in the absence of Cromwell, who, from accident or design, had only returned to London the day after the business. But we must recollect that Cromwell and Ireton, father and son, had always a partnership in political affairs; assuredly they held a strict correspondence, which should it exist would be curious in the history of this period. Cromwell did not hesitate to approve of the measure; and the true author seems to be indicated, when we find that he had long before contemplated it. Cromwell told Ludlow when they were together in the House and the Presbyterian party out-voted them, that "These fellows will never be quiet till they are pulled out by the ears!" And what is still more to the purpose, Cromwell had a rendezvous of his regiment at

"purgation" was, when at a single stroke Cromwell seized on the whole House of Commons, Speaker and mace! Charles had fatally raised the spirit of a Party only for demanding the arrest of five Members to be put on their trial for words alleged to be treasonable. So vast is the difference between a weak government adopting strong measures, and the great genius who acquires secret Power before he exerts open authority. *

The Army, conscious of their power, decided to assume their authority; the Parliament resolved to preserve their authority, found themselves defenceless. They acted precisely as the King had acted. They adopted strong measures in their convulsive debility. To the eternal disgrace of Parliaments, the Lords and

Hyde Park, resolved to put this scheme in execution, had his party in the House not carried their point on the following day. This anticipation of the more famous "Purge" is noticed by Major Huntington, who was then in the post of the Lieutenant-General.

* Dr. Lingard has anticipated a remark which I had long made, justly observing, "The men who had so clamorously appealed to the privileges of Parliament when the King demanded the five Members, were silent when a similar demand was made by twelve thousand men in arms," x. 379. There seem to be no abstract principles of Justice among Politicians, though they are usually avowed in the opening paragraphs of every Protocol by the Secretary of State.

Commons were compelled to expunge the declaration entered on their Journals, that the petition of the Army was seditious.* The Army command the Parliament, to do and undo, to vote and unvote. At last the march of the Army towards the Capital cast the whole city into utter consternation. They dreamed of the plunder of the coming Soldiery. A Committee of Safety sate up all night, the Houses met on a Sunday, but not wholly relying on the double sermon of their Chaplain Mr. Marshall, the Presbyterian City, lamenting the absence of their Scottish allies, now too distant to invocate, prepared for a new civil war—and the cry was now to be the King and Parliament, against the King and People! for the Army announced that they were for the People, and the Parliament for themselves. The effect of their terrors was ludicrous. The Commons, to clear themselves of the odium which their severe exactions and "their tyrannies," adds Mrs. Macaulay, "had provoked, passed a second Self-denying Ordinance, that no Member should receive any profit of any office; that all they received should be repaid for the

* Whitelocke, 253, who adds, "Here the Parliament began to surrender themselves and their power into the hands of their own Army."

use of the Commonwealth to the Committee of Accounts, and that waiving their privilege, which the Citizens had often petitioned against, all the Members should for the future be liable to pay their own debts!"* When the distracted Citizens learned that men were fast enlisting for the Parliament, the word was "Live and die! Live and die!" As the Army approached, it was changed to "Treat! Treat!"† The agents of the Agitators, seducers, or seduced, were both in the Parliament and the City. The famous Major-General Skippon, the pride of the City Military, had accepted the gift of a thousand pounds to encourage him to hasten to Ireland, but after several recent visits to the Army-quarters, was now willing to stay at home. Himself a Presbyterian, he stood up, as Gravity personified, with a doleful countenance, a voice of lamentation, the rueful prelude to evil intelligence, and the proclamation of a National Fast. In no short speech he declared that he found that "The Army was a formed body, which would be upon them before they were aware!" The Major-General, during his recent visits to the Army, had never before warned the timid Presbyterian senate of Hannibal *ad portas*. And their

* Macaulay, iv. 302. † Ludlow, i.

Chaplain Marshall, now dashed them, as he fearfully told of "the children of Anak," armed Giants.*

While these affairs were in progress, Cromwell and his able Co-adjutor, his son-in-law Ireton, were projecting a private plot of their own. They were ingratiating themselves into the royal favour. They reproached the Presbyterian Parliament with placing the Sovereign under undue restraint, depriving him of all communication with his friends, while the intolerant Faction was forcing the royal conscience. All these pleas found a ready response in the breast of the King.

Charles entered Holmby House in February, and in April, an officer in the name of the Army, conveyed a petition to the King, to desire him to be guarded by them at the head

* Holles' Memoirs, 105. His warm language is ingenuous. "Instead of a generous resistance, vindicating the honours of the Parliament, and preserving a poor people from being enslaved to a rebellious Army, they delivered up themselves and Kingdom, prostitute all to the lust of heady and violent men, and suffer Mr. Cromwell to saddle, ride, switch, and spur them at his pleasure. For we instantly fell as low as dirt, vote the common soldier his full pay, &c.; and what is worst, expunge our declaration against the mutinous Petition, and cry *Peccavimus*, to save a whipping; but all would not do!"

of the Army, "who would restore him to his honour, Crown, and dignity." Charles in return expressed his aversion "to engage his poor people in another war," but assured them that whenever restored to his Throne he would "auspiciously look on their loyal intentions."* The intercourse thus opened paved the way for that bold enterprize which occurred on the 4th of June. The petition had served to inspire the King with some confidence in the Army-leaders, who well knew Charles's dislike of the Presbyterian party.

One afternoon, as the King was at bowls on the green of Althorpe, the Commissioners who accompanied him were surprised at the appearance of an unknown soldier wearing the uniform of Fairfax's regiment. The attention of the Stranger to what was passing, and his curiosity respecting the persons about him, was remarked, and he seemed more of a spy than a spectator. Colonel Greaves, who had the command of the small garrison at Holmby, inquired of the Soldier, whence he came, and what was passing in the Army? and to encourage him to converse bade him not be afraid. The Soldier bluntly replied that "he was not afraid of him, nor of any man in the

* Clarendon State Papers, ii. 365.

Kingdom." He spoke with a tone of authority which startled the Colonel, and he inveighed against the Parliament, observing in the cant of that day, "how much below the light of Nature these men live when they will not do good unto those that do good unto them, who had preserved the heads of some men in the Parliament." There was a Scotch Lord, the Earl of Dumferling, on whom the Soldier was casting no kindly look, who listened to the invective against his friends. A rumour had already circulated that a numerous body of cavalry was in the neighbourhood; the Colonel inquired of the Stranger "Whether he had heard of them?" "I have done more than hear of them, for I saw them yesterday within thirty miles of Holmby." A whisper circulated and an alarm spread at this ominous personage,—the King suddenly quitted his bowls, —the guards at Holmby House were doubled, all promising to stand by their Colonel. The Earl of Dumferling posted to the Parliament with the news, that the King was carried away against his will. This Scotch Earl was glad afterwards to escape out of England.*

A numerous body of cavalry drew up before the house.—Asked who commanded? they

* Whitelocke, 254.

answered, "All commanded!" The Stranger who had recently roused their suspicions came forwards, announcing himself as Cornet Joyce. This Cornet was one of Cromwell's elect spirits. Though erst but a shrewd tailor-man, the Agitator, with a huge pistol and the bigger words of authority, had shaken off all the suavity of the craft. Joyce pretended to the Commissioners that he had come for the protection of the King, as they were informed of a design to steal him away, which was the very design he was himself executing. He was allowed to set his guards, and was promised shortly to receive the orders of the Commissioners. The Presbyterian Colonel took his flight.

At ten at night again the cavalry and the Cornet suddenly appeared. The Agitator demanded to speak with the King. "From whom?" was inquired by the officers of Holmby. "From myself!" he curtly replied. At this they laughed. "It 's no laughing matter," proceeded Joyce. They advised him to draw off his men, and in the morning speak to the Commissioners; "I came not hither to be advised by you, nor have I any business with the Commissioners, my errand is with the King; and speak with him I must, and will presently."

During this parley the soldiers within were conferring with those without. Commanded to stand to their arms, they on the contrary flung open the gates, shaking hands with the new-comers from the Army.

The Cornet, on his entrance, appears to have held a long conversation with the Commissioners, for he complains that "they held him in discourse till the King was asleep in his bed." He does not tell us, what we get from Herbert, that after this conversation, he placed sentinels at their apartments. Mounting the back-stairs, Joyce reached the King's chamber, and "rudely," or authoritatively knocked at the door. The Grooms of the bed-chamber appeared, and discovered their man in a true military posture, well-armed, and presenting a cocked pistol. They asked if the Commissioners approved of this intrusion? Joyce bluntly answered "No! for he had ordered a guard to be set at their chamber-doors, and that he had his orders from those who feared them not." The noise of the Grooms resisting the Cornet's entrance awoke the King, who rung his silver bell, and refused to admit the uncourtly visitor till the morning, according to Herbert.

It is probable, however, that a midnight in-

terview did take place between the King and the Cornet. The Agitator Joyce had been well tutored, and was himself an apt pupil. Blunt but shrewd, he had a part to play; he entered with his hat in one hand, and a pistol in the other, and opened his business by a decent apology for having disturbed the King out of his sleep. "No matter," replied Charles, "if you mean me no hurt. You may take away my life if you will, having the sword in your hands." Joyce solemnly assured the King that he came to protect his person. Charles stipulated for two great points—that his conscience should not be forced, and that his friends should have access to him. "It is not our principle," the Independent observed, "to force any man's conscience, much less that of our Sovereign." All was courteously conceded. This extraordinary interview was closed by the King. "I will willingly go along with you, if the soldiery will confirm what you have promised," and gave his word to be ready by six the next morning. It is evident, that Cornet Joyce had not only allayed any fears which the King might have reasonably entertained, but had positively succeeded in persuading him that the Army was friendly to his wishes.*

* See the note at the end of the Chapter.

However ambiguous might seem the midnight apparition of the "arch-agitator Joyce," so Fairfax designates the Cornet, he had perfectly succeeded in flattering the hopes of Charles. So strongly persuaded was the King that the Army was devoted to him, that when Fairfax, who was never concerned in a plot, except as the innocent and pliant instrument of those who knew to plot, shortly afterwards offered to see the King returned back in safety to Holmby, Charles not only positively refused, but significantly told the General-in-chief, on taking leave of him, "Sir, I have as good interest in the Army as you!" Fairfax was thunderstruck at this delusion, for the General well knew of what materials the supreme Council of Officers was composed, and he declared that it gave him more grief and vexation than all the troubles and fatigues which he had met with during the whole war. "I now plainly saw the broken reed he leaned on," says Fairfax in his Memorials.

What had passed in the midnight interview was to be publicly repeated for the King's satisfaction before the troopers of Joyce. The morning came, and Charles was seen on the steps of the gate, where Joyce with a detachment of fifty picked men drew up into the

inner court of the House. The characteristic parts of a comic dialogue have been preserved, although there are variations.

The King demanded of the Cornet what commission he had to secure his person? Joyce replied, "The soldiery of the Army."—"That was no lawful authority," objected the King—"Have you nothing in writing from Sir Thomas Fairfax?" The Cornet prayed his Majesty would not ask him such questions. "I pray, Mr. Joyce, deal ingenuously with me, and tell me what Commission you have?"—"Here is my Commission!" exclaimed the arch-agitator. "Where?" said the King. "Behind me!" cried the Cornet, pointing to his Troopers. The King smiling, observed "that he had never before read such a Commission; but it was fairly written as any he had seen in his life,* a

* When words spoken are afterwards only repeated by recollection, they pass through wonderful changes. It is quite impossible to ascertain the precise words of Charles on this occasion, though the sense has not been lost. Herbert gives them thus; "His instructions were in fair characters, legible without spelling." There is a prettiness in this turn, which might have been given by Herbert at his leisurely reminiscences, but not quite suitable to a spontaneous dialogue. Echard, Hume, and Macaulay were probably pleased with it. Warwick gives it plainly, "Believe me your instructions are written in very fair characters." But Whitelocke, in his

company of as handsome, proper Gentlemen as I have seen a long while. But what if I refused to go with you? I hope you would not force your King. You must satisfy me that I may be used with honour and respect, that I may not be forced in any thing against my conscience or honour; though I hope that my resolution is so fixed that no force can cause me to do a base thing. You are masters of my body, my soul is above your reach." The Troopers confirmed their assent by their acclamations. Joyce courteously requested the King to choose the place of his removal, and the distance he intended to ride that day. The King smiling, observed, "I can ride as far as you, or any man there," saluting the Company.

The officers of Holmby and the Commissioners protested against the King's removal, calling on the Troopers to maintain the authority of Parliament, and it was put to them, whether they agreed to what Cornet Joyce had

attempt to chronicle the words has, Lawyer-like, flourished—"'His Majesty saw their Commission!' said Joyce. His Majesty replied, that 'It had the fairest frontispiece of any that he ever saw, being five hundred proper men on horseback.'" A cumbrous frontispiece at all events; but a Commission has no frontispiece! The taste of Charles, we may be certain, was chaster than the spurious fancy of a rhetorical Lawyer!

said and done? With one voice they cried out "All! all!" Major Brown observed, that it was not the first time that he had been at the head of a party, and that scarce two in the company, although they cried "All! all!" knew what had passed. "Let all," he continued raising his voice, "who are willing the King should stay with the Commissioners of Parliament now speak." All the troopers exclaimed, "None! None!" "Then, said the Major, "I have done!" The Soldiers replied, "We understand well enough what we do!"

On the astonishing seizure of the Sovereign, Fairfax instantly dispatched two regiments of Cavalry to attend the King back to Holmby. Charles positively refused to return. On the following day Fairfax, Cromwell, Ireton and other officers, had a singular interview with the King in the garden of Sir John Cutts at Childerley. Fairfax solemnly protested that he was not privy to this strange act, nor did he know the Movers. "Unless you hang up Joyce, I will not believe what you say," observed Charles. The General-in-Chief soon discovered among his officers that the Cornet would never be brought to a Court-martial. Joyce offered to appeal to a general rendezvous of the Army, adding, "And if three, or even four

parts of the Army, did not approve of my proceedings, I will be content to be hanged at the head of my regiment." The King observed, "You must have had the countenance of great persons, for you could not of yourself have ventured on this treason."

Charles, however, was evidently on no ill terms with the Cornet, for he added—"I pardon the treason now I have come, if you convey me as you promised to Newmarket."

Fairfax, in a private interview with Charles, made a sincere offer of his services, but the sanguine Monarch was already entrapped. It was on this occasion that, on Fairfax taking leave of the King, Charles betrayed that fatal confidence in the Army which was his final ruin. The Cornet himself had so insidiously ingratiated himself into the King's favour, that afterwards, when Charles remained at Newmarket, where he seemed cheerful, and daily recreated himself at tennis, it is remarkable that he sent a messenger to the Army at St. Alban's desiring the company of the shrewd Agitator.* So deeply taken was the helpless

* Rushworth, vi. 578. Possibly Charles acted from policy as a means to get intelligence, or the rumour, though preserved by Rushworth, might not be true, but adopted advisedly. Clarendon must have been surprised at this in-

yet sanguine Monarch by the cajoleries of a cunning but spirited fellow.

This seizure of the person of the King by the Army was long a mystery to contemporaries, and it was so, alike to the General-in-Chief and to the King himself. We have seen that soon after Charles's confinement at Holmby, the King held a secret intercourse with some officers. Secret it must have been to have eluded the notice of the Parliamentary Commissioners, and it was of a nature to induce his sanguine temper to imagine that the Army-leaders were desirous of uniting with him against those, whose principles they knew were as opposite to his views as to their own. When the Presbyterian Parliament designed the King's removal to the Metropolis, the audacious *coup d'état* of carrying off the King, that the Army might remain masters of the Sovereign, was the invention of Lieutenant-General Cromwell and Ireton, and not communicated even to the

telligence of the Secretary of Fairfax, for his Lordship expresses himself quite contrarily. "The King found himself at Newmarket attended by greater troops and superior officers, so that he was presently freed from any subjection to Mr. Joyce, which was no small satisfaction to him." Such opposite accounts are hard to reconcile; if one party has stated a fact, the other has given us his own feelings as a fact.

General-in-Chief Fairfax. On the 30th of May, at a meeting held at Cromwell's house, the plan was arranged,* and with the prompt sagacity of that great adept in human nature, four or five hundred troopers were confided to one of those decided characters who were his Elect Spirits on all secret expeditions. Cornet Joyce, at first, had the whole credit of the hardy enterprise, Cromwell protesting that it was without his concurrence, and taking such caution never to appear in the transaction, that the King's friends at London ascribed to Cromwell the sending of the two regiments of cavalry, under his kinsman Colonel Whalley, for the immediate protection of the King, to see him safely returned to Holmby, which really was done by the order of Fairfax.†

We may now develope the true situation of Charles. When the armed Agitator, at midnight, authoritatively called for entrance into the King's chamber, so formidable an apparition might have reasonably alarmed the King, unapprised as he was of any such visitor.

* Holles has stated the day of the meeting. 96. When the Cornet was told, that the General was displeased with him for bringing the King from Holmby, he answered that Lieutenant-General Cromwell had given him orders at London to do all that he had done.

† Sir John Berkley's Memoirs. Echard, 638.

No personal fears were however indicated by Charles, who on the contrary was gratified by the courteousness of the language of the Soldier, while he stood uncovered in the presence of his Sovereign. The ensuing dialogue in the morning, before the troopers, seems to have been really designed to extract from the Cornet, under whose orders he acted. Charles had flattered himself that the party had been sent by Fairfax, on whose honour he reposed, and whose station as Commander-in-Chief, would have been a pledge of the sanction of the Army. But though the mystery was not cleared up by the impenetrable Cornet, yet he took his orders from the King in the choice of the place of his removal, and Charles in his mind, was satisfied that it was an act of the Army, whom at this moment he counted on as his friends. Charles was so far from entertaining any fears on this audacious attempt on his person, while the Commissioners and his own Gentlemen were cast into sadness and even terror, that Herbert tells us, "the King was the merriest of the company, having it seems a confidence in the Army, especially from some of the greatest there, as it was imagined." This indicates some late secret intercourse with the Army, of which we know but little, and it

is subsequently confirmed by Charles's positive refusal to return to Holmby.

We only trace the secret intercourse of Charles with the Army by a single document accidentally preserved among the Clarendon State-papers, but we shall see that the King soon had his own agents amidst them. At the critical moment of its march to the capital, we discover that the King had his active spy in Dean Barwick. This Divine, as was usual in that day when the Clergy of the Anglican Church were hunted in the streets, was disguised in a lay habit, and wore a sword. He had mixed with the Army in that expedition, for the purpose of acquainting himself with the feelings of the soldiery, and his report was so favourable, that Charles was convinced that the Army was with him. The Army indeed had given him entire liberty to communicate with his Friends, and when the grateful intelligence was conveyed to Paris, Sir Edward Ford, a Royalist, though the brother-in-law of Ireton, was dispatched to England more deeply to interest his relative; while Sir John Berkley and Ashburnham, the more confidential agents of Charles, hastened, as Ashburnham expresses it, "with their instructions in some things which were not proper for his Majesty to appear in."

NOTE.

I encountered great trouble in more than one respect in pursuing our narrative. Herbert, one of the King's Grooms of the Bed-chamber, who though at first little known to the King and appointed by the Presbyterian party, became most faithfully attached to his person, asserts that "The King would not rise nor speak with Joyce till the morning, and though the Cornet huffed, he retired that night." This is in direct contradiction to "The true and impartial Narrative" sent forth by the Army, evidently to cajole the Parliament, or the People. (Rushworth, vi. 515.) The style of this deposition indicates its illiterate original. The use of the pronoun personal unskilfully interspersed in "The Narrative" betrays the writer to have been the hero of the Thimble himself. "The Narrative" details this midnight interview—"All this being spoken at eleven at night, and the King gave his word to be ready by six the next morning to hear the Soldiers confirm what I had promised." How are we to account for this discrepancy with the narrative of the veracious Herbert? Writing at a distant day, and not having, as he has regretted, his former notes at hand, it is yet strange that so remarkable an incident should have escaped his recollections while he substituted one quite the reverse. Was the Narrative of Joyce made up to be palatable to his Masters? and to persuade the world, that after having heard him, the King had really consented to accompany him, which we shall find Charles certainly had? Dr. Lingard has judiciously credited what is called "the true Narrative" given by Joyce. "Charles signified his consent, on the condition that what then passed between them in private should be repeated in public." Mrs. Macaulay adopts Herbert's account,—"On the King's peremptorily refusing to rise and speak with Joyce, he had

the complacency to desist till morning." "The true Narrative" is very confused, and probably more is delivered than actually occurred, from the policy of treating the Commissioners and the Parliament with a degree of studied respect the Army did not feel. The account of Clarendon materially differs from that of Herbert. "His Majesty rose out of his bed, and half dressed, caused the door to be opened, which he knew otherwise would be quickly broken open; they who waited in the chamber being persons of whom he had little knowledge and less confidence. Joyce and two or three more came into the chamber with their hats off and pistols in their hands." Clarendon then adds that the King insisted on calling some of the Commissioners, who quickly came to his chamber, and he adds part of the dialogue with Joyce. Now, however natural the manner by which the King is here described, yet the suggestion that "he had little knowledge and less confidence of the persons who waited in the chamber," is not accurate, for Charles had both, and Herbert tells us that they (the four Grooms, himself being one) "were resolved to sacrifice their lives rather than give Joyce admittance." Monsieur Guizot gives the midnight conversation with the King held by Joyce "in the presence of the Commissioners"—which ill agrees with what Joyce told Herbert, that they were secured by a guard in their chambers. The truth is, that "The true and impartial Narrative" is at times a jumble. It says, "Some of the Commissioners held the Cornet in discourse about half an hour until the King was asleep in his bed, yet notwithstanding the said Cornet could not be contented till he had spoken with the King, and therefore offered the Commissioners to go with them, with as much gentleness and tenderness as he could." "The true and impartial Narrative" farther tells, "Though the King told Cornet Joyce before the Commis-

sioners he was unwilling to go with us, yet such reasons might be produced that might prevail with him; and afterwards (that is, after the King had listened to his reasons) the King did protest that nothing should stay him, but he would go whether the Commissioners would yea or no." This confirms the statement of Clarendon, that the King had the Commissioners called that night, since Charles resolved to depart with Joyce early in the morning after having heard "his reasons." That so important an incident should have been entirely passed over by Herbert, and that he should have so inaccurately related that Joyce had not been admitted into the King's presence that night, is a striking evidence of the fallibility of our after-recollections, at a period of life too distant from the occurrence. Such are the difficulties which happen in ascertaining the accuracy of certain events which are sometimes transmitted to us in vague or in contradictory narratives; or in narratives, which having been concocted with a latent purpose to serve a temporary object, interpolate circumstances which did not actually occur, or mis-state those which did.

In "The true and impartial Narrative," which is evidently made up from the accounts of Cornet Joyce, and at times evidently in his own words, I have no doubt that many after-thoughts were interwoven, that it might serve as an organ for publishing the notions and views of the Army-faction; and the studied manner in which the Commissioners and the Parliament itself are noticed in this suspicious documents, discovers its policy. But even in Statements fictitious in some respects, the sagacity of an historian may unravel some truths.

CHAPTER XI.

THE KING'S PROGRESS WITH THE ARMY.

As the King followed the movements of the troops, journeying under the escort of the military, from the officers to the privates, it seemed as if they were the attendants on his royal person, rather than the guards of a State-prisoner. Several of the officers, according to Ludlow, "became converted by the splendour of his Majesty," and adds the Commonwealthman, seemingly with disdain, "Sir Robert Pye, a Colonel in the Army, as his Equerry, rode bare-headed before him, when the King rode abroad."

The removals, by easy marches, were arranged to enable the King to lodge at the mansions of the Nobility, who vied in the pride of their reception of the Sovereign. As we pursue the King's marches from place to

place on his way to Newmarket, and afterwards to his Palace of Hampton-Court, we discover that even to this day tradition has preserved in those Mansions which still exist, some memorial of his residence — something which was said or done—the chamber where he slept is still to be shown.

Wherever Charles appeared, all seemed to congratulate themselves on beholding once more that afflicted Monarch, whom an interval of years had estranged from their sight—and of whose troubles they had heard so much and so often, that some seemed to forget their own in the remembrance of those of their magnanimous Prince. Some contemplated on him with the deepest sympathies, others were filled with the most awful thoughts. The friends of the King were freely admitted, and loyalty seemed no longer treason. The University sent forth their Masters and Fellows with a *Vivat Rex!* The gentry and the people from the neighbouring counties thronged about the Presence-chamber when the King dined and supped. There was a joyfulness in their acclamations. The King was never reminded of his captivity, and as he moved with the regiments which guarded him, the journey resembled one of his former royal progresses.

Charles, from the depths of misery, had long been a stranger to the peaceful state of a Court in the resort of his Nobles, the gratulations of many voices, and the prayers of the people listened to by his own ear. The feelings were reciprocal. He conversed with cheerfulness, and his courteous looks returned the affection which he believed he had excited. Hume has very beautifully painted the subdued Monarch—"His manner, which was not, in itself popular nor gracious, now appeared amiable, from its great meekness and equality." The King held long and secret conferences with the General, the Lieutenant-General, and the Commissary-General, Fairfax, Cromwell, and Ireton; and what passed between these eminent personages, on which the fate of the Nation was to revolve, was of a nature to inspire this unhappy Prince, with a confidence too sanguine, and with a self-flattery to which he was too prone.

But we must now leave this outward lustre of things to penetrate into the obscure and the hidden. Mighty interests were now operating one against the other. But uncertain and unrevealed for us must remain many secret intrigues; sudden changes in the condition of the

parties; causes and motives which have never been assigned, though their important results are manifest; ambiguous proceedings and dubious matters, and many which were never told, buried in the hearts of subtile men, who governed themselves by other maxims than the rest of the world.

The struggle between the Presbyterian and the Army Factions, threw the King into the most critical dilemma which he had experienced throughout his disastrous life. Both parties, who were now courting his support, he considered alike his enemies. The one rigorously insisting on their Covenant, and the abolition of Episcopacy, which was tantamount with Charles to force his conscience and in part to abjure his religion; the other would make him Sovereign by raising him on their shields, and an English Monarch was to hold the tenure of sovereignty, by the will and at the pleasure of the Soldiery. He had now but a choice of evils; yet his Throne might be recovered by the predominant party, and to either of these Parties, his person, at this precise moment, constituted authority and power. That Party which the King adopted would be reinforced by every Royalist in the Kingdom, who,

though now an unarmed and sequestrated class, at the King's word would form a body at least as numerous as themselves.

When the Agitators of the Army, to the astonishment of the Country, by a *coup d'état* had seized on the person of the Sovereign, it was the eager desire of the Army to accommodate affairs with Charles, and that quickly. Their chief officers were commissioned to treat with the King for his restoration. The Agitators were not statesmen who foresaw difficulties from the very nature of complicated interests, or had any delicacy for the feelings of other men to linger on in negotiations. Brute force respects not even human nature, and while it exists there are no difficulties!* Even

* I need not allude any more to their "Purges." But it is characteristic of this sort of men, to record what one of their favourite Agitators, Colonel Rainsborough, delivered on a critical occasion. When Sir John Berkley inquired of the Party, that "should they offer the King's proposals to the Parliament, and they should refuse them, what would they do then? They replied, They would not tell me! When I appeared not fully satisfied with this reply, Rainsborough spoke out in these words, 'If they will not agree, we will make them,' to which the whole company assented." So that, in fact, asking the agreement of the Parliament was in the form adopted by the beggar-bandit in Gil Blas, to petition respectfully, brandishing a cudgel.

a single week seemed a delay, for the struggle about to take place was momentous. The Presbyterian Parliament were still ostensibly the governing power, and the Scots not only sympathised with fraternal feelings, but would, not reluctantly, have returned once more to their old pay-masters. On the other side, the Army had not yet struck their final blow, and a junction between the Presbyterians, the Scots, and the Royalists, was yet formidable. It is unquestionable that at this moment,—for in a short month were to be compressed the revolutions of a whole age,—the Army had want of the King; even that very party in it which finally would concede the royal victim no terms whatever, and would only terminate its design by a sanguinary proscription.

Cromwell and Ireton governed the Council of War absolutely, but the ruling power in the Army now lay among the Agitators. The General, Fairfax, had little influence with either. The Agitators had become Masters of their Masters. The phases of political interests are more inconstant than the caprices of moody Beauty, or the treacherous mockeries of fickle Fortune.

It is a remarkable circumstance that this very party, who afterwards are recognised in our

History as the Levellers, and who condemned their Sovereign to the block, were at this moment suspicious that Cromwell was not sincerely disposed in favour of the King, and they even offered to Sir John Berkley, that should Cromwell be found false to his engagements, "they would set him right either against, or with his will."

But Berkley had no reason to suspect the duplicity of Cromwell. It was indeed necessary that Cromwell and his party should remove those prejudices against themselves which their novel professions demanded. Cromwell was a perfect plain-dealer with the secret emissary of the King. He seemed to speak with his heart on his lips. He declared that "Whatever the world might judge of us, we shall be found no seekers for ourselves, farther than to live as subjects ought to do, and to preserve their consciences. Men could not enjoy their lives and estates quietly without the King had his rights." And for an earnest of their honest intentions, Charles was not to be pressed on those delicate points which those forcers of conscience, the obdurate Presbyterians, even more obstinate than the King, so inflexibly urged. Toleration was the plausible

pretext of Independency, and plain-speaking the whole art of diplomacy with the blunt Negotiator of the Agitators.

Cromwell, whose feelings, however coarse, were always vehement as the eagerness of his genius, at this moment seemed to have received a new baptism of loyalty. Returning from one of his visits to the King, he told Berkley that "He had lately seen the tenderest sight that ever his eyes beheld, which was the interview between the King and his children, and wept plentifully at the remembrance of it, saying, "that never man was so abused as himself, in his sinister opinion of the King, who he thought was the uprightest and most conscientious man of his three Kingdoms." And concluded, that "God would be pleased to look upon him according to the sincerity of his heart towards his Majesty." As it is well known that Cromwell was a master of all the passions, this gush of plentiful tears might be a very diplomatic act; but Cromwell, in the privacy of life, was susceptible of the domestic affections. That chord in the human heart might now have been struck. Yet who will assert that this versatile being acted with sincerity at a certain period,

and with perfidy at another?* Was that mysterious man, at any time single-minded, whose excited genius was watchful of all occa-

* The tears of Cromwell seem to have been very constitutional, and must have produced a marvellous contrast on his rough-featured and heavy countenance, his warty cheek, and his red nose. The tale which one of the officers told of Cromwell hardly allows us to think, as I have done in the text, that there was any sympathy in his heart. Cromwell once holding the King's hand between his own, and while he made his promises washing it with his tears, on coming out asked an officer whether he had not acted his part well? "Were you not in earnest?"—"Not in the least," Cromwell replied. Barron in his defence relates this anecdote. If it be true, Cromwell did not play the hypocrite so well. He could gain nothing by the gratuitous avowal but the detestation of the man who heard it. I believe, however, in "the tears of Cromwell" washing the royal hand he held, but I much doubt the idle confession of the gross imposture. On this subject of "the tears of Cromwell," I will add a proof of this great man's extreme susceptibility, and on an occasion which was free from all political artifice. This characteristic anecdote I found in a manuscript collection of Dr. Sampson's "Day-book," where every anecdote is verified by the name of the communicator.

Mr. Byfield, a clergyman, and Sir John Evelyn had difference about the repairs of a church,—Cromwell interposed and made them friends. Evelyn complained that Byfield had made personal reflections on him in his sermons, which the other protested had never been in his mind. Cromwell, turning to Evelyn, said, "I doubt there is something amiss; the word of God is penetrative and finds you out; search

sions, and who more than other men was the creature of circumstances which he knew to master, not by opposing but by yielding to them? To serve ably the strongest party was his simple policy; hence his decision at a moment of crisis when he found the Army too strong to manage, that "if they were not of his opinion he would go over to theirs."

We may trace the history of the mind of Charles from his first interview with Cromwell and Ireton, to the night he took his flight from Hampton Court.

On his deportation from Holmby, June 4th, the King confirmed his hopes by the courteous attendance of the General, and Cromwell with Ireton usually by his side. Fairfax, unsuspicious and honest, was always their inconscious instrument even to the last hour of Charles's life, but was never of their cabal. The more secret intercourse we obtain from the

your ways!" He spake so pathetically, with plenty of tears, that all present fell a weeping also—the parties shook hands and embraced. Cromwell then asked Evelyn what the repairs of the church would cost?—£200.—Calling for his Secretary Malyn, he desired him to pay £100 to Sir John Evelyn towards the repairs. "And now, Sir," said Cromwell, "I hope you 'll raise the other hundred." From Mr. Howe. Sloane MSS. 4460.

two confidential agents of the King.* It was noticed at first that both Cromwell and Ireton kept on the reserve when in the presence, nor did they then offer to kiss hands. Cromwell, however, as an earnest of his intentions, restored the King to his chaplains and to his friends. He had been long deprived of both by the Presbyterians, and Charles was now gratified by recognizing the old faces of faithful servants, and communicating with many devoted adherents.

After several removals, at Caversham, July 3rd, a month after his seizure, we discover Charles losing his confidence, and troubled respecting the designs of the Army. It was here that Sir Philip Warwick had a short interview with the King. By all he could perceive, either from himself or any other, the King was very apprehensive in what hands he was, but was cautious not to betray this painful doubt.† And it was at this place, where the King remained five days, that Sir John Berkley tells us, that "His Majesty discovered not only to me, but to every one he conversed with, a total diffidence of all the

* See Note on BERKLEY and ASHBURNHAM at the end of this chapter.

† Sir Philip Warwick's Memoirs, 301.

Army, from the backwardness of the Officers to treat of receiving any favour or advantage of his Majesty."* But when Ashburnham arrived from France, about a fortnight after, he found Charles under the care of Colonel Whalley, one of Cromwell's intimates, perfectly satisfied with his new and dangerous friends. When Whalley required the pledge of Ashburnham's honour that he should not be privy to any escape of the King, Charles also voluntarily engaged himself on the same terms. "So confident," adds Ashburnham, "His Majesty then was that their behaviour towards him would be such as he should never have occasion to desert them."† We detect here a great alteration in the King's opinions, which in this story of human nature it were

* Mr. Brodie, in his zeal to defend Cromwell and the officers against Major Huntington's accusation, alleges this passage of Sir John Berkley as a decisive proof that "they showed a backwardness in accepting favours from the King." This was true at a certain period; but a fortnight after the scene changed. Mr. Brodie, indeed, could not know this, since we owe the discovery to the recent publication of Ashburnham's Narrative, which confirms the accounts of Major Huntington. Secret history performs miracles in favour of Truth.

† Ashburnham's Narrative, recently published by the late Earl of Ashburnham, p. 89.

desirable to have supplied.* On the 20th of July Ashburnham arrived at Woburn, where he found the Treaty begun by Sir John Berkley was proceeding with Cromwell and Ireton, with proffers of honours and emoluments for themselves "to the utmost of their expectations," and including their friends. During the space of twenty days this negotiation seemed to be not without hopes of success.

It is marvellous to observe how public rumour has often anticipated the most secret transactions, and assigned motives to men, though at the time of the rumour, the trans-

* We receive no light from the delightful details of Herbert, the faithful Groom of the Bed-chamber, who was never admitted into any secret conferences. While he has correctly preserved the recollections of the King's movements, he appears, in the antichamber, to have had no insight into the intrigues carrying on in the interior. In all these removals he sees nothing to describe but the mansions, the gardens, the waterworks of the noble owners, and the loyal emotion of the people. Major Huntington, an officer in the regiment of Cromwell, and who finally threw up his commission, and bore an extraordinary testimony, which he offered to verify on oath, exposing the ambition and the Machiavelian avowed principles of his great Commander, passes over the present period, and begins his narrative about the close of July. We know, however, that much had passed between the Major and the King; for Berkley informs us, he was the only officer Charles trusted.

action had not yet occurred, and the motives of the person were yet dormant. The fears of jealous men are prophetic. The Army was now so jealous of Cromwell and their Officers, that at this very moment, when Charles was at Caversham, despairing of having any personal influence with the officers, the General found it necessary thus early in addressing Parliament, to clear them of reports that "they were upon some underhand Contract or Bargain with the King,—thence occasion is taken to slander our integrity, and endeavour a misunderstanding betwixt the Parliament and the Army."* This letter is dated July 8th. "The Contract or Bargain" had yet no existence whatever, so that the rumour was totally unfounded, though the result turned out as it had been anticipated.

Throughout the whole of the present important transactions, most difficult, very variable and vital in their result, we may discover a painful vacillation of opinions in Charles, but not of conduct. He had adopted for his first principle, which he reiterated without reserve, that neither Party could stand without him. This was also the opinion of others. At this moment there could be no communication be-

* Rushworth, vi. 610.

tween the King and his minister Clarendon, now the emigrant of Jersey, yet their opinions were the same.

Clarendon thought, perhaps truly enough, that the Army was as odious to the People, as the Presbyterians and the Royalists ever were. "And to believe," he writes, "that they can govern long by the power of the Sword, is ridiculous. Their only security can be in the faith and protection of the King. Sure they have as much, or more need of the King, than he of them."* The constitutional Lawyer and the mere Cabinet-minister had yet no conception of military dominion.

This opinion, which the King had already formed, was farther impressed by his renewed intercourse with the Presbyterian Party, and with Lord Lauderdale, the Chief Commissioner of the Scots, who already were preparing to arm for the Covenant, which the Independents held in scorn.† At this moment the Presbyterian Parliament, and the Scots, affected to contemn

* Clarendon State-papers, ii.

† Clarendon seems to have had very confined notions of the Power of the Sword! We see it in the manner in which the Army rid itself of this Scotch Peer, whom one day they would not suffer to take leave of his Majesty. "The Soldiers bursting into the bed-chamber of the Scotch Lord ordered him to depart instantly."—Lingard, x. 386.

a mutinous Soldiery, and had a perfect confidence in their own Presbyterian General Fairfax. The opinion seemed still farther confirmed by the importunity of Cromwell and Ireton to conclude the Treaty of the Army with the King. They had submitted to modify it till the terms appeared reasonable,* for as yet the Military had not subdued the ostensible government. The scales trembled, and Charles

* "So much so," says Baron Maseres, "that had not the King been one of the most intractable and injudicious men that ever lived, he must have cheerfully consented to." Preface to Tracts, xxiv. So also Mr. Brodie; "Never had the misguided Monarch a better opportunity to recover his Throne," iv. 104. I do not apologise for the insincerity of Charles in the present transaction; it was excruciating. But had Charles's principles hung loosely about him, he would have accepted the easy terms offered by the Army—he might have been the Imperator of the Soldiers! It is not philosophical to decide on the character of Charles the First of 1630 by that phantom of Charles the First of 1830, which many raise up in their own minds. Stronger heads than Charles might have been distracted in this choice of evils. Who was the stronger party, had not yet been shown. But the Army, the Baron himself acknowledges, stood in a very exceptionable light. They had done an irregular and unjustifiable act in the assumption of that Power which appertained solely to the Parliament. Surely Charles had reason to dread that the Crown, which had been bestowed by the violence of an Army, would not long exercise its independent authority.

imagined that his hand held the casting-weight.

The result of the principle which Charles had now adopted, proved fatal, for it occasioned him to reject both the proposals of the Army and of the Parliament. Half-measures, temporising till in despair he reverted to his own principles, was one of the political Errors of Charles the First, when pressed into extraordinary dilemmas. In momentous difficulties, it is only Genius which calculates, or Audacity which risks, that strikes out a fortunate decision; for we call that fortunate to which none at the moment could apply the epithet.

It was during these negotiations that the last removal of the King had been to Hampton Court, where Charles was allowed to maintain his state in all the lustre of a Court. The Nobility crowded to the presence-chamber, his servants retained their offices, and during these Halcyon days, as Herbert calls them—Herbert, whose elegant tastes and travelled mind loved to linger amidst scenes of splendour and tranquillity, imagined that his royal Master was once more happy, for the King conversed with those he wished, hunted and rode as he pleased, and frequently saw his children. A long and

cruel estrangement had more deeply endeared them to his forlorn spirit.*

NOTE ON BERKELEY AND ASHBURNHAM.

The Memoirs of Sir JOHN BERKLEY, and the recent publication of "the Narrative" of ASHBURNHAM, light us in some of these dark passages of our History. These Memoirs are written by persons of a different cast of mind, and though actuated by the same zeal, unfortunately tormented by mutual jealousies, and taking different views.

Sir JOHN BERKLEY, afterwards Lord Berkley, came to the King, recommended by the party at Paris, and notwithstanding his defence of the city of Exeter, was not much known to Charles, who appears to have placed little confidence in the ability or the judgment of this gentleman. Berkley too, has the misfortune of having had an intimate friend in a man of genius, Lord Clarendon, who among his superior faculties,

* When the King intreated to have his children restored to him, the rigid Presbyterian Parliament informed him that "they could take as much care at London, both of their bodies and souls, as could be done at Oxford." One would imagine that when they voted this resolution, there could not have been a single father in the whole House of Commons!

exercised with great satisfaction to himself, the bitterest and most cutting sarcasm. Of his friend, whom he flatters in his correspondence, he tells in his History, that "the Officers were well acquainted with his talent, and knew his foible, that by flattering and commending, they might govern him;" and that "there was no danger of any deep design from his contrivance." Clarendon, who tells us that "Sir John had a friend at that Court" (the party at Paris with the Queen,) "who loved him better than any body else did," closes by observing, that when Sir John offered his services for England, "they were very willing that he should make the experiment, for he that loved him best, was very willing to be without him." The Memoir of Sir John, which is confined to a Narrative of the present critical transaction, is clear and lively, and carries evidence of promptness and ability in his difficult diplomacy, which places him in a far more advantageous light than he appears in the disguise of the satiric pen of Clarendon. Sir John more than once checked the imprudence of the King, but he modestly acknowledges that "his counsels were the worse for coming from himself."

ASHBURNHAM was a more courtly gentleman, affecting refinement in little things. He

could not bring himself to talk "with such senseless fellows as the Agitators," having been always, he said, "bred in the best company." He left them to the active Sir John, addressing himself entirely to Cromwell and Ireton. He was fond of an expression of his own mintage, which not the entreaty of four good judges could persuade him to alter, though its impolicy was certain. Yet it was the conceit of the thing, not its felicity, which fascinated his over-weening littleness; for he himself was a feeble writer, with great mediocrity of talent. He was the favourite of Charles, from whom he imbibed all his opinions; the most dangerous of counsellors possible, for he never dissented: when Charles advised with him, if he imagined that he had the benefit of two opinions, he was fatally mistaken. The voice of Ashburnham was only a reverberation. His devotion to the Church and the King was entire. All the favours and emoluments Charles had to bestow were conferred on Ashburnham.

His fidelity, and his mediocrity of character secured the attachment of Charles, who rarely evinced the smallest discernment in the character of those who were about him. Those who are curious in their physiognomical speculations, may examine a beautiful three-quarters print of

Ashburnham, in the recent Narrative published by the late Lord Ashburnham, his spirited Editor and descendant. We trace in the features of the confidential friend of Charles the First, the courtly air and quietness of character which betrays a feminine weakness, and its total incapacity for that energy and intellectual courage which the critical position into which he was cast so peremptorily required.

I suspect that there was some truth in this insinuation of Berkley, "I had more than once observed, that though Mr. Ashburnham was willing enough to appropriate employments of honour and profit, yet he was contented to communicate those of danger unto his friends."

In both these works I have frequently lamented the uncertainty of their dates. The want of dates in authentic narratives throws into a provoking confusion the circumstances related, or the conversations reported. In the discovery of historical Truth, dates are vital things. I have sometimes recovered a date by the public event alluded to, or the place where the circumstance occurred. I drew up an Itinerary of the removals of Charles after his deportation from Holmby, and was thus enabled to fix the time by the place. But when private incidents are thrown together as they rose

in the recollections of the narrators, we are liable to misplace them. Even in authentic accounts of the same circumstances, we are startled when we discover one party omitting what another has made an essential part of the narrative. In the two accounts we have of the rendezvous of the Army at Ware, both are from unquestionable sources; in the one from the General himself to the Parliament, the name of Cromwell does not appear, while in the other from General Ludlow, the whole affair of putting down the Military is ascribed to Cromwell, but no mention whatever is made of Fairfax, as if he had been absent. We cannot doubt the veracity of these accounts: their difference only consists in omissions, not in contradictions. This last observation is judiciously made by Baron Maseres.

This negligence of dates in authentic writers of memoirs of their own times, has often proved fatal to their veracity, or cast a suspicion over accounts, which otherwise had not occurred. Could it be conceived, that the day when Charles the First escaped from Hampton Court, no slight event in the history of Clarendon, the date was so utterly lost to the recollection of the historian, that instead of fixing it on "the 11th of November," it stands in the original

manuscript "about the beginning of September!"

Major Huntington, in the curious paper of his "Reasons for laying down his Commission" under Cromwell, positively states that the King was continually solicited by Cromwell and Ireton with proffers of all things, when Charles was at Caversham." In his former account to Dugdale, he said it was Newmarket, nearly a month anterior, and so much the more erroneous. I have clearly shown, by the undoubted evidence of Warwick and Berkley, while Charles was at Caversham no offer of the kind could have been made, from the total diffidence he had of the Army. A fortnight after—but not at Caversham, where he remained only five days—when under the guard of Colonel Whalley, a relation of Cromwell, such offers were undoubtedly made. These inaccuracies committed in writing at a distant day, are not only excusable, but are perhaps unavoidable. The historian must however examine the most authentic narrations with more care than has been always practised; like a sagacious and cautious lawyer, he must pinch the tenderer parts of his brief, to be certain of what is sound in it.

CHAPTER XII.

CROMWELL AND CHARLES THE FIRST AT HAMPTON COURT.

THIS history of human nature is an intellectual exercise which leads to many certain truths and many devious researches, and will not allow us with indolent acquiescence to take matters in the gross. We should not confide to the narrative repeated from a former one, or decide on the conduct of the individual, as it was usually actuated through life, but as it may have been influenced by a present motive. In the anatomy of the Passions—in the shades of character of the human being whose story has interested the world, it were unskilful to conclude that the Hypocrite is never to be separated from his Hypocrisy. Personal interests there are of a deep and trying nature, strong enough to secure even the integrity of

the Faithless, and to induce the Dissembler to cast away his disguise.

Cromwell, mysterious being as he was, there is no reason to suspect of having practised his accustomed dissimulation in his *first* intercourse with the King.

If while the fate of the Army and the Parliament were yet to be decided, and the Agitators were pressing for the King's acceptance of their Treaty, Cromwell secured to himself, by means of this Negotiation, the highest honours and emoluments of the State, at that moment his ambition could not pass beyond. The future Protector, the enthusiast of supreme dominion, could not, even in thought, have grasped at the Sceptre. Vast as was the creative genius of this man, it had not yet winged itself beyond the limits of possibility.

Ireton, his son-in-law, was indeed of a severe temper: a man of Law and a Soldier, and one with whom his Sword was as logical as his pen. His Republican spirit was not liable to those sudden meltings of Cromwell, effervescing themselves into bursts of Loyalty. But Ireton had made a common cause with his Father, and was equally importunate and accommodating to terminate the Treaty with the King. Ireton was the pen-man, the Treaty lay in his

own closet, and he never hesitated to moderate the proposals of the Army at the suggestion of Berkley. The most solemn protestations were repeatedly renewed that they were ready to sacrifice their lives to emancipate the King, enslaved by a vile intolerant party. "If I am an honest man," observed Cromwell to Ashburnham, "I have said enough of the sincerity of my intentions; if I am not, nothing is enough!"—"We should be the veriest knaves that ever lived," said Ireton, "if we made not good what we have promised, because the King, by his not declaring against us, had given us great advantage against our adversaries." During twenty days these eminent men appeared reconciled to accept the magnificent offers.

It was on the 2nd of August, that the King rejected the proposals of the Army. At a conference with the Officers, he delivered himself in the most unguarded language. "You cannot be without me; You will fall to ruin if I do not sustain you!" Thus the captive Monarch betrayed the fatal conviction of his own independent power. At that moment "his Majesty seemed very much erected," as Berkley expresses it. The fact was, that three days before, on the 30th of July, the City had

boldly declared against the Army. At the language of the King, Ireton, and even Berkley were surprised—the Officers who appeared to wish well to the Agreement looked on with wonder. One of them, Colonel Rainsborough, a furious Agitator, stole away in the midst of the conference, and posting to the Army, carrying off the King's words on his lips, with considerable additions, spread a flame through the indignant ranks. A whisper from Berkley had reminded Charles of his imprudence, and, as the conference was closing, the King attempted to soften the harshness of his rejection, as Berkley tells us, "with great power of language and behaviour." Ireton with keen discernment had once before observed, "Sir, you have an intention to be the Arbitrator between the Parliament and Us, and we mean to be so between you and the Parliament." There was always a pungency in the Republican Ireton's retorts on the King. When Charles observed to him, "I shall play my game as well as I can"—Ireton replied, "If your Majesty have a game to play, you must give us the liberty to play ours."

The Army was now on the point of making an important movement. It was yet to be a secret to the world, but Cromwell knew that

before two days should elapse the Army would be masters of London. Still he courted the King, still he deemed his name an army of itself. But now a single hour was a crisis. He dispatched an express to implore the King, that if he could not bring himself to yield to the Treaty, yet a conciliatory letter to the General expressive of his satisfaction with the Army, would at this moment secure those wavering and inconstant spirits for whom they could not answer. On a former occasion it had been announced that the temper of the Army had altered more than once; and Cromwell would often say, alluding to the chief Levellers, that "they were a giddy-headed party, and that there was no trust nor truth in them."

On the arrival of Cromwell's express, a letter was instantly prepared. But Charles hesitated till it had passed through three or four debates. That single day was lost! Berkley and Ashburnham were the bearers; messengers on the road met them to urge their speed; they reach Sion House, and are struck with amazement. They could obtain no interview with Cromwell nor Ireton. A mighty event had frustrated the design of the royal letter. The Speakers of both the Houses with many of their mem-

bers had taken refuge in the Army. The Soldiers were on their march to the City.

The event of that march was probably to be the measure of their adoption or their abandonment of the King. The Agitators, already indisposed by the King's tardy acceptance of their Treaty, were now regardless of his fate. The conciliatory letter to the General had been intended to show that the King was with them. Had the Army encountered a force greater than their own, or even a strong opposition, as there was an appearance of great resistance, for men were enlisted and commanders were appointed, in that extreme case they would have placed the King at their head, and would have invited the whole Royalist party. Such was the plotting and bold policy of Cromwell.*

* Ashburnham's Narrative recently published, 93. This writer is so vague that he has not noticed the incident of "the Letter," and evidently confused it with a different object. He acquaints us of Berkley's and his bad reception on their arrival at Sion House "with his Majesty's answer." What answer? According to his Narrative, it was "his Majesty's consent to their proposals," *i. e.* the proposals of the Army by Cromwell and Ireton. He says that these, after having been under the care of some of his Majesty's Counsel at Law, &c. "On the very day it was finished, the Army marched." Writing at a distant day, Ashburnham

This last Revolution after so many others, was described at the time, with as much truth as ridicule, in a pseudonymous letter of Secretary Nicholas. "All things are in England in very great confusion. As the King called a Parliament he could not rule, and afterwards the Parliament raised an Army it could not rule, so the Army have made Agitators they cannot rule, and the Agitators are setting up the People whom they will be as unable to rule."*

seems entirely to have forgotten that "the King's answer" which he and Berkley carried to the Army was "the Letter to the General." As for "the King's consent to their proposals," Charles never consented to them. His Lawyers and Divines called together on this occasion had only discussed them, and stated their objections; as Berkley acutely observed, "They easily answered the Proposals both in point of Law and Reason. But we had to do with what was stronger." It is evident that Ashburnham has sadly erred in supposing the King ever consented to the Treaty, and totally forgotten the incident of "the Letter," which was the real and only object of their post-haste expedition to Sion House.

* Clarendon State Papers, ii. Jo. Wilcocks, was the pseudonymous signature which concealed the honest old Secretary. I shall quote a writer unusual in historical researches, the facetious Tom Brown. The confused state of these revolutionary affairs is equally well described by a fact the Wit has recorded. The Cavaliers in the beginning of

Notwithstanding this triumph of the military, the Army marching through London on the 7th of August, the Officers still declared that "They would keep to their engagement with the King." Probably this was a mere act of policy, for we do not hear that the Treaty was renewed by them, nor solicited by the King, who secretly presaged "nothing but mischief from this vast increase of their authority."*

The King was now at Stoke, but desirous to be removed to one of his own houses. Ashburnham, in communicating with Cromwell and Ireton, was struck by their altered tone and repulsive air. "They told me, with very severe countenances, that he should go if he pleased to Oatlands." What they added explains their "very severe countenances." They informed Ashburnham that the King had sided with the Parliament by encouraging the Royalists to unite with them, and farther, that at this instant he had a treaty with the Scots. They held the evidence in their own hands, by

the troubles used to trump up the 12th of the Romans on the Parliament—the Parliament trumped it up on the Army when they would not disband—the Army back again on the Parliament when they disputed their orders. Never was poor Chapter so unmercifully tossed to and fro again and again!—Tom Brown's Works, iv. 14.

* Ashburnham's Narrative, 93.

his and the Queen's letters. This was a thunder-clap! Ashburnham defied them to produce their pretended evidence, offering that if they did he would willingly consent that the King should never be restored by their means. No such letters appear to have been produced. The King went to Oatlands on the 14th of August.

This detection of the double manœuvres of the distressed and irresolute Monarch, so early in August, embarrasses our Narrative. Ashburnham has fixed the time by naming the place where it occurred, but by some confusion in his reminiscences he seems to have antedated this material circumstance. Were Ashburnham correct in his statement, the subsequent conduct of Cromwell at Hampton Court, during his early intercourse with the King, would exhibit a scene of unimaginable and gratuitous perfidy. Clarendon places the expostulation of Cromwell at a later and more probable period. Dr. Lingard, following Clarendon, says that Cromwell acquainted Ashburnham of "the incurable duplicity of his Master," and fixes the time not early in August, but late in October. This at once removes the discrepancy. With Cromwell it is easy to conceive that he was earnestly sincere through

September, hypocritical in October, and openly hostile in November. This is nothing surprising in the history of a man who the Parliament declared merited a statue for quelling the tumults of the Army, and not many months after, at the head of that Army, expelled that Parliament.

The King went to Hampton Court on the 24th of August, where he resided during three months, in the full state of Royalty and almost of Liberty. His great and devoted friends had even leave for a restricted period to pass over from the Continent where they had now retreated, to visit their Sovereign. Among these were the heads of powerful parties, with whom were concerted their future plans; they were not hopeless, but hapless. It is evident that Cromwell was desirous of coalescing with the Royalists by the freedom he allowed of their access to Charles.

At first Cromwell himself was more assiduous than ever in his attendance on the King, with whom he held long conferences, and walked together in the galleries and the gardens of the Palace. Many of the Officers appear to have been gained over in their personal intercourse with Charles. The King might still be the fountain of honour and the dis-

penser of favours. Even the Citizens flocked to Hampton Court as they had formerly been accustomed, when their Sovereign returned from a Progress. It was the general opinion up to the middle of September, that the influence of Cromwell would settle the restoration of the King.

While this scene of comparative peace and tranquillity deluded the people, the wayward spirits of the Army had engendered a new Faction—a faction avowing its indomitable hostility to every other party in the State. Our political parties usually step forth with enviable titles, but how happens it, that they are more generally known to Posterity, by the nick-names conferred on them by their enemies? It is because the name they assume denotes their professions, and the name they receive marks their acts. The "Independents" had described their principle in their name, and veiled their turbulence in the mildness of Toleration, or, as the bigoted Presbyterian Clement Walker says, "to establish that chimera, Liberty of Conscience."* From these Commonwealth-men sprung a specious sect, first obscurely known as "Rationalists," an early

* Hist. of Independency, Part I. 31.

indication of the straggling "March of Intellect." Whatever they insisted to have done in the State and the Church was a reason, "until they be convinced with better." Better and worse they had, till their fluctuating doctrines took all the monstrous shapes of anarchy. The age of Charles the First was the age of Sectarianism, and no human arguments availed with "a godly race" appealing to the Sacred Scriptures for their Acts of Parliament, and who, whenever they came to a decision, fasted and prayed, to make Heaven justify their follies and their crimes. Every age has its character, which is derived from the circumstances of the period, but the principle by which men are actuated has ever been the same. Such vague and disturbed notions of civil liberty were more palpable when these "Rationalists" were denominated "The Levellers."*

* "The Levellers are miscalled," says the warm Presbyterian Clement Walker, "for they only endeavoured to level the exorbitant usurpations of the Council of State and Council of Officers, and it was Cromwell who falsely christened them." Hist. of Independency, Part II. 168.

Mrs. Hutchinson, in her admirable Memoirs of her Colonel, however, describes a wider circumference of their operations. They were "a sort of public-spirited men who stood up in the Parliament and the Army, declaring against the Factious, and the partiality that was in these days prac-

Then was comprehended the nature of their chimerical republics, every man choosing to live in one of his own. Then appeared their barbarous independence, and their ceaseless innovations. All the vain hopes of the eternal restlessness of man, placed amidst the corruptions of human institutions, and the conflicting interests of society itself.

The greater peril into which a nation is cast, is when the varied land-marks of Society are violently removed; then the Demagogue shows his towering head, the reckless Adventurer grasps at the universal spoil, and the Orator invokes Liberty, with a heart vowed to the wretched Slavery of flattering the passions of the People.*

tised, by which great men were privileged to those things which meaner men were punished for." She adds, for she wrote in the spirit of truth—"As all virtues are mediums, and have their extremes, there rose up after in that name a people who endeavoured the levelling of all estates and qualities." 288. 4to.

* I was struck by the unguarded description, as I presume it is, by a friend of the late Benjamin Constant in his eulogy on this Patriot. "M. Constant was in the utmost degree jealous of his popularity; he lost all energy when he saw it sinking; and the man who had disdained the favour and the gifts of Sovereigns could not bear up against the slightest popular disgrace." This is a miserable history of a man of genius, however moderate, solely solicitous of a hurrah! and

From the Rationalists and the Levellers, sprung up a race who have received no title, but may be designated by one not long after hardly earned—the Regicides! Bands of Tyrannicides, each a Brutus, who abhorred all Kings as being *de genere bestiarum rapacium*, as one of them said. These were men who would have acted like that Roman Senator, who, when the multitude in tumult vociferated to know who had killed their lord and master Caligula, and called for his punishment, from an eminence whence he could be heard by all, exclaimed with a voice loud as his lofty spirit, "I wish I had killed him!" Astonishment stilled the populace — they paused to think — and the tumult ceased! The King-killers of England were not invested with the romantic grandeur of the Roman Tyrannicides; the assassins among them were ordinary assassins, and the more solemn had English notions of legalizing, or passing under the forms of legality, even an illegal act.

and three cheers of the mob! and never, on any opportunity, of that wisdom and rectitude which might happen to be unpopular. The vilest parasite of a court is not a more contemptible being than that other servile Courtier of the people. The People at least require as often to be enlightened as flattered.—*Times*, December 18th, 1830.

The authority of Kings and the Rights of the People had been often discussed during the Civil Wars. That the People were Sovereign, or that the origin of all just power is in the People, was an abstract axiom in political science, which was now raised to oppose that principle of the divinity of Monarchical power which inculcated passive obedience, from the highest authority to which Christian Europe could appeal. The novel principle was developed in the celebrated tract of Buchanan.* The Scottish Republican had warded off by his apologetical and subtilizing Commentary the Jewish and Evangelical politics.† But Buchanan ad-

* De Jure Regni apud Scotos.

† In this Dialogue the Interlocutor urges the precept of passive obedience from St. Paul in his Epistle to Titus, ch. iii. And to show how strong was the precept, he observes what Princes St. Paul recommended to the prayers of the Church; Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero, for his Epistles are almost contemporary with them. Buchanan apologizes for St. Paul; his command was but for a time, the church being then in its infancy, and it was also to remove that odium which was attached to the Christians, that they refused all obedience to magistracy. Some of the primitive Christians had imprudently imagined that it was unworthy of those who were made free by the Son of God to lie under the power of any man. But St. Paul has given his reason for their obedience; it was not for the King's safety, but that the Church might live in peace and quietness. This passage

vanced beyond the mere illustration of an obscure and vague position, by maintaining that Evil Kings, like other criminals, may be brought to judgment, by those mightier Sovereigns, their own People. Were there no Societies of Men, there would be no Kings, for Kings are appointed for the good of the People, therefore the People are better than the King. It follows, that whenever a King is called to Judgment, it is the lesser power which appears before the greater.

enraged John Knox, who has furiously declaimed against this passage of St. Paul. He should have considered that St. Paul was writing to men of different nations, few rich or able to govern, most but recently emancipated, tradesmen, servants, and all private persons. Now that Christians are Kings, Paul would not write at this day as he wrote to the multitude. He maintains that Monarchs may be brought to Judgment, and it would be a false inference to conclude the thing was unlawful because it is not to be found in Scripture. There is however a passage in Peter, 1st. chap. ii. 13, which positively inculcates passive obedience and admits of no gloss, though volumes have been written on St. Paul's "divine right," and St. Peter's "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man."

The Covenanters alleged about ten passages from Scripture in favour of King-killing and revolting against them, but on the side of passive obedience to Kings the express texts are more numerous. Both sides explain or evade. Both converted the Scriptures into a Nose of Wax.

But what is this Sovereignty of the People? Is it like the equality of mankind, only an Utopian babble? Is it a contradiction in terms? How is the Servant to be the Master? or the governed to be the governors? Where are we to find this Sovereignty, among the many or the few? Has history or human nature ever shown a government composed of the People, vacillating with their passions and their interests, eager to establish and eager to pull down? This would be a government composed of self-destroying principles. Buchanan sees what a people can do, but he does not see what they will do. "When shall we hope for that happiness where the whole people agree with that which is Right?" demands the interlocutor in the dialogue. Buchanan responds, "That indeed is scarce to be hoped for, and to expect it is needless, for no Law could be made and no Magistrate be created which would not find some to object to the Law or to oppose the Man. It is sufficient," he concludes, "that the Laws are useful, and the Magistrate be of good repute." This speculative politician surely has left the obscure origin of government much where he found it, and Buchanan seems to have been casting his net into the sea to catch a whale. The

principle more particularly his own, is that Kings may be put on their trial, but the Sovereignty of the People, which is to exercise this Right with him, has no other medium to manifest its authority than by the violence of the Tribunes of the Roman people and the Ephori of the Lacedæmonians. I cannot discover in this famous work of Buchanan any notion of a Representative government, which at least seems the most rational of all human Institutions.

Yet never let us forget that even a Representative Government is liable to many peculiar abuses, and all popular Assemblies are a conflict of terrible passions. Truth is the celestial visitant of the few and not of the many. The Sovereignty of the People becomes as ambiguous a principle as any assumed by absolute Power. Our Rumpers, perplexed by the Sovereignty of the People, which when they had assumed they did not know what to make of, separated the Power from the Authority. They declared that "the Supreme Power is in the People, but the Supreme Authority is in the Commons, their Representatives." A false assumption, which like all fallacies was designed to veil evil designs. Who were these Proclaimers of the Liberties of

England? The Sovereign, the Peers, and two-thirds of the Commons had been purged, and purged, and purged away till nothing remained but the fraction of a House and a minority of its Members. The great truth is, that no Government can exist unless it be invested with paramount power to keep every other down. The passions and the sufferings of mankind in an eternal struggle where to lodge the seat of supreme authority, have rendered them alike the victims of a limited Monarchy which corrupts their selfishness, an arbitrary despotism which degrades the animal by exacting unconditional submission, and an anarchical democracy which erects the vain and the daring into so many potentates maddening the land by factions which can only be destroyed by other factions. The happiness of a People often vanishes in their eternal cry after Liberty,—it is the despotism of the multitude which shall always terminate by the despotism of the single person. When the Laws are once violated, man becomes the tyrant or the slave of his neighbour.

A letter about this time gives an extraordinary account of the excitement among the Levellers, "who stick not in the Army to say the Kingdom is theirs by conquest, and if the

arrears go on still unpaid it will be theirs by purchase." To dissolve the Parliament they insisted on a free Election, but we are startled when we find that they voted to extend the Elective franchise to all classes, not only to freeholders but to beggars, who were to have a vote for Knights and Burgesses! Servants only were excepted.* Those Levellers, whom I have denominated the Regicides, were fully convinced that the life of the Sovereign was a continued obstacle to their wild Democracy. It is now they meditated on the extraordinary project of some public act in the form of public justice on the doomed Monarch, to exhibit to all the world a justification of the People. The idea was now rife, and was not even disapproved by some who had not yet the taste of blood. Cornet Joyce, who had had no slight personal intercourse with the King, was desirous that the King should be brought to trial, "Not," said he, "that I would have one hair of his head to suffer, but that the people might not bear the blame of the war." Those who imagined the trial, dreamed also of the condemnation. Even the pistol, the poniard, or poison, should the greater novelty not be

* Clarendon State Papers, ii. xl. App. One can hardly imagine this universal reform of Parliament! Universal suffrage!

obtainable, were decided on. They railed against their Officers whom they witnessed mingled with the throng of Cavaliers at Hampton Court, as their betrayers. "Free-born John Lilburne," as he called himself, that giant of pamphleteers, whose ever-restless pen never wearied, threw amidst the Army now lying at Putney, a hand-grenado, which burst on the head of Cromwell, entitled "Putney Projects." Cromwell latterly assured Ashburnham that his life was not secure in his quarters, and on this pretext desired him to refrain from open visits, without however interrupting their private communications. Nor did Cromwell neglect to convey information whenever he could carry a point among the Agitators in favour of the King. "So many shows and expressions of Realities they intermingled with their discourse," Ashburnham with great simplicity remarks.

Berkley also discovered that Cromwell was somewhat captious. Expostulating with him for having betrayed a state-secret, Cromwell told him that Lady Carlisle, for her Ladyship again steps forth amid the busy scene, had affirmed that Sir John had informed her that Cromwell was to be created Earl of Essex and Captain of the King's Guards. Other rumours spread

that Ireton was to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for life. Such reports were fatal, while the Agitators promulgated that the Army and the people were to be sacrificed by their Lieutenant-General and their Commissary-General to their private ambition.

Berkley assures us that he had all along cautiously avoided the springes and the snares of that paragon of States-women, not to give umbrage to the Army. It was only after repeated messages conveyed by the voice and smiles of Lady Newport, that he was at last caught by the great Sempronia. Sir John, however, on visiting her Ladyship, enjoyed little of her company, for he had not long entered her haunted chamber, ere an Agitator made his ominous appearance, sent, as Sir John reasonably concludes, to neutralize their conversation, which ended in ordinary topics. Whether the expostulation of Cromwell were but a feint, to warn off Sir John from the unhallowed precinct of that perturbed spirit — the Presbyterian Lady; or whether her Ladyship had maliciously surmised the fact, though Berkley denies the communication in the present instance, we know for certain that her Ladyship's informant had furnished no ungrounded report.*

* Mr. Brodie, anxious to clear Cromwell of having ever been seduced by the promises held out to him, refers to Berkley

Of the nature of the communications which the two eminent persons now held with the King, we may form some notion by the acknowledgment which Ireton confidentially made to his friend Col. Hutchinson, long after all interests had ceased to deceive the hearer. "He gave us words, and we paid him in his own coin, when we found that he had no real intention to the people's good, but to prevail by our factions to regain by art what he had lost in fight." In September the confidence of Charles

as "informing us that the story of the Earldom was an invention."—Brodie, iv. 106. But since Mr. Brodie has written we have the positive evidence of Ashburnham, which I have before noticed, of the nature of the offers to Cromwell and Ireton, "to their utmost expectations." We have also a letter from Clarendon to Berkley, which approves of such offers having been made.—Clarendon State Papers, ii. 379. "The whole kingdom knows," says the warm Clement Walker, "Cromwell and Ireton to be apparently guilty of truckling with the King."—Hist. of Ind. i. 35. And I think Cromwell himself has made the confession, on the day he finally joined with the Army, acknowledging "that the glories of the world had so dazzled his eyes, that he could not discern clearly the great works the Lord was doing, but that he now desired the prayers of the Saints, that God would be pleased to forgive him *his self-seeking*." To me this is an evident allusion to what passed, as Ashburnham says, "for the space of twenty days, not without some hopes of success," and is an ample confirmation of the view which I have taken.

appears to have weakened, and he seems to have entertained doubts of the sincerity of the parties.

Major Huntington, an officer in Cromwell's own regiment, was the confidential messenger from his Colonel to the King, and became zealously attached to the unfortunate Monarch. When Charles was preparing his refusal to the proposals of the Parliament, he was desirous of consulting Cromwell before he sent in his answer. Taking the Major apart, the King earnestly inquired "whether he considered Cromwell remained the same in heart as by his tongue he had so frequently expressed himself?" The Major was staggered at the sudden and solemn question, and comprehending all its importance, requested to give his answer on the following day.

The Major that night hastened to Cromwell's quarters, and early in the morning broke in on Cromwell, whom he found in his bed. Raising up his colonel in his night-gown, and apologising for the unseasonable disturbance, he acquainted him with the urgency of the business. On this Cromwell, striking his hand on his breast, solemnly asseverated that he would do whatever he had promised to restore the King, imprecating Heaven that neither him-

self, nor his wife nor children might ever prosper, if he failed in his word, for that he would stand by the King were there but ten men left to stick to him." The Major, aware of what was passing in the Army, and with something like suspicion in his mind, was still so cautious as to condition with Cromwell, that should any thing happen to hinder his intentions, he would give the King timely warning that he might elude the danger. This is remarkable, for Cromwell held this promise sacred.

Charles, like Huntington, reposed on the honour of Cromwell. The King's answer to the Parliament was submitted by the Major to the perusal of Cromwell and Ireton "privately in a garden-house at Putney," with liberty to add or alter. The object was to obtain a personal treaty, and they promised their support in the House. On the 13th of September the King's answer was received by the Parliament, and it raised a flame in the House—and we are told that not among the least vehement were found Cromwell and Ireton! The astonished Monarch sent to inquire of Cromwell the reason of this extraordinary conduct. The ingenuity of the answer was only equalled by its perfidy. Cromwell alleged that "What he had done was merely to sound the depths of those viru-

lent humours of the Presbyterian party whom he knew to be no friends to his Majesty." Cromwell indeed, whatever he might have designed, lived in dread of the jealousies of the Army, and a public support of the King's measures might have confirmed their tales of his intrigues.*

From this moment, however, Cromwell never again appeared at Hampton Court.

The masks, if they had worn any, must have suddenly dropped from their faces. The unhappy and baffled Ashburnham seems to have been at a loss how to proceed with such reluctant and suspicious negotiators, and seems not to have been aware that a negotiation may

* It is a curious instance how imperfectly some are acquainted with parts of the very transaction in which they are engaged, or cease to deliver themselves accurately at a distant day. Sir John Berkley says, that "both Cromwell and Ireton, with Vane, and all their friends, seconded with great resolution, the desire of his Majesty (for a personal Treaty), but the more it was urged by Cromwell, the more it was rejected by the rest, who looked on them as their betrayers." How are we to accord this discrepancy with the narrative of Huntington? We must infer Cromwell's opposition from the apologetical answer he returned to the King. The recent Narrative of Ashburnham confirms Huntington's account, that from this moment "Cromwell and Ireton withdrew themselves by degrees from their wonted discourses of his Majesty's recovery."—Ashburnham's Narrative, 98.

be considered as concluded, when the negotiators are so coy as never to confer. The forlorn emissary of Charles went about circuitously among the officers to learn the resolutions of the two great men! He picked up from Colonel Rich some astounding gossip, in which Cromwell had enlarged "how this kingdom would be in a happy condition if the Government were settled as that in Holland." This alarming intelligence Ashburnham hastened to communicate to the King, urging, however, the absolute necessity of keeping up an appearance of friendly correspondence with these powerful men. Charles seemed troubled and absorbed in thought. He assured Ashburnham that he did not partake of his surprise, for that he had of late some secret hints in his mind that they never designed any other service to him than to advance their own, which lay some other way than by his restoration. Ashburnham took his final instructions to sound them once more. He found that all future negotiations would be useless.

The intention of Cromwell and Ireton now cease to be equivocal. This remarkable change may be ascribed to the peremptory resolutions of the new faction in the Army. The two great leaders were themselves in terror at the

monster they had themselves nursed. It was a novel predominance in the State. There is reason, however, to believe that a more private motive also prevailed with Cromwell and Ireton. A letter is said to have been intercepted, the tenor of which, whatever it was, put an end to their scheme of any coalition with the King. The history of this intercepted letter we reserve for the following chapter, as an investigation sufficiently curious.

The communication of Cromwell, Ireton, and Whalley with the King continued in appearance so late as *the end of October*, for their Ladies went to Court, and Ashburnham, taking Mrs. Cromwell by the hand, introduced her to his Majesty, and the whole family party were entertained. *Very early in November* we find that an impeachment of the Army against Cromwell was in agitation, and a week later Ireton opposes Rainsborough at a council of war. The furious Leveller intimated that the Army would not make any farther addresses to the King. Ireton protested against this violation of reason and justice, abruptly left the Council, and refused to return.* To so late a period as *the 8th of November*, Crom-

* See the curious extracts of letters of the day, in Clarendon's State Papers, ii. App. xl.

well and Ireton still persisted in the appearance of friendly dispositions. This mysterious conduct may be ascribed to their peculiar situation; they were wrestling with the new Faction, with whom as yet they had not joined.

Within the space of a week the King observed a sudden alteration in the civility of the soldiers, and that the guards were doubled. Charles desired Ashburnham to find some excuse to withdraw his parole, as the King did himself, on the plea that his friends had been dismissed, and his honour suspected, for that "his word was to be his guard." He sent word to the General that he could pledge his word no longer, and that the General should look to him as well as he could. Legge, of all his own attendants, was alone suffered to remain. Letters and notes were conveyed to Charles which confirmed certain rumours of his personal danger. The spirit of the Levellers was now under the influence of such political Saints as Hugh Peters, their Chaplain and buffoon, men whom the warm Clement Walker designates as "the journeymen-priests." An anonymous letter which Charles left on the table on his flight, and which had come from a quarter well known to Charles, informed him of the resolution of some Agitators at

a meeting where his brother was present, "to take his life away." Dell and Peters, two of their preachers, offered to bear them company, and had often said to them that "his Majesty is but as a dead dog."* The King was cast into terror and perplexity. Cromwell obtained intelligence of a plot concerted by the Levellers to send a strong detachment of their own party to seize on the King. He instantly wrote to Colonel Whalley, his relative, who had the custody of the King, to give him timely warning, declaring that he himself could no longer be responsible for the King's safety. Whalley immediately confided the pressing communication to the King.

At the close of the evening of the 12th of November, Charles escaped from Hampton Court, accompanied by Legge, and met Ashburnham and Berkley by appointment, and the next account heard of the King was that he remained in safety and in the custody of Hammond the Governor of the Isle of Wight, another confidential friend of Cromwell.

* This was no false information. Hugh Peters was a true Regicide. Evelyn, in his Diary, "heard Peters incite the Rebel Powers met in the Painted-Chamber to destroy his Majesty." I am afraid Hugh Peters never forgave Charles for absolutely forbidding him to preach before him, a circumstance which he has indignantly noticed.

This is one of the most mysterious incidents in this history. Contemporaries and historians have decided that the King, from the day of his deportation from Holmby to his escape to the Isle of Wight, was throughout the dupe of Cromwell.

Holles and Ludlow consider the flight as a stratagem of Cromwell's, who having cast Charles into the terror of assassination, had probably indicated his flight, concerting with his creature Whalley to connive at the escape of the King. The absurd account Whalley gave of his measures on its discovery, and no obstacles having impeded the Royal fugitive, give some suspicion.* Charles was advised to go to the Isle of Wight, where Cromwell had beforehand provided him with a gaoler in Colonel Hammond, who had been sent out as Governor only a few weeks before,

* Whalley tells of his "sending parties of horse every where both night and day—searching over Ashburnham's house which he found empty," and the King's Lodge, where he might be sure the King was not. This huddled narrative was not read in the House, as Hammond's letter arrived at the same time with certain information. Peck thinks that Rushworth did not publish it because it contained some things not to the advantage of Cromwell and Whalley. If so, it is only one among many suppressions of the kind by Rushworth.

so that the King was made to act the whole as from himself, and fly into the cage.

Two material objections are opposed to this account. First, the alarm of assassination was real, being confirmed to Charles from sources on which he could depend. Secondly, Hammond was so totally unprepared to receive the King, that the very idea threw him into a fright, and it was long before he could decide how to act. Assuredly the Governor of the Isle of Wight at this time was not of the confederacy with Cromwell and Whalley.

On the obscure motive of the flight of the King to the Isle of Wight, the Royalists assigned a very different cause. The companion of his flight, Ashburnham, either by delusion or perfidy, was an instrument of Cromwell, and this devoted friend of the King was calumniated for having betrayed his Master, and vilified, like another Judas, for "a great sum of money."* They could not by any other way conceive what could have induced Charles on his escape to trust himself with one

* It was reported that Ashburnham received forty thousand pounds from the Army. A Clerk of the Exchequer affirmed that he had paid him twenty thousand pounds! and we are assured, on being applied to, "repented for that sin." A striking instance of popular lies!

of the Army, with whom he had had no intercourse and could have no confidence. The truth is Charles never had designed blindly to trust himself in any Governor's hands, and instantly foresaw all the mischief which his inexpert but honest agents had occasioned. Clarendon, in his narrative, has spoken dubiously, and perhaps with unfriendliness of the conduct of Ashburnham, so that the stain on his character seemed indelible. Yet Clarendon confesses that he had read both the manuscript narratives of Berkley and Ashburnham, but either he had forgotten their contents, or could not recur to them. He held them both much too cheap. The Editor of Evelyn is not the only historical inquirer who has observed that "Ashburnham was suspected with great appearance of truth of having misled the King either through treachery or folly."* Even Hume had said that Ashburnham imprudently if not treacherously brought Hammond to the King. Père d'Orleans, whose elegant work on the Revolutions of England was composed under the eye of James the Second, and who has often profited by information drawn from that authentic source, at this particular period is startled at this mysterious accusation. "How is it pos-

* Evelyn's Diary, ii. 117.

sible," he exclaims, "to suspect of treachery the two devoted friends of the King?" Yet how was the Père to account for Charles being entrapped in the Isle? In straining on its tenterhooks, his historical curiosity, he cries in its agony, "Cromwell par des ressorts qu'on ne voit pas l'avoit fait conduire à l'isle de Wight." But in a calmer period he more sagaciously concludes, "Je laisse à éclaircir ce point à ceux qui auront la-dessus des lumières que je n'ai pas." *

But the critical difficulty still remains: what motive could Cromwell have in his anxious care of the King's life, and to what purpose did he let loose his prisoner only to place him in a more distant confinement? The enigma seems only to have been solved by the philosopher Hobbes, who with some advantage as a contemporary, but more by his profound views, has struck out of the most reasonable statement of affairs the most ingenious result.

Hobbes accounts for the sincerity of Cromwell in his first professions of restoring the King—it was a reserve against the Parliament kept in his pocket, but which at length he had no more need of. The King became an impediment to him, a trouble in the army, and to

* Père d'Orleans' Revolutions d'Angleterre, liv. ix. 69. 4to.

have let him fall into the hands of the Presbyterians had put a stop to the hopes of Cromwell. To murder Charles privately would have made the Lieutenant-General, under whose superintendence he was placed, odious, and it ought to be added, that Cromwell was not a man of blood, nor would the death of the King have furthered his designs. There was nothing better for his purpose than to suffer the King to escape, from a spot where he was placed too near the Parliament, and too accessible to the Scotch intriguers, and go wherever he pleased beyond sea.*

The flight of the King was an expedient of Cromwell to get rid of him altogether. There was a party who had decided on assassination, but some of the cooler heads in the Army were of opinion that their policy was to keep the imprisoned Father alive, by which means they prevented the Son from any pretension to the Crown. Cromwell ventured beyond this—he considered that the Expatriation of the King would relieve the embarrassments of all parties, convinced that on the Continent no fraternal Monarch would assist the English Sovereign, who had long ceased to be a Member of the European Family of political cabinets.

* Behemoth, 234.

This view clears up this mysterious transaction. Charles was lured out of his prison at Hampton Court, but with no intention to be imprisoned at the Isle of Wight. When the King sallied forth he had fixed on no place, and was so far from trusting the Governor of the Isle of Wight, which Charles would not have hesitated to have done, had he followed any previous advice of Cromwell—that he sent forwards his unfortunate agents to negotiate with the Governor, and considered himself as lost when they brought Hammond with them. The unexpected result of the King being in the custody of Hammond, disappointed the plotting head of Cromwell—for Charles in the Isle of Wight was more powerful than at Hampton Court, since he there carried on with more security his communications, and obtained —the constant object of his wishes,—a personal Treaty. Nothing less than another *coup d'état* from the Army Regicides was required to close the fate of the Monarch.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF THE LETTER SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN INTERCEPTED BY CROMWELL AND IRETON.

An intercepted letter is supposed to have decided Cromwell and Ireton to abandon the King. Rumours and stories from the most opposite quarters, pretending to disclose its contents, refute themselves by their contradictory intelligence, and show how every one seems at liberty in a secret history to invent what they choose. The existence of a document which may possibly have existed now becomes problematical.

Cromwell, in his expostulation with Ashburnham, furnishes one account. He affirmed, that by this letter to the Queen they had discovered that Charles had commanded all his party to side with the Parliament, and likewise that he had at that instant a treaty with the Scots. Herbert gives a rumour that the great

officers, or, as the Presbyterians now began to call them, the Grandees of the Army, had carried on their design to restore the King till, by violating a seal, and opening a letter from the Queen, they obtained intelligence of the Duke of Hamilton's preparations in Scotland, but this, Herbert observes, did not occur till about a year afterwards—however, it is clear that such a correspondence might have discovered "the preparations" long ere that important event. In their subsequent interview with the King, the Officers put the question, and the King concealed the intelligence. On this evidence of his duplicity they decided that he was no longer to be trusted.

There are also two extraordinary narratives. The first may be familiar to the reader, for it has formed the subject of a picture and a print. Lord Orrery, when Lord Broghill, was on terms of intimacy with Cromwell and Ireton, and riding out together, the conversation falling on the King's death, Cromwell observed, that "If the King had followed his own judgment, and had been attended by none but trusty servants, he had fooled them all." They were jogging on, all in good-humour, when Lord Orrery ventured to inquire, that since they had really designed to close with

the King, what had occurred which prevented it? Cromwell unreservedly satisfied his Lordship's curiosity. "When the Scots and the Presbyterians began to be more powerful than ourselves, and were likely to agree with him, and leave us in the lurch, we offered far more reasonable conditions. A letter came from one of our spies who was of the King's bed-chamber, acquainting us that our doom was decreed that day, in a letter to the Queen, sewed in the skirts of a saddle, and the bearer would arrive about ten at night at the Blue Boar in Holborn. The messenger himself knew nothing of the letter in the saddle, but some in Dover did." Our two great men, disguised as troopers, went, placing a sentinel at the wicket to warn them of the approach of their man. With drawn swords taking him aside, they told him their orders were to search all persons at the inn, but as he seemed an honest man they would only look at his saddle. They took it into a stall, unripped the skirts, and found the letter. In this letter, as Cromwell stated, the King acquainted the Queen, that being courted by both factions, who bid the fairest should have him, but he imagined that he should incline to the Scots rather than to the Army.

And was this all? It paid them very ill

for their unripping the saddle! The letter must have contained a great deal more than Cromwell is made to say, to colour their sudden desertion. Here was no proof of treachery nor duplicity in the King's determination, in his critical position, to prefer the better terms. They were well assured of that before they went to the Blue Boar.*

That nothing, however, should be wanting to complete the history of this intercepted letter, the wonderful part appears to have been conveyed to us. Pope and Richardson the son of the artist, conversing about this letter, which Richardson said he had read or heard of,

* I have often been surprised at the popularity of this story, for I never could trace it beyond Carte's Life of the Duke of Ormond, ii. 12. where one would have imagined it would have remained locked up in those three folios. The Chaplain of Lord Orrery had been told it by his patron, and possibly forgot the best of the tale. Carte extracted it from this Chaplain's manuscript Memoirs. However, I have since found it preserved in Hume's Notes, which will account for it having become so popular as to have formed a subject with an artist ambitious to illustrate our domestic history, exhibiting portraits of Cromwell and Ireton disguised as troopers, and the honest man and his horse in the background. Paul Veronese would have found it difficult to have thrown his grandeur into the architecture of the stables, and have created the illusion of the scene of his heroes unripping the pack-saddle!

Lord Bolingbroke gave them some curious intelligence. Lord Oxford, Harley the second Earl, the son of the Lord Treasurer, had told him that he had seen and had in his hand an original letter of Charles the First, wrote to the Queen, in reply to her reproach for "having made those villains (Cromwell and Ireton) too great concessions." The King replied, that "she should leave him to manage, for that he should know in due time how to deal with the rogues, who instead of a silken garter should be fitted with an hempen cord." It is added that they waited for this answer, which they intercepted accordingly, and it determined his fate. This letter Lord Oxford said he had offered 500*l.* for.*

Here unquestionably were treachery and duplicity more than enough to warrant any defection. But how happened it that Cromwell, telling the story to Lord Orrery, should have omitted such a blazing evidence in his favour? We only know the anecdote through the Chap-

* Richardsoniana, 132. The writer observes that "Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Marchmont, and Mr. Pope, all believed that the story which I had heard or read to this purpose, had its origin no higher than the story of Lord Oxford." So little did all these literary men know of the secret history of the eventful half century which had only just closed!

lain of Lord Orrery, writing a slight memoir of his Lordship; and it is possible, that though he had it from his Lordship, he may have sadly marred it,—most unskilfully dropping the pith and zest of his pointless tale. But the authenticity of the extraordinary letter seen by Lord Oxford presents some startling objections. Had the possessor of this letter been of any consideration, his name had probably appeared to satisfy a curious inquirer. If the person were obscure, his romantic tenderness for the King's reputation is not credible, in rejecting a seductive five hundred pounds for a letter which had no other than that historical value which a Collector attached to it. As the sum is printed in ciphers, we may suppose there is a supernumerary one; and yet fifty pounds for an obsolete letter, which makes the offer more reasonable, does not bring down the obstinate refusal to tolerable credibility.

The most fatal objection of all still remains. It is not in the nature of human possibilities, that Charles should ever have consigned to paper such a vulgar and villainous artifice. This entire dereliction of every moral and honourable principle is so repulsively incompatible with the scrupulous and rigid notions of honour of the man, who on one occasion would

not escape from his imprisonment till he had first formally withdrawn the pledge of his parole, and on another, when Lord Lanerick, with a large body of his friends, had contrived to surround him and his guards, intreating him to fly with them, he, that his honour might rest inviolate, voluntarily returned to his prison-house. The project is even impracticable, since, as we are here told, Cromwell was to be "the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for life, without account, with an army which knew no head but the Lieutenant." The Suzerain of Ireland!

How are we to decide on this intercepted letter so frequently noticed, and of which every account differs in its particulars? That a letter, whose tenor was unfavourable to the views of Cromwell and his colleague, and even indicated to them at the time by some spy of the King's bed-chamber, had been intercepted, is very probable. Baron Maseres, a most candid judge, however, can find no evidence of such a letter, and gives no credence to the popular story; and Hume declares, that "the story of this intercepted letter stands on no manner of foundation." All these various rumours of an intercepted letter look much like a clumsy expedient of the Party to save their own honour at the cost of the honour of Charles.

I can place no reliance on what the second Earl of Oxford stated in a conversation with Lord Bolingbroke. He was an intemperate person with the weakest judgment. I have looked over his own papers.* Lord Bolingbroke might have farced his well-told story, for the relish of Pope and Richardson, and have lardooned leanness. "The silken garter and the hempen cord" is very antithetical, and too much in the florid manner of Bolingbroke, to suit Charles's unstudied style.

* In some Memoranda of this Earl's writing, he asserts that the Duke of Marlborough was so completely illiterate that he could not spell and hardly write. But the writing and the orthography of the Duke were flowing and correct. As an instance of the Duke's utter illiterateness, Lord Bolingbroke told him, that when Barnes the Greek Professor came to offer to dedicate his Anacreon to the Duke, for twenty pounds, the Duke inquired "Who she was?" He remembered something about Creon in one of Dryden's plays, but nothing about this Anna."—I suspect Lord Bolingbroke must have delighted to play off his malicious wit on this second Earl of Oxford, who has duly registered a number of these ridiculous fictions.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SINGULAR NEGOTIATION OF BERKLEY AND ASHBURNHAM WITH THE GOVERNOR OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

CHARLES, impatient to quit a place where he hourly dreaded assassination, and where he had just learned that Rainsborough had resolved to destroy him, appointed the attendance of his companions at Thames Ditton. Shutting himself up in his chamber, and desiring to be free from any interruption, having letters to write, at dusk he called for a light. His unusual absence from evening prayers, and his prolonged delay of the supper-time, alarmed the Commissioners. They rapped at his chamber-door and were only answered by the solitary whine of the King's greyhound.* Entering,

* The Moderate Intelligence, from Nov. 11th to Nov. 18th; 1647.

and finding his Majesty's cloak thrown on the floor, the first idea which occurred to them was, as they tell us, "that somewhat had been attempted on his person." So rife was the rumour of the projected assassination!

Letters which Charles had left on his table removed their fears. One was an anonymous communication which had driven the King to flight. Three letters were written by the King himself. One addressed to the Houses of Parliament, contains this remarkable passage. "I call God to witness with what patience I have endured a tedious restraint, which, so long as I had any hopes that this sort of my suffering might conduce to the peace of my kingdoms, I did willingly undergo; but now finding by too certain proofs that this my continued patience, would not only turn to my personal ruin, but likewise be of much more prejudice to the public good, I thought I was bound, as well by natural as political obligations, to seek my safety by *retiring myself for some time from the public view both of my friends and enemies.*" And the King concludes this dignified address—"Let me be heard with freedom, honour, and safety, and I shall *instantly break through this cloud of retirement,* and show myself to be PATER

PATRIÆ."* It is extraordinary that with this clear evidence before them, historians should have imagined that Charles was betrayed by Cromwell, or by Ashburnham, to hasten to Hammond. This was written the very day of his departure, and it distinctly shows that Charles was hurrying into a fanciful project of his own, in unison with his melancholy mind, a romantic concealment from all the world, without having provided even a single chance of some abiding spot!

One letter was addressed to Colonel Whalley, expressive of the royal thanks for his attentive services while the King remained in his custody; the other was for Lord Montague, desiring that a certain picture in the King's apartment should be restored to its owner the Duke of Richmond; and in a postscript, Charles earnestly recommended to his care the favourite greyhound, which he voluntarily left behind. Charles was much attached to these mute but affectionate domestics; in solitude the heart needs something to be kind to. Charles appears to have discriminated between his dogs

* The Letter to the Parliament is preserved in Rushworth, vii. 871. The other letters are from the periodical publications of the times.

more acutely than among some of his courtiers. Once when Gipsey his greyhound was scratching at the door of his chamber, he desired Sir Philip Warwick to let the hound in. "I have perceived," said Warwick to the King, "that you love a greyhound better than a spaniel." "Yes," replied Charles, "for they equally love their masters, and yet do not flatter them so much."

All these letters were published. The Levellers ridiculed the care of a picture, and the sympathy for a dog. The Royalists exulted in contemplating in the Monarch the ideal of a gentleman. These letters not only vouched for the collectedness of his mind, and that the King did not fly with unmanly trepidation, but they saw true dignity in leaving his thanks to the Agitator Whalley, who had behaved himself well, and something amiable in his recollection of the picture, and his anxiety for his domestic friend the greyhound.

The flights and the imprisonments of Charles the First were like those of no other Monarch. They often took the romantic turn of his character.

It was a dark tempestuous night in November when Charles issued from Hampton Court by a private door into the Park, opened with-

out difficulty, unguarded by a sentinel. This looks like the connivance of Whalley to facilitate the King's escape. Crossing the Thames, Charles passed over to Ditton, where his companions were waiting with horses. The King undertook to be their guide through the Forest, more familiar with the paths than any of the party, but their track was soon lost in the darkness.

It appeared to Berkley that the King had fixed on no particular place of destination. Charles now complained of the Scotch Lords, who having offered their services to aid his escape, had on the following day retracted them, by raising obstacles with hints of the Covenant. The King was shaping his way towards Southampton. On descending a hill, Charles proposed that they should lead their horses, and confer together. Berkley supposed that the King then decided for the Isle of Wight, for he observes, "and that for the first time for aught that I could then discover."

The King had probably settled on no particular place in preference to another — his flight had been sudden. He had originally designed for Jersey, and still had hopes to procure some vessel. A ship was now mentioned, but there had been no time to prepare one. There

were, however reasons to induce Charles to direct his wanderings to the Isle of Wight which were unknown to Berkley. Ashburnham a day or two before had suggested the Isle of Wight for its contiguity to the sea,—for having few or no soldiers,—for the loyalty of its few inhabitants,—for Sir John Oglander's house there offering a safe retreat, and moreover, from a favourable impression made on him by Hammond the Governor, though his personal knowledge was slight. Ashburnham had recently met Hammond, who declared that he was retiring to his government to be out of the way of the Army, who he had discovered had resolved to break all promises with the King, and he would never bring himself to join with such perfidious deeds. Lady Isabella Thynne had also spoken of Hammond to Ashburnham. The Stateswomen were always to be consulted. This is the simple mystery of Charles's flying to the Isle of Wight, which has occasioned so many misconceptions, erroneous statements, and unjust surmises of the artful plotting of Cromwell, of Ashburnham's incredible perfidy, and of Charles's having so imprudently run into the trap which had been set for him.

Charles, within twenty miles of the Island,

felt some prudent misgivings. He was hastening to cast himself into the hands of the Governor without having ascertained his dispositions. Hammond, indeed, was not unknown to the King; he was the nephew of his favourite Chaplain, and had himself formerly kissed hands, but he had long been a Colonel in the Parliamentary Army.

The King warily dispatched Berkley and Ashburnham to sound Hammond, while with Colonel Legge he retired to Titchfield, the residence of the Earl of Southampton. They were to show the Governor the copies of the letters from Cromwell, and an anonymous person, and to tell him that the King designed to fly not from the Army but from assassins, and had chosen to confide in Hammond, not only as one of good extraction, but one who, though engaged against him in war, had never carried any animosity to his person, to which he was informed Hammond bore no aversion. He asked for protection for himself and his servants, or, if he could not grant this, they should be left to themselves. Berkley tells us, that foreseeing the possibility of their arrest, and "with the image of the gallows very perfectly before him," he requested the King, that should they delay their return beyond a reasonable

time, that he should think no more of them but secure his own escape. Charles thanked him for the caution. It evidently inferred that Berkley had no idea of betraying to Hammond the place of Charles's concealment. The King in all appearances was to be at Hampton Court, waiting the answer of his envoys.

If the embassy were hazardous, it was still more difficult. If we trust to the recriminatory narratives, it would be hard to decide who was the most indiscreet negotiator.

It is extraordinary that Ashburnham, who had some personal knowledge of Hammond, instead of addressing him direct, should have deputed Berkley, who was a stranger to the Governor, and whom they now met, going from Carisbrooke Castle to Newport. Sir John at once startled the Governor by asking him "who he thought was near him?" and then telling him "Even good King Charles, who was come from Hampton Court for fear of being privately murdered." "This was a very unskilful entrance into our business," observes Ashburnham. Berkley himself tells us simply that "He delivered the King's message word for word," but it is probable that Ashburnham's account is right, by an expression in Hammond's letter to the Parliament, that "Sir

John in a short discourse told him that the King was near." We shall not attempt to reconcile a couple of discordant narrations drawn up by the parties to throw blame on each other, yet be it observed, with great tenderness, often offering excuses for their mutual indiscretions.

What occurred is more certain than what was said. The abruptness of this overwhelming intelligence raised up the most conflicting emotions in the breast of the Governor. His consternation betrayed itself visibly—a sudden paleness spread over his countenance, and he was thrown into such a state of trepidation that with difficulty he kept his seat on his horse. The paroxysm came and went for a considerable time. Hammond, who had so cautiously avoided to take any part in the Army-measures against the King, now perceived at once how his feelings and his honour must be risked on the stake. Paramount to all other feelings was his high responsibility as a military Governor.

With as much sincerity as *naïveté*, the distracted Colonel passionately exclaimed, "Oh, gentlemen! you have undone me by bringing the King into the Island! if you have brought him—if you have not, pray let him not come—

for what between my duty to his Majesty, and my gratitude for this fresh obligation of his confidence on the one hand, and the observance of my trust to the Army on the other, I shall be confounded!"

There was no trick, no deception in these first disturbed emotions of Colonel Hammond. His case was that of many honourable men, as we have already shown, whose sympathy for a Monarch, after the tribulations of many years of adversity, had not less force with them than their principles of patriotism.

Hammond was the very character which was most likely to fall a victim as he did to such cruel embarrassments, where he could not act on one side without injury to the other. Hammond was a man of honour, and some gracious favours once received from the King were not obliterated in forgetfulness, but he was also a Colonel in the service of the Parliament. He had retired from the violence of the Agitators, but he was closely attached to Cromwell, by whose mediation he had married a daughter of Hampden. The Colonel had two uncles, one a distinguished Officer in the Civil Wars, and whose zeal, abounding zeal, at length classed him among the Regicides; the other uncle was the favourite Chaplain of

Charles, a Divine whose loyalty and piety vied with each other. A mind not endowed with any original vigour, when there happens a schism in the political principles of a family, influenced alike by both parties to him equally endeared, becomes pliant and irresolute, and is thrown into a state of passiveness. The Parliamentarian uncle who had made Hammond a military man, and might have converted him into a Regicide, had found some of the work of his hands undone by the uncle, the celebrated Divine, who had awed by his Scripture "Paraphrases" and those "Commentaries" which are still famous. The result of such an incessant action and counter-action with our Colonel was that of holding him in an equi-ponderancy between the Parliament and the King. From the moment of that burst of his feelings on his receiving the first intelligence of the proximity of Charles, to the end of his subsequent vacillating conduct towards the Monarch, when he was himself cast into a prison, as suspected of loyalty, we may say of Hammond, that he was truly the Nephew of two Uncles.

As the Colonel gradually recovered his senses, the business assumed a more tangible shape. Hammond looked more steadily on the novel position in which, in spite of himself, he now

stood. He invited them to dinner and a conference, in which he professed his inclination to serve the King. They could not prevail on him to agree to a definite condition of that aid and protection which they required. After a long debate; Hammond pledged himself to perform whatever should be expected from "a person of honour and honesty." Ashburnham seized on the vague indefinite offer, and said "He would ask no more!" so eager was this inefficient negotiator to conclude what he had not had even the courage to begin.

A curious circumstance occurred when Hammond desired that one of them should remain in the Castle with him while the other went to the King. Berkley declares "He embraced the motion most readily, and immediately went over the bridge into the Castle, though I had the image of the gallows very perfectly before me;" and sarcastically adds, "Mr. Ashburnham went, I believe, with a better heart to horse." Hammond had proposed that Ashburnham should remain, as a more precious pledge than Berkley; the reason Ashburnham alleges for preferring the imprisonment of Berkley to his own is simple—that he thought himself more useful to his Majesty. However, it seems, that he dropped this part of the adventure in the

account he rendered to the King, and that Berkley took care to supply that omission, to convince the King that he was in earnest, and had exposed his life to vouch for it. It was probably alluding to this and to other circumstances, that induced Charles at a distant day to observe on the adventure of the Isle of Wight, and the strange conduct of Ashburnham, that "He did not believe that he was unfaithful to him, but that he thought that he wanted courage at that time who he never knew wanted it before."

The affair terminated unexpectedly. Hammond decided to wait on the King in person. Berkley was recalled as he was entering the Castle, and remained astonished at Ashburnham's consent to take the Governor without apprising the King and obtaining his approval. Ashburnham considered that it was now useless to refuse Hammond, who, had they departed without him, would have sent his spies. On taking boat at Cowes Castle, Hammond called on the Captain to accompany him, and once proposed to be accompanied by a file of soldiers.* Berkley opposed the supernumerary Captain,

* Dr. Lingard has mentioned this "file," but it is evident by what afterwards occurred, that Hammond was solely accompanied by the Captain of the Castle.

but Ashburnham observed, that "They were but two, whom they could easily secure." Berkley replied, "You will undoubtedly surprise the King;" Mr. Ashburnham said nothing but "I'll warrant you"—"And so you shall," said I, "for you know the King much better than I do; but I will not see him before you satisfy his Majesty concerning your proceedings. Well! He would take that upon him."

When the four arrived at Titchfield House, Ashburnham alone went to the King to acquaint him of the extraordinary visitor waiting below whom he had conducted to him. Whatever the fear of Berkley had suggested, did not exceed the reality of the scene which occurred. Charles started in agony, striking his breast, and exclaiming, "What, have you brought Hammond with you? Oh, Jack! you have undone me! for I am by this means made fast from stirring,—the Governor will keep me prisoner." There is reason to suspect that the King for a moment actually thought himself betrayed. I infer this, both from the extraordinary look and language with which he received Ashburnham, and from the monstrous resolution Ashburnham was induced to take on this occasion; in utter despair, Charles spoke "with a very severe and reserved countenance,

the first of that kind to me." "With the saddest heart that certainly ever man had," Ashburnham proposed "an expedient" for his fatal error. The King now told him that he had sent to Hampton for a vessel, but how could he now be cleared of the Governor? Ashburnham replied that his coming had made any other way more practicable than if he had stayed behind; and when the King pressed to know how? the feeble and heart-broken Ashburnham decided to dispatch the Governor and the Captain!

Ashburnham describes the King, on hearing this monstrous "expedient," as "walking some few times in the room and weighing what I had proposed to him." Surely Charles not for a moment could "weigh" in his mind the assassination of two innocent men. It could only have been the delirium of despair in the feeble mind of the weeping Ashburnham which could have suggested such an unjustifiable deed. Long afterwards some were so rash as to censure this unfortunate gentleman for not dispatching the Governor without acquainting the King with it, aware as he was of the King's great tenderness of blood. It is curious to observe an humane man apologise for not committing a horrid murder in cold blood!

Berkley has described this remarkable scene as he received it at the time from Ashburnham himself, and it seems more intelligible. "Mr. Ashburnham replied to the King, that if he mistrusted Hammond he would undertake to secure him." His Majesty said, "I understand you well enough, but the world would not excuse me. Should I follow that counsel, it would be believed that Hammond had ventured his life for me, and that I had unworthily taken it from him. It is too late to think of any thing but going through the way you have forced upon me, and so leave the issue to God!" Mr. Ashburnham having no more to reply wept bitterly.

The Governor of the Isle of Wight being introduced to the King, renewed his protestations with more warmth than he had done to the two inefficient negotiators. The King, however, desired Hammond to remember that "He was to be judge of what was honourable and honest." This was the best terms the King could make, and which, if a prisoner, were no terms at all. Charles was conducted by Hammond to this Island, with the purest intentions, to use his own words, "to preserve with his own life the King's person from any horrid attempt on it"—to accommodate that

rude residence "to his quality," for which he appealed to the aid of Parliament.* Hammond was now the nephew of his uncle the Divine; and in placing the King in the security of Carisbrooke Castle, neither of them anticipated that it was to be the gloomy imprisonment of eight tedious months.

*The expense of his Majesty's Household was in consequence debated in Parliament, a Committee was to report the state of the King's Expenses, what it would amount to above 50*l.* per diem. This sum, with no court to maintain, seems curious.—Rushworth, vii. 878.

CHAPTER XV.

IMPRISONMENT AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

CHARLES seemed to rejoice in his new abode. Unexpectedly in a corner of the kingdom he had found that Loyalty had not grown obsolete. The men, women, and children of the Isle of Wight—"this poor well-affected people," as Berkley describes them—were in their innocent ignorance so attached to his royal person, that some, shortly after, when an old retired Captain beat a drum to liberate their Sovereign, ran after the drum, and were amazed to witness their solitary hero hanged and quartered. The twelve old men who formed the garrison of the Castle, and had passed their military lives under a Royalist General, at the sight of the King renovated their superannuated loyalty. Even the Governor himself clung to his loyal sensibilities, and was still the nephew of his uncle the Divine. He held "fervent private

conferences" with Ashburnham. Hammond, connected with the superior Officers, abhorred the Agitators, or the Anarchists; in that disposition he was at least immutable, He now earnestly desired that the King should send one of his three friends to the General with encouraging letters, while he himself wrote confidentially to Cromwell and Ireton, to conjure them by their engagement, their interest, and their conscience, to close with the reasonable offers of the King, and no longer expose themselves "to the fantastic giddiness of the Agitators."

At this moment a great event occurred. The Terrorists themselves had become terrified; the Agitators had ceased to agitate. By an incident parallel to that which first led on to Napoleon's fortunate career, the prompt resolution of Cromwell at a critical moment saved himself and the State. By his usual preventive policy of *espionage* he got into the secrets of the Levellers. It is said that Cromwell's life was at stake, and that the Agitators had threatened to make him pay with his head the forfeit of his intrigues with Charles.* An impeachment was actually preparing; and it is mentioned, that "if on that day Crom-

* Dr. Lingard, x. 398.

well did not make himself powerful to secure his head, he must follow his predecessor Hotham." * On such a momentous incident the fate of Cromwell similar to that of Napoleon depended! The flight of the King had disconcerted the plans of the Agitators which they had designed to carry into execution at Hampton Court. They met to mutiny. Unexpectedly they beheld among themselves the Lieutenant-General himself. Cromwell asked some questions and received insolent answers, on which, as Clarendon describes the action, with "a marvellous vivacity," he knocked two or three of them on the head with his own hand, charged the rest with his troops, took a number of prisoners, hanged some, and tried others.

These formed but the forlorn-hope of the mutineers. The heads of this party were still the same determined spirits powerful in the Army. To remain their masters, Cromwell and Ireton submitted. Cromwell became one of themselves to make them become Cromwellians.

* This appears by an article of Intelligence, and the names of the Secretary for furnishing articles, with that of the drawer-up of the collected materials are mentioned. Clarendon State Papers, App. ii. xl. and xli.

Berkley was commissioned to bear the letters of the King and of the Governor, which with some apprehension of the event he cheerfully did, much to the satisfaction, as he insinuates, of Ashburnham and Legge. His reception is dramatically told.

Hastening to the General's quarters, whom he found at a meeting of the Officers, after long waiting, an inattention not usually shown to a royal messenger, he was called in. The General, looking on him with a severe countenance in his cold and graceless manner, only said that they were the Parliament's Army, to whom they would send the King's letter. Looking round for his acquaintance among the Officers, Cromwell and Ireton slightly bowed with altered countenances, such as they had never shown before. They took an opportunity of showing Berkley, Hammond's letter, with a bitter disdainful smile. He saw that that was no place for him, and hurried to his lodgings. There he waited, and was surprised that no one called on him. In the evening he sent his servant to light upon some of his acquaintance. A General Officer whispered in the servant's ear that he would meet his master at midnight in a close behind his inn.

In this stolen and solemn midnight interview, at the strange spot of the appointment, Berkley learned all which he dreaded to learn. "I told you," said this ominous sprite, who seems to have been Watson, Cromwell's scout-master—"that we who were zealous for the engagement with the King would discover if we were cozened. We mistrusted Cromwell and Ireton, as I informed you. I come now to tell you that we mistrust neither, but know them, and all of us, to be the archest villains in the world. For we are resolved to destroy the King and his posterity. Ireton proposed that you should be sent prisoner to the Tower, and that none should speak to you upon pain of death, and I do hazard my life now by doing it. It is intended to send eight hundred of the most disaffected of the Army to secure the King's person, which we believe not at present to be so—then to bring him to trial, I dare think no farther! If the King can escape, let him do it!" This change in the conduct of the superior Officers, which seemed to surprise Berkley and his secret communicant, could only be ascribed, as it appeared to them, for they knew not of any intercepted letter of the King's, to the state of the Army itself. Had the superior Officers refused to

unite with the Army, two-thirds had resolved to divide from them. Hugh Peters, the Chaplain of the Army, who wore a sword, and asserted that the sword contained all the Laws of the Realm, was a fit negotiator for Cromwell. With the accustomed dexterity of his versatile genius, Cromwell observed, "If we cannot bring the Army to our sense, we must go to theirs;" acknowledging, as he did on a former occasion, that "the glories of the world had so dazzled his eyes, that he could not discern clearly the great works the Lord was doing."

Berkley sent off immediate dispatches by his cousin; it informed the Governor of the doubtful state of the Army, and communicated to the King, in cipher, the particulars of the secret conference. In the morning he sent Cornet Cooke to Cromwell to inform him that he had letters and instructions from the King. Cromwell told this secret messenger that he durst not see Berkley, it being very dangerous for both. He assured him, however, that he would serve his Majesty as long as he could do without his ruin, but desired that it should not be expected that he should perish for his sake." This deceptive style, although it appears to have been assumed to carry on a delu-

sion, for by what had just been revealed to Berkley the trial of the King had been definitively resolved on by the coalition of the parties, yet there is reason to believe that Cromwell in his mind hesitated about the King's trial; that monstrous injustice to Charles he yet shrunk from. Burnet assures us that Ireton was the person that drove it on, and that Cromwell was all the while in some suspense about it. The manner in which Cromwell signed the death-warrant fully indicates how he considered that "deed without a name."

During the first six weeks of Charles's abode at the Isle of Wight, where he arrived on the 11th of November, his old servants were restored to him, and, on the whole, Hammond was still courteous. On the 21st of December the Parliament, then under the influence of the Army faction, resolved on their four dethroning Bills, without the concurrence of their old allies the Scotch Commissioners, who as firmly resolved to protest against the injustice of the Parliament, or rather their malignant enemies the Independents. It became a post-race with the parties who should first reach the King. The Commissioners of Scotland arrived a whole day before the Commis-

sioners of the Lords and Commons,* who were mortified at discovering that they had been anticipated, which they were in more respects than one. The King, during that day, had closed in with a secret treaty,† a treaty which had been long in agitation with the Scots. The urgency of the present moment alone induced both the parties to mutual and vague concessions. The Scotch Commissioners had also taken hold of that opportunity to confirm to the unhappy Monarch the decision of his enemies to leave him to languish in perpetual imprisonment, or to destroy him publicly by a trial, or by more silent and private means.

* Secret Transactions in relation to King Charles the First, by Sir John Bowring, 87.

† Clarendon tells us that it was so secret that they cased the Treaty in lead, and buried it in a garden in the island, whence they subsequently extracted it. This is one of the inadvertencies of this great historian, who often wrote without his authorities on his desk, and often trusted to his reminiscence. It appears by Ashburnham's Narrative that, alarmed at the Treaty being found in the King's possession, he had advised Charles to provide for its instant security. It was sent to Ashburnham, who "closed the papers in lead, and left them in Sir George Berkley's House," probably buried in the garden. The difference is not material from the history of Clarendon, but it is clear that the historian was not always exact. Inadvertencies of this kind have been lately more severely animadverted on than they required.

Charles refused his assent to the four Bills which the Parliament insisted on for their own security, without offering any for his, protesting that "neither the desire of being freed from his tedious and irksome condition of life, which he had so long suffered, nor the apprehension of something worse, should ever prevail with him to consent to any Act till the Peace was concluded," and previous to a personal treaty which he had often demanded. The fate of Charles seemed still more evident, when on the 10th of January 1648, the vote of non-addresses passed the House. They had now decided to settle the Kingdom without the King, as subsequently they did without the Lords, and finally without the Commons. These great events were violently precipitated on each other. They terminated by condemning Charles to a closer imprisonment, and severing him from all intercourse, as was imagined, with his many devoted friends.

When the Commissioners left Charles after his refusal of the four propositions, Hammond instantly dismissed all the King's servants, and doubled his guards. Hammond, however he felt himself bound by "his honour and honesty" to the King, and which, had those

excellent qualities depended on himself he would have willingly maintained, was by his situation and close connexions in correspondence with the Army faction. The vacillating Hammond was now the Nephew of his Uncle the Parliamentary Colonel! The unfortunate Monarch could only feel the indignity he endured from the military man, who, in truth, was only acting in submission to the orders of his superiors. The honour of the soldier is involved in his passive obedience. The zeal of Hammond seemed criminal to Charles, who at length declared that "the Governor was as great a rogue as any." Weak minds, placed in the most trying situations, indulge a vehemence of zeal to nerve themselves against their natural repugnance, as some drink to intoxication to arm themselves with a blind and insensible courage.

Hammond now raised the courteous tone of his voice into insolence and reprimand, and the personal respect to Charles changed even to a brutal assault.

This curious circumstance in the conduct of the Governor of the Isle of Wight has been revealed to us by some morsels of secret history. As in these volumes, the materials which enter into the history of human nature are not

their least valuable portions, some may be gratified to find the very conversation which at first occurred between Charles and Hammond, on the sudden dismission of his attendants. It is a dramatic piece full of natural touches and characteristic of Charles the First.

The King.—"Why do you use me thus? Where are your orders for it? Was it the Spirit that moved you to it?"

Hammond remained silent. His orders were as yet secret. At length he laid the change of his proceedings to the King's unsatisfactory answer to the Commissioners.

The King.—"Did you not engage your honour, you would take no advantage from thence against me?" The King had returned his answer to the Commissioners sealed, but they had insisted that it should be delivered to them open, on which Charles required their promise, that after reading his answer, it should not make any alteration in his present state. The Governor had been present with the Commissioners and was therefore included with the party.

Hammond.—"I said nothing."

The King.—"You are an equivocating gentleman. Will you allow me any chaplain?

You pretend for liberty of conscience, shall I have none?"

Hammond.—"I cannot allow you any chaplain."

The King.—"You use me neither like a gentleman, nor a Christian."

Hammond.—"I'll speak with you when you are in better temper."

The King.—"I have slept well to-night."

Hammond.—"I have used you very civilly."

The King.—"Why do you not so now then?"

Hammond.—"Sir, you are too high."

The King.—"My shoemaker's fault then; my shoes are of the same last, &c. (twice or thrice repeated.) Shall I have liberty to go about and take the air?"

Hammond.—"No! I cannot grant it."

The King then charged him with his allegiance, and told him that he must answer this. Hammond wept.* Charles was then meditating another flight.

Two months afterwards Hammond's official severity emboldened him beyond his nature. At two in the morning he entered the King's chamber. Charles, suspecting some treachery,

* Clarendon State Papers, xliv. Appendix.

hastily rose, and slipped on his gown. Hammond had searched the King's cabinet, but not finding the Scotch treaty, which he looked for, proceeded to ransack the King's pockets. Charles resisted, and struck him, and, as was reported, the blow was returned. The King then took his papers out of his pocket, and thrust them into the flames. It was a scuffle.

Here we discover Charles the First in a rigid and desolate imprisonment subjected to injury and insult. At that moment, however, the influence of the name of the Sovereign of England remained in the world from whence he had been expelled. Friends, devoted by their affections to his service, were nightly hovering on the sea-shores, and watchful about the castle, holding an invisible intercourse with the lonely captive, who could not command a single messenger; and who, in the solitude of his chamber, as he himself said, in pointing to the singular person who at the time was passing in the street, found in "that old little crumpling man the best companion he had for three months together, who made his fires in Carisbrooke Castle."

Charles, in his various captivities, kept up a surprising secret intercourse with his active friends, no ordinary evidence of the strong per-

sonal attachments which this unhappy Prince had inspired in his adversities, when destitute of means to bribe the sordid, or to flatter the ambitious. He was rarely deserted or betrayed,* a circumstance which did not attend him

* Some underlings made advantages of their knowledge of the secret transactions, and of some of the correspondence of Charles the First, and probably served both parties at the same time for double pay. Witherings of the Post-office, and one Lowe a merchant, during the King's imprisonment at Carisbrooke Castle, were of this description of secret agents. Such persons are evidently alluded to by Clarendon. "Many who did undertake to perform these offices did not make good what they promised, which makes it plain they were permitted to get credit, that they might the more usefully betray."—v. 553. Firebrace in one of his notes to the King observes, "you keep intelligence with somebody that betrays you, for there is a letter of yours sent to the Governor (of the Isle of Wight) from Derby-House." On which Charles answers, "It is possible that the rogue Witherings hath discovered those I superscribe to my wife, and hath sent one of my letters to the Committee. Enquire and see if I have not guessed right. Do not send that letter of mine for my wife to the post-house, but either to Doctor Fraiser, or my Lady Carlisle, with a caution not to trust the post-masters." Of Lowe the merchant, the King observes, "If any does betray me, it must be O. (Lowe), yet he bragged to me, in his last letter, that he furnished the Duke of York with a hundred and fifty pounds for his journey, but the truth is that N. for whose fidelity I will answer, (Mrs. Whorwood) doth suspect him, and in the last packet

in the days of his Royalty. In every one of his imprisonments, however close, his communication with his faithful friends was scarcely ever interrupted. After the civil wars his perilous condition, sometimes disguised by the splendour of a court, but oftener passed in the gloom of his grated windows, was not ill-suited to his romantic mind, as his perpetual conferences and answers to Treaties of Peace were adapted to his logical head, and his proneness to discussion. His own ingenuity in suggesting inventions in his prison, and the patient devotion of his friends in waiting for fit opportunities, or in contriving—extraordinary incidents and guileless stratagems, were equally uncommon. Often has a dropped hanging, a crevice in the wall,—a hiding-place in the chamber where a paper could be deposited, carried on a correspondence with

hath given me warning of him. Do not dishearten him, get what money you can of him, but do not trust him. It was not I that acquainted him with the greater business, for I found his name at the joint letter you sent me before ever I imagined he knew of any such thing. I never wrote any thing of moment to him, but only made use of him for conveyance of letters and sending me news. Be as confident of my discretion as *honesty; for I can justly brag that yet neither man nor woman ever suffered by my tongue or pen for any secret that I have been trusted withall.*"

the mute person who did not dare to converse with the royal prisoner, to whom he hardly ventured to direct a silent look, or a meaning gesture.* Ladies have lodged in the neighbourhood week after week, or disguised in some humble character, would insinuate themselves into the acquaintance of the domestics of the castle. Sometimes a good-natured sentinel might be bribed; but Mary, the assistant of Lady Wheeler, the King's laundress, was a more accessible person. Many who had been placed about the King by the Parliament, though strangers to Charles, soon formed a deep personal attachment to this interesting monarch. The celebrated Harrington, a Republican in principle, was so forcibly affected by the ability and dignity of the King, that he was removed from his attendance. Herbert, who seems to have adored the man in the Monarch, was a Presbyterian; and one Osborne, who assisted the King in his attempt to escape, had been fixed as a spy near his person,

* Charles says in one of his secret daily notes to one of his faithful attendants, Firebrace, "I hope this day at dinner you understood my looks; for the soldier I told you of, whose looks I like, was then there in a white night-cap, and as I thought you took notice of him, I hope to find something from you when I come in from walking."

under the ostensible title of his Gentleman Usher. His office was to hold the King's glove during his dinner. In the fingers of the glove he slid a note bearing the offer of his devoted services, and an uninterrupted correspondence passed by means of the King's glove.

Colonel Bosville appears to have transformed himself into a variety of personages. Sometimes a countryman, a mariner, or a mendicant, surprised the King when he rode out on a bridge, or in a narrow lane. At the startling obtrusion of the Stranger, Charles was always prompt in hiding the note slipped into his hand under the low obeisance which had concealed it. This Colonel had several times been committed for these treasonable manœuvres, but he excelled in the singular art of escaping from his gaolers. The Warders who guarded the King's apartment, were ordered by Hammond to lay their beds close to the doors, by which means no doors could be opened without removing their beds. Even this annoyance could not baffle the persevering ingenuity of one of the King's secret friends, Mr. afterwards, Sir Henry Firebrace. Though at London, Firebrace contrived to get an appointment at the Castle, and offering one of the Warders to supply his place, while the War-

der indulged an hour at supper, the secret friend sliding open the door of the King's apartment, delivered a packet of letters. In these occasional visits, when danger was apprehended from having the door open while they conversed, a chink in the wainscot was perforated, behind the hanging; on the approach of any one the aperture was covered by its noiseless fall. Leaning to, and listening at this small aperture, did Charles the First concert measures for his projected escape, and through this crevice received and delivered many an important dispatch.*

There are more than fifty notes or letters of a secret correspondence which the King kept up with Sir William Hopkins, a resident at the Isle of Wight.† They chiefly relate to an escape which was planning for the royal prisoner, at the time he was allowed an intercourse with some persons in the island. They dis-

* Several notes which passed between the King and Firebrace were preserved by the family. They interest us by the striking contrast of the persons with their situations. In one Charles says, "If you can, let me speak with you this night at the Chink."

† This curious correspondence was given to Wagstaffe by a descendant of the family, and is preserved in the Appendix to Wagstaffe's "Vindication of Charles the First."

play the King's personal character in a new light. Many affecting circumstances, arising out of the peculiarity of his distresses, reveal this man of sorrows; but the prompt sagacity of the King, and the perspicuity of the style in a correspondence which must have often been written in haste, are proofs of the ability of Charles the First, an ability which has always been greatly undervalued.

Charles alludes to some females who were active in his service. "I pray you commend my service to all my feminine friends, and tell 47 that I hope she believes that I never recommended 57 in earnest to her; but it was merely to have by her means sometimes the conversation of such honest persons as herself, and truly for that end she shall do well, not to put him in despair."

Often absent and perplexed with cares, Charles at times appeared as if neglectful of, or inattentive to his friends. On one of these occasions, the King made this amiable apology, "The friend you sent me this day gave me a chiding, and yet I will not complain, for there was more justice than malice in it. It was because I did not look kind enough on 49 on Thursday last, at your house; for the truth is, that I had so many things that day in my head that I won-

der not though every one thought that I looked doggedly on them; wherefore I desire you to assure 49 from me, that no sour looks was intended for him, but all kindness." Even minute precautions and singular contrivances were necessary in the course of this secret correspondence. We may smile when we find the King writing—"I have got pretty stores of wafers; when I want I shall take the freedom to send to you for some. When you find me seal with wax, you may know it is after supper."

By Mr. Cresset's ingenuity, through his intimacy with the Earl of Pembroke, and without his Lordship's privity, if not against his will, that nobleman, who was a considerable personage with the Parliament, was converted into an useful instrument of intelligence to the King. Cresset obtained from him passports for certain London pedlars to traffic with the Army, and these pedlars were all Royalists, who slid under their wares notes and letters, or even took verbal messages, which they honestly delivered by stealth in the King's quarters, when he was immured in Oxford. Royston the loyal bookseller, contrived a singular mode of conveyance of letters. Women-hawkers of pamphlets travelled on foot, and were ordered to loiter at

certain appointed places, till they had delivered to them packages of books; in the bindings of those which bore a secret mark, letters were sewed. Dean Barwick, one of the ablest of secret agents, observed that none of his packets had been intercepted, which he ascribes to his choice not only of faithful messengers, but of such as were in very humble circumstances, the less conspicuous persons rarely attracting suspicion. Eminent persons betrayed themselves by their own splendour; their principles were usually known, as happened to the Lady D'Aubigny, who carried the King's Commission of Array twisted in the curls of her hair, which proved fatal to some.

But danger and fatigue were endured as willingly, as ingenuity and artifice were practised. During the dark nights of three winter months did Ashburnham and two other gentlemen wait on the sea-shore, keeping a boat in readiness to aid Charles's escape. By such humble expedients, and often such perilous enterprises, the King was enabled to maintain a general correspondence rarely interrupted, with the Royalists in various counties, the Scottish Commissioners at Edinburgh, the Queen at Paris, and even with the young Duke of York, at St. James's. Dr. Lingard has forcibly expressed

his admiration of this singular and undaunted perseverance both in the royal captive and his friends. Such was the ingenuity of the King, so generous the devotion of those who sought to serve him.*

The altered conduct of Hammond had not been unperceived by the King before the arrival of the Commissioners, and the Scots were repeating those rumours which had reached him from other quarters, of something more to be dreaded than the roughness of his State-gaoler. Sometimes, in his musings, the impassioned thoughts of his Queen, from whom he had been estranged so many years, seem to have overcome his wearied existence. Once Charles had resolved, after his arrival in the Isle of Wight, to abandon his dominions and to fly to his Queen. Henrietta had dispatched a French vessel to Southampton, by the advice of Ashburnham, who had prepared all things for the departure, of which there was no difficulty while Charles was allowed the use of his horse. The King joyfully ran to the window to see how the wind stood by the vane; it was fair! He hastily drew on his boots. On leaving his apartment, once more he looked on the vane, and in consternation beheld the vane had

* Lingard, x. 405.

suddenly veered, standing at a contrary point, where it fixed for six days together! The vessel could not stir. Meanwhile the Commissioners had arrived, and his closer confinement followed.

There was a fatality even in the trivial incidents of the life of this unfortunate Monarch. Charles afterwards attempted a more hazardous flight from his imprisonment, and his friends were waiting in different parts about the Castle to receive him. It was a popular notion, which now still prevails, that where the head can pass the body may; and Charles, through the bars of his window, having tried the one, seemed certain of the other. At the moment the attempt was made, his breast and shoulders were fixed between the bars. The struggle was an agony, and he heavily groaned, which he who stood beneath to receive him saw and heard.*

* In the interesting notes which passed between the King and Firebrace are many particulars of this baffled attempt. Charles was aware of whatever he required. "The narrowness of the window was the only impediment of my escape, and therefore some instrument must be had to remove that bar, which I believe is not hard to get; for I have seen many, and so portable, that a man might put them in his pocket: I think it is called the Endless Screw, or the Great Force." "I have now made a perfect trial, and find it impossible to be

done, for my body is much too thick for the breadth of the window, so that unless the middle bar be taken away I cannot get through. It is absolutely impossible to do any thing to-morrow at night; but I command you heartily and particularly to thank in my name A (Mr. Francis Cresset,) C (Colonel Legge,) F (Mr. Dowcett,) Z (Sir Edward Worsley,) and him who stayed for me beyond the works, for their hearty and industrious endeavours in this my service, the which I shall always remember, being likewise confident that they will not faint in so good a work."

CHAPTER XVI.

TREATY AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

DOOMED to the oblivion of a State-imprisonment, we are surprised at the sympathies which Charles the First excited through the nation. Was ever Tyrant beloved even in his prison? Was ever a vanquished Monarch dreaded by his conquerors? I know of no Prince whose captivity bears any resemblance to that of Charles the First. Few, indeed, of such Princes have possessed his virtues, fewer his abilities, and none have equalled his perfect equanimity in the variableness of his fortunes. The force of character, which we consider as the great feature in the mind of Charles the First, was never more apparent than during the transactions at Carisbrooke Castle. After the failure of the Treaty at the Isle of Wight, he delivered his sentiments to Sir Philip Warwick, by this striking allusion to his desperate situation. "I

am like a Captain who had defended a place well, and his superiors not being able to relieve him, he had leave to surrender it; but though they cannot relieve me in the time I demand it, I will hold it out till I make some stone in this building my tombstone." Thus felt, thus acted, and thus suffered his unconquered mind in his great persecutions. But his conduct was not less admirable towards the petty malignity which would fain have disturbed his inherent dignity. His personal deprivations were not inconsiderable at Carisbrooke Castle. They did not afford him wine of a good quality, and he preferred "the better brewage made by himself of sack and water; nay," added the King, "whilst I have been here among them, they kept me for two months under a want of linen, which though I took notice of, I scorned to give them the pleasure to tell them of it."

Charles was now a King without kingly power, but not without kingly influence. His hereditary station swayed the predilections of the people, and the majesty of his "grey discrowned head" was not viewed without "superstition," as Mr. Godwin expresses the emotions of the multitude in that religious age. But the Monarch in his afflictions was

beloved, sometimes to adoration, by those who were near him, for his personal virtues; and his personal sufferings looked themselves like virtues by the silence of his noble unrepining nature. The chivalric spirits of the loftiest characters of England kindled at his name; they flew from their retreats to rejoin their brothers; they found no captivity in the bars and grates of the prison,—their battle had been as a pilgrimage,—their cell was as a hermitage; they bared their breasts with the joy of courageous men who disdain an ungenerous enemy, when selected as victims for a barbarous sacrifice.* These men, actuated by the principle of honour, could only own as their Sovereign their captive Monarch. The consolatory idea of a King subdued and chastised by Fortune, and who had appealed to his People as the Father of his Country, was their idol-image, the Lares of their hearths! All the errors of his calamitous years were almost forgotten under the new tyranny of men whose obscu-

* Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, shot, or rather murdered, against all law, says Warburton. The affecting scene of these two heroic friends is finely painted by Clarendon. Some suspicion that they were condemned from personal motives, has thrown a dark shade over the reputation of Fairfax.

rity was undistinguished by any illustrious acts, though famed in a wide scene of universal spoliation for dexterously transferring the wealth and the honours of one part of the nation to another,*—mean and fugitive men, who solely existed in their unlicensed freedom by the artifice of the most indirect and crooked policy, creatures of their Military Leaders! The captive of Carisbrooke Castle was still awfully remembered by the People. He dwelt in their thoughts, and sometimes

* It cost the dispensers of Parliamentary donations nothing but a vote to recompense their own friends. The Trustees for the sale of Bishops' lands were security to the soldiers for their arrears. If the estate of one of their sufferers had been injured by fire or other losses, it was usually made good out of his neighbour's estate, if he were "a Malignant." They voted 5000*l.* to the executors of Hampden out of the receipts at Goldsmiths Hall, of the impositions levied on "Delinquents." Lord Brooke's posthumous child received 5000*l.* out of Lady Auckland's estate. 5000*l.* for Ireland out of the Earl of Worcester's lands. Captain Yarrington was rewarded with 500*l.* to be raised out of the estate of Sir Henry Lingen, and 3000*l.* for Colonel Lilburne out of Lord Coventry's estate.

I could give some idea of the iniquitous proceedings of those sequestrators, who were called "the Country Committees," from a curious document of the nefarious modes pursued by those I denominate "the mean and fugitive persons.' Little villains in great offices!

in their hearts. He had long ceased to be an object of their fear, and in their despair he had now mingled with their last hopes. Pressed by monthly contributions for the arrears of the soldiery, and vexed by taxations disguised under forms and names unheard of, even the Ship-money seemed but a light grievance. The labourers of the harvest had found no gleanings at the evening-hour. The giddy multitude in the Capital burst into a commotion and called for "God and the King!" The spontaneous cry was re-echoed by the populace of distant cities. The Royal standard was unfurled in Wales, the Kentish men flocked to the trumpet of Goring, the men of Essex had the sad glory of suffering the last in the miseries of our Civil War by the memorable siege of Colchester. The Fleet revolted to the Prince. The cloud of an army gathered in the North, where the English Royalists here and there were awaiting for the army of Scotland led by the Duke of Hamilton. The Cavaliers appeared in almost every county of England, all rose in opposite directions, too distant to communicate, too early to be joined by the tardy, too late to unite with the dispersed.

These various actions had called away from

their seat of power in Westminster the chief commanders of the Army, and in the absence of their authority and their complicate intrigues, the Presbyterian party had gradually recovered their former predominance. The late exiled members had returned to their seats, and Holles, the great orator of the Presbyterians, once more resumed his preponderance. The Independents, without their chiefs, lurked in a minority. On the 30th of June the vote for non-addresses was annulled. The Parliament had recovered their freedom. But it was not long ere the scene shifted. The army of Scotland had dissolved as rapidly as it had been hastily levied; Colchester surrendered, the last hope of the Royalists, and the dissolute but spirited Goring, the chivalric Capel, and the inefficient Hamilton were imprisoned in Windsor Castle, and remained only to lament together the useless efforts of ill-concerted plans and precipitated engagements. Still Cromwell was yet not free to return from his conquests in the North, and his absence left the Presbyterians an open field. A personal treaty with the King was now voted. Sir Henry Vane the son, the head of the Independents, had shrewdly consented to become a Commissioner to a Treaty which he felt he could not successfully oppose,

till a greater genius than his own should arrive; but he had dexterously contrived to delay it, by cavils and doubts and discussions. Forty days were fixed on for the negotiation of this Treaty, and which were afterwards even enlarged. The length of time allowed was considered to be an indulgence by those who wished well to the peace; and those who did not, cared not how long it lasted.

This important news was instantly conveyed to Charles, by one Sir John Bowring, an active agent, if we may trust to his own account, which was long afterwards addressed to Charles the Second, evidently for the purpose of recommending himself. It is remarkable that by Sir John Bowring's own account, the King is continually regretting that he had not followed Sir John's advice, and was now determined, as this Knight says, "to be ruled by him in whatsoever he shall advise me in this Treaty"—which however, as we shall find, the King certainly was not! The singular political foresight of this Knight on every event which he records is so wonderful, that we may suspect him to have been one of those great predictors who enjoy the advantage of prophecy, after the events have been realised. The counsel and the counsellor are equally notable.

Bowring after first looking at the door, and requesting to know if any one hearkened, addressed the King, "Sir, this Treaty is not obtained of any intention your Majesty can possibly make your peace by it, but is designed only of purpose to get your Majesty liberty to go away, and to have friends to help you." But, looking the King in the face, I found his Majesty's countenance to alter very much, and to grow pale as I spake. Whereupon I immediately apprehended his Majesty misliked my advice of getting away." It was indeed a melancholy omen for the results of the expected Treaty.

Bowring proceeds with his garrulous narrative. "If your Majesty does think you can make your more certain peace by treating than by going away, then I beg of your Majesty to make your concessions in one declaration and in one day. I will tell your Majesty how you may do it, and how much the Parliament will abate your Majesty upon any one article more or less, as well as if your Majesty should treat out your forty days—if I mistake in any one tittle of any one article, I will give your Majesty my life, I know and understand your Majesty's business so well, and therefore I beg your Majesty to do it at one instant of time by

one declaration. Forty days was only a trick of Cromwell's party in the House, who would have given your Majesty for forty days, forty months, when they found they could not prevent the Treaty. They hoped your Majesty will debate all the time, wherein they will use all persons and parties to persuade you. In which time Cromwell may have returned to London with his army, and so advance his own party in frustrating the present peace and Treaty."

Whether this Bobadil of a politician expressly said all this to Charles, we only know from himself; but his notion that the length of time allowed for the conclusion of the Treaty was a political stratagem of Cromwell's party is confirmed by Clarendon, and it was not without reason that Bowring warned the King of his fatal proneness to discussion and debate, at this momentous conjuncture. This conviction was as strongly felt by the Presbyterian party, conscious that they were holding their seats by a very uncertain tenure, for the return of Cromwell, as they had justly anticipated, would eject them. But the protraction of the Treaty was the policy of Charles, to obtain points which he never could carry.

Charles pledged his word not to leave the island pending the negotiation, and was allowed to quit the gloomy Castle, and to select the most convenient house, which was that belonging to a private gentleman, in the small town of Newport, for his accommodation during the time of the Treaty. He soon, however, discovered that though they had removed the sentinels from his door, they trusted so little to his word, that a troop of horse was ever hovering about him when he was abroad.* Though of late his hopes one after the other were vanishing, and the Treaty, about to be entered, afforded no promise, he had resolved, as he had formerly done, on ample concessions. Charles came to surrender even his rights—but his honour and his religion, as he understood them to be, he could never yield, but with his life.

The friends and attendants of the King once more rejoined their old master. A Lord High Chamberlain, Gentlemen of the Bed-chamber, Grooms of the Bed-chamber, Pages of the Back-stairs, the Royal Chaplains, and his Secretaries, all hastened and took their places in the small house at Newport, and the delu-

* Ashmole's MSS. 800. Art. xxxvi. This was written by Charles himself.

sive scenery of a Court on a sudden seemed to have crowded round the lone man, as in a pleasant dream.

A State, too, was erected. Under a canopy was a seat ascended by steps, at the end of the most spacious apartment in a house of narrow extent. Those who remembered their former meeting at Hampton Court, were struck by the singular contrast, and, above all by the aspect of the Monarch whom they now beheld under that State. After eight months of rigid confinement and protracted anxieties, the exterior changes of his person deeply affected his friends, perhaps even his enemies, pathetically exclaims Hume. His constitution was unbroken, his intellectual faculties were unusually vivid and vigorous, his cold manners, though still majestic, had softened their severity, and there was a cheerfulness in his voice and his replies which betrayed no dejection of spirits; but Charles could not conceal the visible traces of those silent griefs, which neither his deep religious resignation nor his native magnanimity could disperse. Since his servants had been commanded away, the King would never suffer any attention to be given to his person; his beard remained un-

trimmed, his dishevelled tresses hung in disorder, and his very dress was faded and worn. It was imagined, that a premature old age of sorrows had turned his hair almost entirely grey. It was evident that the King had condemned the person whom so many scorned to utter negligence, and that he seemed to consider his whole existence to be little more than an act of penance.

As the King had frequently demanded a personal Treaty, the Commissioners had decided that it should be strictly so, and would not admit either Peer or Doctor to enter into the debates. Charles was therefore compelled to encounter singly a host of subtile diplomacy, and, what was worse, another of the Rabbins of "the Assembly of Divines." The Commissioners sate round the board, but the Lords, the Gentlemen, and the Divines on the King's side, stood silently about, or at the back of his chair. When the King desired to put a question, or when any of his friends would offer a suggestion, he retired into a private apartment, and it sometimes happened, as Sir Philip Warwick, one of the secretaries, tells us, that when the King hesitated to reply "one of us penmen who stood at his chair would pray

him from the Lords to do so." This was all the prompting Charles received through a wearying disputation of more than fifty days.

In the whole course of the varied career this Monarch had passed, from the throne to the field of battle, and thence to the castle-prison, never had Charles the First displayed a temper so undisturbed, never had he appeared in truer Majesty, and never had developed his logical faculties more to admiration than during the whole of this trying Treaty. They met every morning at nine, and resumed their sittings in the afternoon. The King made minutes of what he intended to speak, and from these notes addressed the parties. Charles seemed passionless. Age had matured the strength of wisdom; and adversity had chastened the severity of his manners. Philosophy, in the large sense of the age which had not yet arrived, was as little known to the Monarch as to the assembly of Divines. Two of these, on Charles's tenacity in favour of Episcopacy, for their last argument, had solemnly warned the King that "He would surely be damned!"

When Charles pressed the weight of his Coronation Oath, which bound him to the maintenance of the Church of England, the Lawyer Glyn used a subtile and extraordinary

argument, the morality of which seems more relaxed than the political expediency. Glyn observed that his Majesty might with a good conscience give way to the abolition of Episcopacy, since a clause in the Coronation Oath says, that "he will maintain the *customs of the Land*;" of which an essential one is, to make "*new laws for the public good.*" A refined quibble! but the Lawyer's sophism could not soothe the tortured conscience of Charles the First, who felt no conviction that Presbytery was an order of ministers more blessed for the public good than the Hierarchy. They were debating whether any real distinction existed between them, whether the one included the other? and whether the whole was not a verbal controversy, a distinction without a difference?

The King's felicitous illustration of the nature of this Treaty, in which he could not get one counter-proposition of his own conceded, may be once more repeated. "Consider, Mr. Buckley, if you call this a Treaty, whether it be not like the fray in the comedy, where the man comes out and says, there has been a fray and no fray, and being asked how that could be? Why, says he, there hath been three blows given, and I had them all." The Parliamentary

Commissioners were as deeply struck by this protracted and extraordinary trial of the King's powers as were any of his friends. The Earl of Salisbury told Warwick, "The King is wonderfully improved." "No, my Lord," was the reply, "it is your Lordship who has too late discerned what he always was."

Sir Edward Walker has preserved a curious fact. The man most hostile to the King, that strange compound of genius and fanaticism, the younger Vane,—acknowledged to him that they had been much deceived in the character of the King, whom they had considered as a weak man, but now, he added, that we find him to be a person of great parts and abilities, we must the more consider our own security, for he is only the more dangerous.* At the latter end of the Treaty, when Charles perceived it could never be effectual, he turned somewhat melancholy. Charles was dictating to Sir Philip Warwick aside at a window, when he suddenly stopped and said, "I wish I had consulted nobody but myself; for then, as where in honour or conscience I could not have complied, I could have early been positive; for with Job I would willinglier have chosen misery than sin." On which Charles shed

*. Sir Edward Walker, 319.

tears; "the biggest drops that ever I saw fall from an eye; but recollecting himself he turned presently his head away, for he was loth it should be discerned." These were not the only tears shed by the King at the Treaty of the Isle of Wight. The Secretary Oudart has commemorated in his Diary, that "This afternoon his Majesty heard several draughts of an answer upon the proposition for Religion: disliked all: and was in a great perplexity about the point of abolishing Episcopacy, even to shedding of tears." What tyrant ever before shed tears? Charles's situation was at this moment alarmingly critical; he had received certain intelligence that he was to be carried away to a closer prison, or to be assassinated. He was meditating another flight. With these thoughts in his mind, one day he wrote down at the Treaty House these two verses,

"A Coward 's still unsafe, but Courage knows
No other Foe but him who doth oppose."*

But the great ability and the diligence of Charles were not wholly restricted to the labours of this great assembly on the present occasion. After every day's tedious confer-

* Oudart's Diary, Peck's Desid. Cur. Liber x.

ences, every night at eight o'clock, when not engaged in writing private letters, Charles with his two Secretaries was employed in arranging the notes taken that day, accompanying them by his arguments, and dictating a dispatch which was sent to the Prince, to inform him of the present, and to instruct him for the future. We possess this extraordinary testimony of the zealous attention to the duties of the Monarch and the Father. In the confinement of Carisbrooke Castle, his literary leisure had drunk more deeply of the fountains of our literature; the volumes he there perused, and the authors whom he cherished, the good taste of Herbert has noted down. The genial influence of uninterrupted studies appears in the compression of his thoughts and the elevation of his style. Neither Warwick, a loose weak writer, nor Oudart, a foreigner, though long domiciliated here by his former patron, Sir Henry Wotton, could possibly have terminated a single period of this authentic production of Charles the First.*

* Clarendon, in his History, has given some extracts from these dispatches; "The Journal," as Charles himself calls it, is among the Clarendon State-papers, ii. 425, 444, 445. Dr. Lingard has justly acknowledged that "the best account of the Treaty is that composed *by order of the King himself*,

The subjects which are involved in the Articles of this Treaty have ceased to interest the posterity of Charles the First, but the acute discussion, the elevated style, the solemn counsels this unhappy Monarch sent to a son, who afterwards proved unworthy of such a father, remain to illustrate his personal history.

Charles has moralized on his own history. "We would willingly forget in how high a degree some subjects have been disloyal, but never had Prince a testimony in others of more loyalty than we had. And however, for their and our punishment, God blessed not some of their endeavours, surely more misguided persons were at least reduced to their loyalty than is almost in story to be exampled. Subjects by this may learn, how dangerous the neglect of seasonable duty is, and that men cannot fix when they please, what they unnecessarily shake."

for the use of the Prince of Wales," x. 424. But from this we must necessarily infer that these, like other State-papers, were composed by another writer than the King. Charles has been already robbed of what was his own in the "Icon Basilike." In this Journal, who but the King himself could infuse the paternal feeling, and the deep personal emotion? When will Historians learn to feel and to pause amidst their researches, and not conceive that every document opened to them is to be looked on only as a State-paper?

By what hath been said, you see how long we have laboured in the search of Peace. Do not you be disheartened to tread in the same steps. Use all worthy ways to restore yourself to your Right, but prefer the way of Peace. Show the greatness of your mind, if God bless you, rather to conquer your enemies by pardoning than punishing; and let us comfort you with that which is our own comfort, that though affliction may make us pass under the censures of men, yet we look upon it so, as if it procure not for us a deliverance, it will to you a blessing. If you saw how unmanly and unchristianly the implacable disposition is in our ill-willers, you would avoid that spirit. Censure us not for having parted with so much of our own Rights; the price is great, but the commodity was security to us, peace to our people. And we were confident *another Parliament would remember how useful a King's power is to a People's Liberty.* Of how much we divested ourself that we and they might meet once again in a due Parliamentary way to agree *the bounds for Prince and People! And in this give belief to our experience, never to affect more greatness or prerogative than that which is really and intrinsically for the good of Subjects, not satisfaction of Favourites.* And if you thus

use it, you will never want means, to be a Father to all, and a bountiful Prince to any you would extraordinarily be gracious unto. You may perceive all men intrust their treasure when it returns them interest; and if Princes, like the sea, receive and repay all the fresh streams the rivers entrust with them, they will not grudge, but pride themselves to make them up an ocean. These considerations may make you as great a Prince as your Father is now a low one, and your State may be so much the more established as mine hath been shaken. For our subjects have learned, we dare say, that victories over their Princes are but triumphs over themselves, and so will be unwilling to hearken to changes hereafter. The English nation are a sober people, however at present infatuated.

"We know not but this may be the last time we may speak to you or the world publicly. We are sensible into what hands we are fallen, and yet (we bless God) we have those inward refreshments the malice of our enemies cannot perturb. *We have learned to busy ourself in retiring into ourself*, and therefore can the better digest what befalls.

"You are the son of our love; if God restore you to your rights upon hard condi-

tions, whatever you promise keep. These men, who have forced laws which they are bound to observe, will find their triumphs full of troubles. Do not think any thing in this world worth the obtaining by foul or unjust means."

Such was the labour of the evening-hours of Charles the First after the mental fatigue of each day's conference, and which was never designed for the public eye, as the King hath himself observed. He who has read these Commentaries will more clearly comprehend the importance of this developement; for such it is, of the character of the captive of Carisbrooke Castle; that character only changed by new acquirements, or modified by protracted adversities and meditating experience. The finest passages in the "Icon Basilike" do not not exceed many similar ethical reflections in these evening effusions to his son.

CHAPTER XVII.

HAMMOND.

SOMETIMES the days seemed tranquil as they glided away, while Charles was resigned to his books and the bowling-green of Carisbrooke Castle; but this tranquillity of his spirits was often interrupted by the terror of assassination. The King told Sir John Bowring, "I have had a sad time of it ever since the two Houses have imprisoned me in this Castle, expecting every hour when I should be murdered." The old rumours were still afloat in the Army that the King was to be brought to a public trial, nor was the result veiled in mystery. Ere the Treaty had closed, secret intelligence, written in a well known hand, had been conveyed to Charles, of a design which had been communicated to Crom-

well of disposing of the King's person.* The time allotted to the Treaty having expired, the Commissioners hasten back to the Parliament. Charles bade them a sad farewell. Though calm in his address, yet there was a tenderness in the tones, that drew tears, at least, from those who had attended on his person. The Commissioners were differently affected. Those who saw in the fast approach of the Army towards the Capital the ruin of their party, returned with fearful hearts; while the party of Vane, who had witnessed during the protracted Treaty all the hopes of the Royalists annihilated, were hurrying in triumph and joy to meet Cromwell and the other sovereigns of the Kingdom. Charles, alluding in his own mind to the ominous warnings he continued to receive, became the melancholy predictor of his own fate. "My Lords," he said, "I believe we shall scarce see each other again. But God's will be done! I have made my peace with him, and shall undergo without fear whatever he may suffer men to do to me."†

* Wagstaffe's Appendix to his Vindication of Charles the First.

† Evelyn's Memoirs, Appendix, ii. 127.

It was a few days ere the Commissioners had departed, that one morning a breathless messenger demanded an immediate interview with the King. Sir Philip Killegrew, at the risk of his freedom or his fortune, had stolen away from Windsor, the head-quarters of the Army, to impart to the King the fatal intelligence that the Army had resolved in council to carry him out of the Isle of Wight by force, bring the King to London, try him for his life, and murder him publicly. Charles hesitated to credit his friendly intelligencer. "I must confess," said the King, "that Sir Thomas Fairfax is a greater soldier than I am; yet I think he will find it a hard matter to bring me to London by force, having agreed with my two Houses, and in cold blood to cut off my head in the city of London."* Sir Philip Killegrew bowed his obeisance, but prayed the King to make his escape, and declaring that he himself expected nothing less "than to go to prison or to pot" for having made the communication, hurried back to Windsor. Killegrew had only anticipated by a few days the large Remonstrance of the Army which had been agreed on in their Council of War.

* Bowring's Memorial, 150.

From every quarter at home the friends of Charles were urgent for him to leave the Island, while there remained a possibility of escape. One day, as Bowring was reiterating his offers of aid, and kneeling to entreat Charles to fly, the King, "taking his handkerchief to wipe his eyes," as the tears dropped from them, declared that he was utterly destitute. "I have borrowed all I can already, and cannot stir from this place." Bowring adds an extraordinary narrative of bringing the King four hundred pounds in gold, in both of his pockets, on the following day, for which he received the honour of Knighthood.

Hume and other historians have ascribed the reluctance of Charles to attempt to recover his liberty at this critical moment, from the inviolability in which he held his parole; not that it required any subtilty of casuistry to show that no promise to the Parliament was binding, since they could no longer protect his person from the violence menaced by others, to whom he was bound by no engagement. Bowring hints at another cause which decided Charles not to leave the Isle of Wight. The King showed him a letter which he had just received from "a friend beyond seas,—you guess from whence it comes," the King added,—"who had

advised him not to quit the Island; that the Army would not hurt a hair of his head." "This friend beyond the seas," and the reason alleged, were both of so delicate a character that Bowring would not trust them to his paper; but he offers to reveal them privately to Charles the Second, to whom he addressed his Memoir. It is remarkable that the same mysterious allusion occurs in Clarendon. The passage requires attention from a remarkable interpolation, which was designed for a particular purpose. "*Before the Treaty* the King was inclined to make his escape, thinking any liberty preferable to the restraint he had endured. But he did receive some discouragement from pursuing that purpose, which both diverted him from it, and gave him great trouble of mind. It cannot be imagined how wonderfully fearful some persons in France were that he should have made his escape, and the dread they had of his coming."*

Here is a very remarkable instance of the danger incurred by Interpolation. The Editors of Clarendon imagined that the honour of Charles was involved in any attempt at escape by violating his parole, which was to hold good till twenty days had elapsed *after* the Treaty.

* Clarendon, vi. 192.

Finding in the manuscript a confession that the King had really designed to fly, they foisted in the text these words, "*Before* the Treaty." This unwarrantable contrivance was intended to fence off any accusations which might impugn the King's honour, by the violation of his pledge. Reject the interpolation, and then we shall obtain a veritable statement, unknown to any of our historians, and which I am able to substantiate by an original document which seems not to have been known to the noble historian himself.

It is certain, that ere the Treaty was concluded, pressed on all sides by his domestic friends, and continually warned of the desperate designs on his person, Charles had decided on another flight. To the peril to which his life was exposed by the conspirators, he evidently alludes in his parting address to the Commissioners, "I am fully informed of the whole carriage of the plot against me and mine." A vessel had even been prepared for the King's flight. Bowring, whose interest lay in the Navy, had not only an intercourse with the Vice-Admiral lying off the coast, but had offered to bring up a ship to a retired spot, to convey the King to Jersey. We know, too, from another quarter, that Charles was in correspondence with Sir

William Hopkins, who there commanded a ship. Why Charles did not proceed in executing this plan, can only be accounted for by the mysterious allusion to "that friend beyond seas," as Bowring designates that person, and from whom, as Clarendon observes, Charles "received some discouragement from pursuing that purpose, which both diverted him from it, and gave him great trouble of mind."

The singular document which I have mentioned, I discovered in the Ashmolean Library at Oxford. Charles having decided to effect his escape from the Island, even *before the Treaty was concluded*, with the same decorum he had formerly quitted Hampton Court, drew up a paper containing his reasons, addressed not only "to the Lords and Gentlemen," but "To all my People." As this paper remains inedited, the curious reader will find it preserved in an Appendix to the present volume.

The Remonstrance of the Army, of which Killegrew had anticipated the report, was presented to the House on the 20th of November. The Treaty ended on the 27th, and the Army advanced towards London on the 30th. The King was forcibly carried from the Isle of Wight on the 1st of December. On the 5th,

in despair, the Presbyterian party voted that "the King's concessions were satisfactory." On the following day, the 6th, the famous Purge of Colonel Pride imprisoned and secluded the Presbyterian Members, and Cromwell arrived in London, with what he called "Providence and Necessity," his inexorable allies, ready to sanctify any deed.

During these rapid events, Hammond had become from his situation, having the guard of the King's person, a more important personage than his real character would have made him. The Parliament suspected the integrity of Hammond, for which, however, they had no reason, as Charles observed that "the Governor had grown as great a rogue as the rest," alluding to more than one attempt at searching his papers. Yet Hammond was not so wholly "the Rogue" as Charles conceived. The Parliament, aware that Hammond's connexions lay with Cromwell, and Ireton, and the Army faction, were not at their ease respecting his integrity, and they would have been less so, had they known the extraordinary correspondence which now occurred between these two eminent persons and the Governor of the Isle of Wight.

Hammond received two remarkable letters from Ireton and Cromwell, the one dated 23rd

and the other the 25th of November, a few days preparatory to their great *coup d'état*.

"Dear Robin," as in the familiarity of friendship both style Hammond, Ireton assured of "the tenderness that we have (in the Army) towards him." He would remove "the ground of his scruples." Robin considered that he held the King "as a servant under trust" for the Parliament. This Ireton does not deny, and proceeds, "The Lord forbid that I should tempt thee." But asks Ireton, Who put him in the trust? The Parliament merely as a form, or the Army in effect? Who made him Governor? Was he such from any affection of that sort or generation of men, which now through accident bear the sway and name? or rather of those whose judgment and affections are most opposite to them? It was for public ends the Governor had received his trust, and Ireton appealed to his conscience to whom he owed his faith. He hoped that he would not give himself up to the delusion of an air of honour, and mere form or shadow of faithfulness, to the neglect of the reality or substance. God had better endued Robin with truth and judgment in the inner parts. The subtle Ireton thus worked at "the grounds of his scruples," and the serpent at the ear of Eve had

never whispered more seductive treason. The effusions of Cromwell were more voluminous; they flow with all the unction of his "Experiences," and all the demonstrations of his "Providences." He sympathises with the complaints of Hammond of "his sad and heavy burthen." Hammond maintained that "God hath appointed authorities among the nations;" he had been taught this by his uncle the Divine; and that "the authority resides in England in the Parliament," this had been inculcated by his uncle the Parliamentary Colonel. Cromwell puts up his prayer after his sermon, that Dear Robin "would not swerve, nor lose any glorious opportunity the Lord puts into his hand."*

The deliverance of the King's person to the Army, was the object of the writers with the Governor of the Isle of Wight. The conscience of Hammond was pure. The whole of Hammond's life, from the moment Charles entered the Island, offers a singular exhibition of an honest man embarrassed by opposite principles. In the present great temptation, even his powerful friends had not succeeded to induce him to act as they desired, but they

* Letters between Colonel Robert Hammond, Cromwell, Ireton, &c. 1764.

verified what this unhappy man had from his spontaneous emotions exclaimed at his first meeting with Berkley and Ashburnham.—They perplexed him. When these subtile men had ascertained that their friend could not be their creature, they conjured him away from his Government, and after suffering an imprisonment, Colonel Hammond got shelved.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HURST BLOCK-HOUSE, AND WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE King still remained at Newport, amidst these constant alarms. One day, as Charles sate at dinner, there came a tall man, "with his spanner and scarf," and therefore supposed to be an officer of the Army, but whom no one knew. The Stranger placed himself fronting the King, fixing his eyes on him. The silence of this unknown, and his "funereal" countenance, were ominous; there was a deep melancholy in his looks, but his confidential manner marked him as "one of the ill-spirits of the Army." The King in vain secretly inquired after the mysterious man. Bowring got him away by an invitation to dinner. The Stranger inquired for Hammond the Governor; and in the style of the Evil Spirit, coming for the

* "The funereal air" of this officer is noticed in the Narrative of the Siege of Colchester.

human being whose soul was to be surrendered in the final hour of perdition, he declared "I am come for Hammond this night!" When it was hinted that the Governor would hardly quit his quarters—the demon, raising his voice, exclaimed, "I'll warrant ye he goes with me this night! for Hammond is my prisoner!" Bowring, terrified, stole away to prepare the King for some sudden change. When Hammond entered, the Stranger did not know his person till he had declared himself. "I am commanded to bring you a prisoner to Windsor."—"What force have you in the Island?" said Hammond.—"Myself only!" sternly replied the Stranger.—"It is my choice," said Hammond.—"You had better obey my orders," menaced the authoritative voice.

This stranger was Colonel Isaac Ewer, whose name appears in the death-warrant of Charles the First. He accomplished his mission; for though the King protested against Hammond's quitting the Island, and Hammond promised to return on the following day, on his arrival at Windsor the Governor was confined. Such was the mysterious influence of the Army, which could hold a Governor amidst his own troops in such subjection as instantly to submit himself to their single messenger. It

might however not have been unknown to him that two regiments were arriving at Southampton, from whence Colonel Ewer had passed over, that he might take a closer inspection of his more noble prisoner about to be; "Moritura Puella!" as the Poet exclaimed when the maiden's foot was on the snake.

This was the prelude of carrying off the King. In the evening a servant of Charles was called out by a disguised person, who having desired him to acquaint the King that the Army would seize on him that night, abruptly withdrew. As yet no one knew of the arrival of any soldiers in the Island. That evening Mr. Firebrace had orders to wait on the King for a packet at eight o'clock, when he discovered soldiers with pistols about the house where the King lodged. He alarmed the King, who desired him to calm his fears; "Hammond's deputies may put a treble guard on me." "It were better to commit yourself to the seas than to these men," rejoined Firebrace, offering a boat and a faithful guide, both ready. Charles said, "He had passed his word to Hammond." He retired to seal his letters. It was now reported that two thousand foot were drawn about Carisbrooke Castle. The Lords and gentlemen urge the King to attempt his escape.

Charles resumed his accustomed mode of reasoning. "A successful attempt was next to an impossibility, and if the Army seized on him, they would preserve him for their own sakes." A debate was held. The Earl of Lindsay observed, "All will not steer by such rules of policy. Your Majesty's escape from Hampton Court was your best security." After a pause, the King positively declared, "They have promised me, and I will not break first." So bidding them a good night, he said he would retire to his rest. "Which," said one, "I fear will not be long."

At break of day, on a loud knocking at the King's outer door, the Duke of Richmond demanding what it meant, was informed that some Gentlemen of the Army were desirous of speaking with the King. They rushed into the chamber, and abruptly told the King that they had orders to remove him.

"From whom?" asked the King.—"From the Army!"—"To what place?"—"The Castle!"—"To what Castle?"—"To the Castle!"—"The Castle is no Castle. I am prepared for any Castle, but tell me the name."—"Hurst Castle."—"Indeed! you could not have named a worse!"

The King was hurried into a coach, Major

Rolfe,—an officer who had been accused of tampering with the Clerk of the Kitchen to dispatch the King by poison,—with his hat on, insolently and uninvited, was stepping into the coach, when Charles, placing his foot before the door, courageously pushed away the armed ruffian—"Go you out! We have not yet come to that!" and called in Herbert and Harrington, his Grooms of the Bed-chamber. Rolfe, repulsed and mortified amidst his own troop, mounted the King's led horse, and rode by the coach-side, reviling the King. Charles betrayed no discomposure, and already knowing whither he was going, amused himself with the conjectures of his gentlemen. Charles had certainly a delight in perilous adventures; he seems rather to have taken a pleasure in such romantic incidents, than to have feared them.

Hurst Castle was in reality a Block-house, in a desolate spot projecting into the sea, and united to the mainland by a narrow neck of sand, covered with stones and pebbles, and washed on both sides by the waves. The Captain at the Block-house appeared a suitable accompaniment to this drear abode. He was one of the lowest of the Army faction; and his figure was that of a bandit. His grim aspect, his stern looks, his wild shaggy locks,

and black beard, a heavy partisan in his hand, and a huge basket-hilted sword at his side, betrayed a man designed for mischief. He vapoured and thundered! the King's attendants were alarmed; but at the reprimand of the Lieutenant-Colonel, it turned out that the Captain of the Block-house had only blustered to assume an importance equal to the pride which he could not conceal, that his base hands should hold the King of England as his prisoner!

Every thing here was dismal, the apartments, the air, and the fort. The stony walk was but a few paces broad, yet in length two miles;—the uninterrupted view of the opposite Isle of Wight, and the ships of all dimensions daily under sail, formed the solitary amusement of the King. It was here that Harrington, having been deeply affected by the King's conduct and ability during the Treaty, had expressed his admiration of Charles with such fervour, that his conversation having been reported, the philosopher was instantly dismissed from his attendance on the King. Charles deeply resented this, for he was sensible of the fine genius of Harrington, with whom he delighted to converse on the freedom under a Monarchy, and the freedom under a Common-

wealth,—the model, probably, of Harrington's own political romance, the "Oceana!"

Herbert remained the solitary and the faithful servant of Charles; but as he observes, *in motu trepidationis.* Three weeks had now elapsed. Charles had of late received some dark intimations respecting certain officers, and more than ever felt the horror of an ignoble termination of his life. This sequestered spot, jutting out amidst the ocean, and almost severed from the land, seemed to have been selected for some dreadful deed; and every new Commander appeared to the King as the person designed to be his executioner.

It was in the stillness of midnight, that Charles was startled by the rattling fall of the draw-bridge and the tramp of horses. The King rose, and Herbert stole out to learn his Master's fate. Major Harrison had arrived! The King seemed troubled, desired to be dressed, and retired to his prayers. Herbert noticed his unusual concern, and could not avoid shedding tears. Charles told him, "I am not afraid, but do not you know that this is the man who intended to assassinate me, as by letter I was informed, during the late Treaty? This is a place fit for such a purpose."

It was for some time difficult to obtain the

secret of Major Harrison's midnight expedition. The King was agreeably surprised to learn that he was only to be removed to Windsor; to quit the most dismal castle in England for the one in which he most delighted.

The King, on leaving Hurst Castle, mounted his horse. At Winchester, notwithstanding the times, observes Herbert, the city, the clergy, and the gentry flocked to welcome their unhappy Sovereign. On the road, the King fixed his eyes earnestly on Major Harrison, who, somewhat abashed, fell back among his troops. Charles declared that he looked like a soldier, and that his aspect was good; so that he doubted if he had not been misrepresented. "I have some judgment in faces," said the King, "for ofttimes the spirit and disposition may be discerned in the countenance; yet in that we may be deceived." The royal physiognomist was more candid than Lavater; and in the present case had vainly flattered himself with having found a Royalist in a Republican.

It was observed that the King had not for a long time been so cheerful—a transitory happiness seemed to come over him; the visions of the antique regal castle flattered his imagination with a change of fortune. He was es-

caping, as it seemed to him, from dreary solitudes, dark treacheries, and petty insolence. His companions caught, for a moment, the exhilaration of his spirits; but still wondered, says Herbert, "considering his condition." At supper, in a crowded room of the Army-officers and people who came to view the King, Charles beckoned to Major Harrison, who approached with due respect; the King took him aside at a window for half an hour, and among other things told him of the information concerning him, which rendered him an enemy in the worst sense to his person. The Major vindicated himself, and repeated what he had said, that "The Law was equally obliging to great and small, and that Justice had no respect to persons." The tone and manner of Harrison, whom Mrs. Macauley calls "an honest fanatic," were as explicit as the axiom he had uttered; and Charles, detecting his physiognomical blunder, ceased any farther communication.

In the delights of Windsor Castle, Charles appeared to have lost in forgetfulness the tribulations of many years. It had been long since he had viewed Nature in repose. He had his liberty to walk where he pleased within the Castle. He loved to linger on the lengthened terrace, to gaze on the spires of learned Eton—to pursue the winding Thames—and

dwell on the pleasant hills and valleys, spotted with villages, and adorned with many a villa. The scene only wanted his children and his consort, to perfect the passing hour of his fugitive happiness.

At Windsor Castle the King and his party were not yet convinced that the Court of Judicature, which now began to be rumoured, was any thing more than an unsubstantial pageant. The case was unprecedented. The profoundest politician might be allowed to doubt the possibility of that public act, which was called national, yet in which the nation took no part, and which was sanctioned as Parliamentary, though at the time there was, in truth, no Parliament. I read in the Manuscript Journal of the Earl of Leicester, that while the King was at Windsor, he gave orders for saving the seeds of some Spanish melons, which he would have set at the Queen's house at Wimbledon. On this little incident, combined with more important ones, the noble diarist concludes, that "he hangs still upon the twig,"—it was then the state of the drowning man.

The true comment on this expression of Lord Leicester's, who was himself somewhat of a Parliamentarian, may be collected from the *intelligence* daily dispatched from Windsor;

and published to prepare the public for the great and approaching event. These privileged spies express astonishment at the King's unaltered habits and careless endurance of his persecutions. "The King," they say, "continues indifferent merry;" "yet," adds another, "not without fear and apprehension of danger from *new* faces." In fact, Charles always doubted of an open tribunal of justice; that scheme seemed preposterous. It was not a trial which he dreaded; he always conceived he should suffer a private death. One of these intelligencers says, "He makes the business talked on of questioning of him a jest." The following extract is a curious specimen of the malignity of these revolutionary scribes, as vulgar as were most of their patrons.

"The King is *cunningly merry* for the most part, though he hears of the Parliament's proceeding against him. He asked who came from London, how his young Princess did? He was answered she was very melancholy. The King replied, 'And well she may be so, when she hears what death her old father is coming unto.' We find his discourse of late *very effeminate*, and *talking much of women*, which he is sure for the most part to bring in at the end of every subject. On telling him that the Parliament intended to proceed in justice against him, he answered, *most simply and tyrannically*, 'Who can question me for my life?'"*

* The Moderate, impartially communicating Martial affairs to the Kingdom of England; January 9 to 16, 1649.

This is a curious example of party writing from the Government paper of a vile Government. Here are as many lies as lines. When Charles alluded to that

"Child of Misery, baptized in tears,"

who pined away in melancholy at the age of fifteen years in that Castle where her father had suffered a long durance, and where she shortly after found her vault, how could Charles call himself "her old father?" He died in the prime of life. How was it possible that he should talk at Windsor of "the death her father was coming to," when he was convinced that "no one could question him for his life?" Why were all these lies raised? It was an artifice of the wretched scribe, who forged the words he puts in the King's mouth, to prepare the public mind for the meditated catastrophe. Could it be believed that Charles's "discourse of late so effeminate," and "talking of women" was his domestic tenderness? the voice of the father and the husband? the excruciating feelings for his hapless daughter and his exiled Queen, who at this time was soliciting the Parliament for a safe-conduct to approach once more the un-

The writer was Gilbert Mabbott, or Mabbold, the new Licenser!—in this first year of "Freedom restored!"

happiest of men and of monarchs? In truth, the novel barbarism of the age had already thrown back society into its rudest element.

After a short month the King with regret was compelled to quit Windsor Castle. It was in the Court-yard, passing by the Keep, that occurred the extraordinary meeting, permitted but for a minute,—a single minute—deeply implored and hardly conceded,—that the Duke of Hamilton, who remained a prisoner at the Castle, cast himself on his knees before the King:—"My dear Master!" was all he could say. "I have, indeed," replied Charles, "been a dear master to you!" Both parted to go to the same fate.

The King was removed to the Palace of St. James's. Hitherto the King had been served with the usual ceremonies of State. He dined in the Presence-chamber; the Carver, the Sewer, the Cup-bearer, and the Gentleman-usher officiated; the cup was presented on the knee, and the Say was given out.* At St. James's Charles first endured the petty indignity from the wretched faction, who ordered that all regal ceremonies should be abolished, and that the accustomed respect to his

* The *Say* is an abbreviation of *Assay*, or trial; the ceremony of tasting the King's food when presented.

Majesty at his meals should be forborne. Soldiers now were his rough attendants, and brought in the dishes uncovered. The King felt the degradation, ate little, and in private. "Is there any thing more contemptible than a despised Prince?" said Charles to his faithful Thomas Herbert.

The story of Charles the First's imprisonments at Holmby, and at Hampton Court; his long confinement at Carisbrooke Castle; his immurement at the dismal Block-house of Hurst; his return to regal Windsor; and his final removal to Whitehall and St. James's, open a series of pathetic scenes which the inventions of a Shakspeare could hardly surpass in dramatic effect, or noble pathos — Scenes, however, which "the Malignants" of Party have affected to pass by as ordinary incidents, throwing a veil over that grandeur of mind which their brutalized spirits could never wear down to their own level.

So truly did Charles say of himself, "We have learned to busy ourself in retiring into ourself, and therefore the better digest what befalls."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TRIAL AND THE DECAPITATION.

THE Commons voted themselves "the Supreme Authority of the Nation," and whatever they declared to be Law was Law, without the consent of the King and the Peers. Shortly after, when they had rid themselves of the Sovereign, they voted the Lords "to be dangerous and useless." Harry Marten, as reckless in his wit as in his life, with the same tolerant good-humour which he had evinced on a former occasion with Judge Jenkins, proposed an amendment in favour of the Lords, that "they were useless but not dangerous." By this felicitous humour this Commonwealth-man had often relieved the Royalists in their most critical circumstances, and though a Regicide, his life was afterwards spared by the grateful mediation of the nume-

rous friends whom his facetious genius had so timely served.

An ardent critic has recently said of the trial of Charles the First, that "He was arraigned, sentenced, and executed in the face of Heaven and Earth." This is the poetry of the fiction! In what manner the erection of "the High-Court of Justice," a court never before heard of, stood in connexion with "Heaven and Earth," a plainer narrative may suffice to expose.

A judicial trial of the Sovereign, I have shown, was the favourite scheme of the Army-faction, contemplated at a much earlier period than our historians have traced, at least two years before it occurred.* It was often drop-

* This important fact I have alluded to at page 215. See Baillie's Letters, ii. 209. May 1646. "I abhor to think of it, what they speak of execution," p. 213. In June he writes, alluding to the King, "Had it not been that he foresaw he was ready to be taken at Oxford, and either to have been executed, which is the mind of too many here, or to be clapped up in perpetual prison, he had never come near us." Again, at p. 225, in August of the same year. "The Sectaries are the extremely malicious enemies of the blinded Prince, burning for the day to cast him and all his posterity out of England." Baillie was himself an honest intolerant Presbyterian, and Charles the First, with him, was "the

ped and resumed. When Charles had closed with the Treaty of Newport, the struggle became momentous between the two great factions. The Army advanced on London. On December 1st, 1648, they carried off the King to Hurst Castle. On the 5th the House sate through the whole night, and after a fierce debate, in the morning they carried the question, that the King's concessions were satisfactory for a settlement. The Army-faction seemed mastered. What then happens?

One of themselves has told us. "The Parliament was fallen into such factions and divisions, that any one who usually attended and observed the business of the House, could after a debate upon any question, easily number the votes that would be on each side, before the question was put." This curious circumstance had never been gravely recorded by the present historiographer, had his friends not constituted the forlorn minority. It was therefore "a resolution," so Ludlow expresses it, that the minority should be changed into a majority. It was "resolved by three of the Members of the House and three of the Officers of the Army,

blinded Prince," because he could not as an English Monarch, and in conscience as a religionist, subscribe the Covenant of the Kirk of Scotland!

who withdrew into a private room to consider of the best means." In truth there were nor best nor worst! When "the Tyrant" Charles had required that five Members should be put on their trial, that abrupt arrest of their persons—that feeble *coup d'état* went far to lose him his throne. The present six "Tyrants" in "a private room" had the list of the whole House placed before them in luxuriance, to pick and choose. "We went over the names of all the Members, one by one, giving the truest characters we could of their inclinations, wherein I presume we were not mistaken in many."—No matter! the hour presses and the business is not nice! "The Army being ordered"—By whom? apparently by the six "tyrants" in the "private room"—"to be drawn up the next morning, with guards placed in Westminster Hall, the Court of Requests, and the Lobby"—On what business?—"That none might be permitted to pass into the House but such as had continued faithful to the public interest!" By this mode, "the Minority" of "the public interest" triumphed over "the Majority." Such is the honest history of Colonel Pride's famed "Purge," delivered by their own authentic historian.*

* Ludlow, i. 233.

This *coup d'état* was struck on December 6th, the very next day after their discomfiture in the House. On January the 4th the Commons invested themselves with "the Supreme Authority," and on the 9th the High-Court of Justice to try the King was proclaimed.

Such is the simple story of the High Court of Justice on "the face of the Earth;" for their acts in "the face of Heaven" we must look to their Chaplain and Buffoon Hugh Peters. He himself tells us that the fate of the King too deeply affected the public mind. "The public interest" out of the House was so far from an agreement with "the public interest" in it, that the Members of the High Court of Justice sate in pretended Fasts, and at State Sermons, acted by their gesticulator and comedian in the pulpit. They were edified and diverted by many a drolling tale, a gibe and a quip, or an ecstasy kneeling or weeping, now hiding his head, now clapping his hands for a new revelation.—All for "the Red Coats!" "Moses was now to lead the people out of Egyptian bondage! but how? that was not yet revealed to me!" Shrugging his shoulders, covering his eyes with his hands, burying his head in the cushion, resounding laughter polluted the choir of St. Margaret's Chapel. The

grotesque Seer starting up suddenly, cried out, "Now I have it by Revelation! This Army must root up Monarchy, not only here, but in France, and other Kingdoms round about—this is to bring you out of Egypt!" But it seems that there were "foolish citizens in our Jerusalem, who for a little trading and profit would have Christ crucified (pointing to the red coats crowding on the pulpit-stairs), and that great Barabbas of Windsor released." It was before Cromwell, and Bradshaw the Lord President of the novel Court, on the Sunday preceding the execution on the Tuesday, that the High Priest of the Revolution took for his text, "Bind your Kings with chains, and your Nobles with fetters of Iron." It delighted them to hear of "the Rabble of Princes," and Cromwell was observed to laugh.

Hugh Peters is a name covered with odium; the moral habits of this carnal prophet have been so frequently aspersed by the Royalists, that had Hugh Peters not made his own confessions, we could never have formed any correct notion of the vile and ridiculous man himself. In this political history of human nature, he serves greatly to instruct us. He was one of those characters who are engendered in the excitement of a Revolutionary period,

persons easily tempted to go all lengths with a triumphant party, and contribute to more mischief than they would of themselves incline to.

This merry-Andrew in the pulpit, and this advocate for the Sword in Law, was at bottom a grave and earnest Divine, neither wanting in learning nor in ability. By the deposition of a servant at his Trial, it appears that he was usually "melancholy sick." Originally an exile for his Non-conformity, under the severe administration of Laud, he had passed over into New England, and on his return home, after fourteen years of absence, found the nation plunged in Civil War. His patrons were the Parliamentary Generals. Minister, Messenger, and Minion of the Army, in his political fanaticism he maintained that all Government depended on the Sword.* Yet this reckless Being in his cell, awaiting his trial, could consider, as he tells us, that, "A good government is, where men may be as good as they can, and not so bad as they would." He grew wealthy under his Masters, who bestowed on him an estate, loaded him with frequent dona-

* See Note at the end of Chapter V. for his dialogue with Lilburne.

tions, one of which was Laud's library, and his conscience, now the fatal tree was in his contemplation, was troubled about some parts of Lord Craven's estate, of which he had evidently shared in the pillage with the infamous Lord Grey, whom he says, "as I had time," (for in truth Peters was too busy to sermonise in private,) "I ever advised against that spirit of Levelling then stirring." He who lives on rapine is usually improvident. Peters "lived in debt; for what I had, others shared in." He would ascribe to himself the splendour of generosity, while he conceals the vulgar prodigality of the mean adventurer. This was one of the men appointed to be the Reformers of the Law. In his tract "Good Work for a Good Magistrate, or a Short Cut to Great Quiet," he proposed the extirpation of the whole system of our Laws, and recommended that the records in the Tower should be burnt as the monuments of Tyranny. For this suggestion he craves pardon, as his project appears to have given offence; his only design in Law, was for "Ease, Expedition, and Cheapness;" but he owns, "When I was called about mending Laws, I confess I might as well have been spared." He asserted on his trial that he had done many good offices to the Royalists when he was in power, and wore a

ring which Goring had given him for having saved his life. But when he wrote in his Confessions, before his trial had come on, that "He never had a hand in contriving or acting the death of the King, as I am scandalised," he seems to have thought that his memorable sermon on "the Barabbas of Windsor," and its Text, had been utterly forgotten. He had declared that the Commonwealth would never be at peace till they got rid of the three L's, Lords, Levites, and Lawyers. In the hour of contrition he wrote in prison "A dying father's last legacy to an only child," his daughter. Then he mourned that "ever he had been popular, and known better to others than to myself." When the cruel death which he was to suffer approached, then he cried that "Life was sweet, and Death was terrible." Thus is a man two men! a wide interval separates the highflyer Hugh Peters at the Army, and the Hugh Peters, as he himself expresses it, "shortly going where Time shall be no more, nor cock nor clock distinguish hours!"

When this pageant of the High Court of Justice assembled, it was discovered that in reality, two-thirds of the Members had been drawn out of the Army. There were some adventurers who looked not for their fortunes

by their sword, but by their compliance. And there were a few, "the honest Fanatics," as Mrs. Macaulay designates Major Harrison, who subscribed the death-warrant of Charles the First, on motives and principles by which they would have expounded the Apocalypse, and by which they calculated the approach of the Millennium, or demonstrated the Anti-Christ of Rome.

When the Commissioners were preparing for the Trial of the King, they debated whether they should have in Court both a Sword and a Mace; for this huddled government, not having yet had time to order a Commonwealth-mace, the one in use bore the royal arms. There was something antithetical in the present process of displaying the regal authority in the moment of the abolition of Monarchy. They resolved to have both, the Sword alone looking too terrible.

They had been more diligent in fixing in full view the newly-manufactured arms of the Commonwealth of England, bearing this inscription, suggested by the witty and dissolute Henry Marten. "The first year of Freedom by God's blessing RESTORED 1648." This singular expression *Restored* he used on another occasion. In drawing up the Remonstrance of the Army, which changed the Monarchy into a Common-

wealth, this Sheridan of his day, had said "RESTORED to its ancient government of Commonwealth." A Member rose to reprimand, and to wonder at the impudence of Harry Marten, asserting the antiquity of Commonwealth, of which he had never before heard. The Wit rejoined by a whimsical illustration of the propriety of the term, and the peculiar condition of the man who had now heard it for the first time. "There was," said Harry, "a text which had often troubled his spirit concerning the man who was blind from his mother's womb, but at length whose sight was *restored* to the sight which he should have had." The witticism was keen, though almost as abstruse as the antiquity of an English Commonwealth.*

* I found this anecdote in the Aubrey Papers at the Ashmolean Museum. It may receive some elucidation from a passage in the trial of the great Regicide, Thomas Scott. This party maintained that the English Government originally consisted of the Commons, which Scott urged as a plea for his defence in having obeyed the Parliament, consisting solely of the Commons. The Court having observed to Scott, that he could not give one instance that ever the House of Commons did assume the King's authority; the Prisoner replied, "I can many, where there was nothing but a House of Commons!" The Court. "When was that?"—Scott. "In the Saxons' time." This, no doubt, puzzled the

Charles, on his entrance before the Tribunal which had now usurped the Supreme Authority of the State, beheld Cromwell and Harry Marten sitting on each side of this escutcheon, and might have read, by that "hand-writing on the wall," how his days were numbered, and that he had already outlived the Monarchy.

Amidst all their public insolence to the King, the feeling was still novel and awkward among them in their familiar approach to his person. The Commonwealth's new Mace-bearer, overcome by the awfulness of conducting Charles to the Bar, excessively trembled, and could scarcely support the Mace, or hold

Court, as it has many a more profound antiquary than either the Court or Scott himself. The Court, however, were not to be baffled; they had not sufficient erudition to contradict the assertion,—they waived the argument. Court. "You do not come to any time within six hundred years, you speak of times wherein things were obscure." The late David Williams, in the days of revolutionary Reforms, printed a diagram of the English Constitution, wherein the rude times of Alfred, or the Wittenagemot, (I do not recollect which,) were shown to the eye, as its perfection. According to such theories, the Anti-monarchists would throw back a nation in the highest state of civilization to barbarous periods, when the people were often slaves attached to the soil. This, then, was to be the Constitution "*restored* to its ancient government of Commonwealth!"

up the bar to admit the King to his chair within it.

There was in the common people at large a deep veneration for the Royal person. Their weeping eyes witnessed his long afflictions; the misfortunes and the grievances of the early part of the reign of this hapless Prince hardly lived in their recollections. They had more recently listened to tales of his gallantry in the field, and of his magnanimous spirit in his prisons. Admitted into his presence, all were struck by the gravity and stateliness of him, whom Nature and habit alike formed for Sovereignty. While the prevailing Faction, small but terrible, for it lay among the Officers, was proclaiming Charles the First "A Tyrant!" the generous nature of the uncontaminated Many was ever betraying itself, not only by a mournful silence, but often by spontaneous bursts of "God save the King!" Hume has beautifully touched this part of the story. "The King was softened at this moving scene, and expressed his gratitude for their dutiful affection." An unfortunate Monarch, in the depth of his misery, could find brothers among the People. These were no hirelings, for Charles's party was now silenced, dispersed, or in terror,

suffered to exist only by their inactivity or their concealment.

The personal respect for the King was felt in every class. Some of the soldiers alone were compelled, by two or three of their commanders, to raise a forced shout or obtrude an insult. When the King was rowed to Westminster, a great concourse of boats collected; the soldiers, commanded by Major Harrison, were covered, but the watermen insisted on rowing the King bare-headed. Colonel Tomlinson, although his Party had passed their sentence on the King as a Traitor, would conduct the King to the scaffold with hat in hand. Even the unknown executioners deemed it advisable to wear masks. As for the High Court themselves, they seem to have sat in terror. They ordered the vaults to be searched, they barred and locked themselves in at every entrance, they set guards on the leads and other places that had windows, and all back-doors. Ten companies of foot were constantly on guard, the people were beat back by the soldiers. The famed broad-brimmed hat, beneath which their Lord President scowled on the hapless Monarch, was cased with iron. These self-styled Representatives of the

People were carrying on a cause in the name of the People; but how happened it that the counsel for the Plaintiffs appear to have been most fearful of the Plaintiffs themselves?

Charles the First, on his trial, at no time found his presence of mind fail, nor the firmness of his pulse, nor the aptness of his language. From early life he had a defective utterance, but at his trial, the intensity of his feelings carried on his voice without faltering. The King had resolved not to acknowledge by any salute the present High Court, and for this purpose would not uncover. They had anticipated this resolution, for this minute circumstance was actually debated among them. It was ordered, that "in case the Prisoner shall in language or carriage towards the Court be contemptuous, &c. it is left to the Lord President to admonish, or to command the taking away of the Prisoner; but, as to the Prisoner's taking off his hat, the Court will not insist upon it this day." Nor, indeed, did they on any one day of the Trial. An expression of public contempt for the Royal presence was yet so much of a novelty, that even these Commissioners, who had dared to try him for his life, did not venture once to offer him a public indignity, notwithstanding that the

more violent of the Faction reduced his designation to "The Man." Bradshaw, though he never addressed the King by the style of royalty, and spoke to Charles as to an ordinary prisoner, often applied the title of "Sir!" which was as freely bestowed by the King, the only equality which could exist between them. The State of his Royalty though dimmed, was not yet lost. Bradshaw, a Serjeant of obscure reputation, suddenly elevated into the office of the Chief Magistrate of the Land, affected an equality of pomp with Royalty itself; yet as the same preparations had been allowed the King, it betrayed in these novices in the arts of degrading the person of the Sovereign, the involuntary concession of a tribute to public opinion. The King at the Bar was still the King. Charles never suffered himself to be hurried; he took his chair with stateliness, he sat down leisurely, or looked about him with curiosity, often with many an enquiring glance. A paper of the day describes the King. "With a quick eye and nimble gesture he turned himself oftentimes about, casting an eye not only on those who were on each side of the Court, but even on the spectators in the midst of the Hall." Was there yet a lingering hope in that firm though subdued spirit, for

the appearance of some unknown friend? Or did Charles imagine that the very person of Majesty might create anew expiring Loyalty? Four Noblemen, it is said, had indeed offered themselves to be tried for the imputed crimes of their Royal Master. They declared that they had concurred by their counsels, and alone should be deemed guilty. Honour and Patriotism emulated each other in that proffered immolation. But from the Court before him the King could receive no generous sympathy. The Solicitor for the People, a very poor but not unskilful lawyer, and who a few days before the Trial had never had any expectation of the office, with his two Republican Counsel, one of whom was the Dutchman, Dorislaus, were only separated from the King by a slight partition, and the soldiers surrounding the Court filled the intermediate passage between the King and the people. Charles the First was there as if he had stood alone in the universe. Once a solitary voice reminded him that there was in that Court one who recognized the King, and proclaimed who was the traitor; but that voice was a female's!*

* It is well known who this lady was. When the charge against the King was made, in the name of the Commons and People of England, a lady exclaimed with a loud voice,

Charles carried a cane, or in the style of the day "a staff." When Cooke, the Solicitor, was delivering himself with insolence, the King two or three times gently touched his shoulder.. While the charge was being read, the King rose again to look around, and resumed his seat with a stern look, but at the passage where he was accused of being "a tyrant, a traitor," &c. he scornfully laughed in the face of the Court. A remarkable circumstance occurred. As the King was leaning on his cane the head broke off on a sudden, and rolled on the ground. This seemed for a moment to affect the King, as it did many who saw, or heard of it. This momentary surprise did not however derange his ideas. Not that Charles did not partake of the prevalent superstitions of omens at this time; he afterwards confessed to Bishop Juxon that "it really made a great impression on him." It has been supposed that this was a malicious contrivance of Hugh Peters, who was

"It was a lie! not a quarter of the people! Oliver Cromwell is a Rogue and a Traitor!" The lady was masked. Colonel Axtell ordered his musketeers to present their muskets to the box and fire on the woman, using an opprobrious term. This produced a dreadful silence. The lady retired. The evidence of Sir Purbeck Temple ascertains that it was the Lady Fairfax.

then "the King's gaoler," and who had "artificially tampered upon his staff," for the purpose of throwing a sudden dismay into the mind of the King. In an age when our Sages still expounded omens and chronicled their dreams, a mischance so timed before the eyes of the Public was no inconsiderable one. If it were a trick, it was the triumph of a little villain, or the disgrace of a great one. It was, however, with that headless cane, that in retiring from the bar, Charles pointed to the Sword lying on the table, and scornfully said, "I do not fear that." But Charles had to endure the insolence of the vile, and it is said he smiled when some soldiers spat in his face, and a lady of rank who was already infamous by her loose conduct, fiercely exulted in the same honour. The prostitute could rival the bully of her faction.

The trial of the King, its chief points and the arguments, have been conveyed to the reader in our popular histories, but too many *traits* are lost in those summaries. Bradshaw assumes that "the supreme jurisdiction lies with the Commons of England;" the King insists, that "the House of Commons was never a Court of Judicature." The words of "The

Tyrant" may still be quoted for their simplicity and their force. "If Power without Law may make Laws, may alter the fundamental laws of the Kingdom, I do not know what subject he is in England that can be sure of his life, or any thing that he calls his own." Bradshaw would not allow the King to dispute the authority of this self-elected Court, insisting on his submission to it. Charles admirably replied to the "Serjeant"—"Sir, by your favour, I do not know the forms of Law. I do know Law and Reason, though I am no lawyer professed. I know as much law as any gentleman in England, and therefore, under your favour, I do plead for the liberties of the people of England more than you do." Bradshaw, pressed hard by the King's argument, who said "I require that I do give in my *reasons* why I do not answer," with rude insolence replied, "Sir, 'tis not for prisoners to require!" The indignant Monarch for a moment gave way to his natural hastiness of temper—"Prisoner, Sir! I am not an ordinary Prisoner!" But if Charles by an instantaneous emotion lost his temper, the Lord President lost his presence of mind or command of language, for when the King said, "Show me that jurisdiction where *Reason*

is not to be heard?" The Serjeant unwittingly replied, "Sir! we show it you here, the Commons of England."*

On the last day there was a more subdued spirit on the King. He now perceived that no argument would avail. He would not acknowledge their authority, but he did not deny their *power*. We will listen to the King, "Sir! I know it is in vain for me to dispute; I am no sceptic, for to deny the power you have; I know that you have power enough!—Sir! I must confess I think it would have been for the Kingdom's peace if you would have taken the pains to have shown the lawfulness of your power." Charles now condescended almost to implore for a little delay of a day or two, to be heard by the Lords and Commons to avoid a hasty judgment. When the King declared "I have nothing more to say, but I shall desire that this may be entered what I have said," the vulgar triumph of the pert and petulant lawyer seems barbarously

* These "Reasons" which the King was not suffered to deliver, and which if he had, would have been to no purpose, he, as was his laborious custom, left behind him in writing. He has even noted down when he was interrupted in speaking, adding "Against reason I was hindered to show my reasons."

marked in the retort—"The Court then, Sir, hath something to say unto you, which although I know will be very unacceptable, yet, notwithstanding, they are resolved to discharge their duty." The scarlet gown worn on this day had already pronounced sentence to the eyes of all present, but the wounded pride it concealed betrayed itself when Bradshaw told the King, "Sir! you have not owned us as *a Court*, and you look upon us as *a sort of people met together*."

While the sentence of death was pronouncing, the King was observed to smile, and then to lift his eyes in silently appealing to Heaven. After the condemnation this extraordinary dialogue ensued.

The King addressed Bradshaw. "Will you hear me a word, Sir?"

Bradshaw.—"Sir, you are not to be heard after the sentence."

The King.—"No, Sir!"

Bradshaw.—"No, Sir! by your favour, Sir! Guard! withdraw your prisoner!"

King.—"I may speak after the sentence, by your favour, Sir! I may speak after sentence, EVER!——By your favour, Hold! The sentence, Sir! I say Sir!——I do—I am not suf-

fered to speak—expect what justice other people will have!"

Violently hurried from the Bar, in the broken words and the struggle of contemned Majesty, we still mark the unalterable fortitude of Charles the First. He commanded while he implored. In the dramas of Shakspeare is there a touch more natural than Charles's EVER? In this tragical agitation, we catch from the last words which fell from his lips, a prediction of political wisdom! Hume, in one of those inimitable passages his fine genius often cast, has exquisitely touched the picture of Charles the First at these moments. "His soul, without effort or affectation, seemed only to remain in the situation familiar to it, and to look down with contempt on all the efforts of human malice and iniquity."

Dragged from the bar, the King passed through a rabble of soldiers, brutal indignities were cast on him, but his spirit was constant to itself. Some soldiers were reviling him, others blowing tobacco-whiffs in his face, or throwing their broken pipes in his way;—one honest soldier exclaiming, "God bless you, Sir!" his Captain caned him. The King observed, that "the punishment exceeded the offence." In a conversation with Herbert, shortly afterwards,

the King asked if he had remarked the cry of the soldiers for "Justice and Execution!" Herbert answered that he did, and wondered at it. "So did not I," said Charles, "for I am well assured the soldiers bear no malice to me. The cry was, no doubt, given by their Officers, for whom the soldiers would do the like were there occasion.

This observation is an evidence of the correct judgment of the King. We know that once Hugh Peters hurried out of Court to instigate a Colonel to command his men to give out a cry for Justice! and that after sentence, Colonel Axtell having first caned his men to it, forced them to cry out for Execution! as the King passed. The real persecutors of Charles were restricted to this narrow circle, nor would the King have had many even among these, had that party not imagined, and several of them declared it, that had Charles lived, their own lives were in peril.

Three days intervened between the sentence and the execution. Charles, in requesting the absence of his friends, admitted his two children, the only ones left in England. It was not possible to be with his children, and not remember their mother. His least agony was not that of bidding them a last farewell; for

having done this, and withdrawn to the window to conceal his sufferings, he broke again into a violence of grief, he returned to the door of the apartment, and once more lingered in their embrace.

A domestic incident which occurred the preceding evening, gives a touching representation of the man. Charles taking off an emerald ring from his finger, seemed anxious that Herbert, if possible, should hasten immediately and deliver it to a Lady without saying a word. Herbert by great favour procured the parole, and not with little difficulty threaded his way by the numerous sentinels, at that late hour. At the sight of the ring, the Lady, who resided in the neighbourhood, desired Herbert to wait. She returned with a little cabinet, closed with three seals, praying that it might be delivered to the hand which sent that ring, and which was left with her. In the morning the mysterious cabinet was opened, it contained diamonds and jewels, and for the most part broken Georges and Garters. "You see," said Charles, "all the wealth now in my power to give my two children." The person with whom the cabinet had been deposited by the provident Monarch was Lady Wheeler, the royal Laundress.

In the last pathetic interview with his chil-

dren, Charles told the Princess Elizabeth, among other things, that "His death was glorious, for he should die for the Laws and Liberties of the Land. He should die a Martyr." On the scaffold he declared that "He was the Martyr of the People."

This style from the lips of "a Tyrant" is strange and unexpected, and the title of "Martyr," which Charles proudly professed, was long disputed by his enemies. The great genius of Milton could condescend to cavil, restricting the sense of the term to those who died for persevering in their faith; but that, since Charles had consented to suspend, or abolish, the Episcopacy in England, he could not be held to be a Martyr to religion. The fact is, that the martyrdom of Charles was a civil and political one. Charles need not have ascended the scaffold, would he have betrayed the liberties and plundered the wealth of the nation. The King alluded to this extraordinary fact on his trial. Once turning himself to Bradshaw, and fixing his eyes on some persons near him, Charles said, "There are some sitting here that well know, that if I would have forfeited or betrayed the liberties and rights of the people, I need not have come hither."* This last of his acts

* Trials of the Regicides, 190. 4to. Edition.

seems an expiation of the errors and infirmities of the early years of his reign.

The Grandees of the Army paused to the last hour of the execution of the King; that unparalleled event, for ancient Egypt had only in their wisdom brought their Monarchs on their decease to a judicial trial, was almost counteracted by the fears, the offers, and the interference of great parties, both at home and abroad. On the Sunday preceding the decollation written proposals were tendered to the King to restore him to his shadowy throne, on terms which a pusillanimous and dishonoured Prince would have subscribed. The Council of War proposed to be the sole government of England, and this military force was to be maintained by a heavy land-rate, to be levied by the Army. A close committee held a private meeting. Rushworth was concerned in procuring a house among his friends for this secret purpose. Charles, at the first articles, indignantly threw aside the paper which might have given him an ignoble existence, and exclaimed, "I will rather become a sacrifice for my people, than endure this intolerable bondage of an armed Faction!"* Charles would not be

* Clement Walker, Hist. of Independency, ii. 109, gives many particulars. The meeting for which Rushworth was

a Slave-king. It was from this circumstance that Charles the First deemed himself to be "a Martyr for the People."

Halberdiers and musqueteers, who were hourly changed, for they mistrusted their own men, were instigated by some of their officers to perpetual intrusions into the privacy of the King, on the pretext to watch over their prisoner; this occasioned Charles to sigh. It has been suggested that a diabolical device condemned the mortified Monarch to listen for two successive nights to the heavy strokes of the workmen in the erection of the scaffold.*

employed to fix on a private place, where the persons assembled came singly, is told in a manuscript narrative from the daughter of the friend, who lent the use of his house on this occasion. Echard, B. ii. 659. Neither Hume nor Dr. Lingard have attended to these facts, which surely throw light on what Charles afterwards alluded to when on the scaffold.

* All our writers have censured Hume for recording this affecting circumstance. The curious reader, I warn off any other, will take some interest in details which discover how numerous writers may err, either by echoing the first opinion promulgated, or by not being in possession of a material fact.

Mrs. Macauley reprobates the story as "a calumny on the Parliament and the Army, propagated by the petulant Presbyterian Clement Walker. Whereas," she says, "the King remained at St. James's till the morning of his execution."

The judicious Laing considers it as "an injudicious fiction

The night preceding the execution, Herbert, his faithful attendant, lay on a pallet by

invented by Clement Walker, in order to aggravate the deed, and Hume, though Herbert lay open before him, on this occasion wrote too much for dramatic effect."

Charles Fox, who in the decline of life was but an ardent novice in historical research, exults that "He had detected the trick of Hume's theatrical and false representation of Charles the First hearing the noise of the scaffold."

Last, but not least, to close the reverberation of historical echoes, Mr. Brodie takes the very copy of Herbert, from the Advocates' Library, which may still be viewed, with all the marks and remarks of the simple-minded philosopher, and Mr. Brodie shows that Hume's thumb had scratched where Herbert says, that the King on his last return from the Court passed to his bed-chamber at Whitehall, whence *after two hours space* he was removed to St. James's. Mr. Brodie attacks more fatally than his predecessors, Clement Walker himself, for he makes Clement apparently refute himself. Clement after stating that the King having been disturbed *all Saturday and Sunday night* by the strokes of the workmen proceeds thus—"*Tuesday* 30*th* of January was the day appointed for the King's death. *He came on foot from St. James's to Whitehall that morning.*"

Who could have conceived that after so much searching evidence and against the positive, but inaccurate statement of Herbert, the account given by Clement Walker, notwithstanding that by his careless mode of writing, Mr. Brodie ingeniously made Clement refute Clement, is however the veracious account, and that Hume stands perfectly exculpated from any attempt at a "theatrical representation?"

It now appears from Lord Leicester's journal, recently

the King's side, and "took small rest." The King slept soundly for four hours. Two hours

published, that Charles lay at Whitehall, the *two nights* following his sentence, and that he was only removed to St. James's the *night preceding his execution*. The fact is confirmed by this entry in the useful *Gesta Britannorum* among the works of Sir George Wharton, who kept a chronological Diary.

"January.—The scaffold was erected before the Banquetting House at Whitehall." By an omission in the printing, the date is not clear, but we find that on the

"29th. (Monday) King removed to St. James's, whither his children come from Sion House.

"30th. King Charles beheaded."

No reason has been given for the King's removal from Whitehall to St. James's on the last day. Clement Walker, in mentioning the fact of the disturbance occasioned by the erection of the scaffold at Whitehall to Charles, omitted noticing the *removal* of the King on *Monday*, to St. James's. The more remarkable passage in Herbert, that Charles, on his return to Whitehall after the sentence, "whence after *two hours space*, he was removed to St. James's," can only be accounted for, either as a defective reminiscence of Herbert, who wrote many years after the event, as happened to Ashburnham and others, or by a false reading of the manuscript, or a careless misprint, "two hours" for "two days." A circumstance which has often occurred with the careless readers, and the negligent printers of those days.

This may be considered as a curious history of the fallibility of written evidence, even from authentic quarters, whenever a material circumstance has been accidentally omitted, or comes to us in a mutilated shape.

before the dawn, he opened his curtains, and by the light of "a great cake of wax, set in a silver basin, which burned all night," observed Herbert disturbed in sleep. The King arousing him, discovered that he was suffering from a very painful dream. It was indeed a very extraordinary one, at that moment. Herbert, doubtless under the agitation of that direful night, had dreamed that Laud, in his pontifical habit, had entered the apartment—had knelt down to the King—that they conversed—that the King looked pensive, and the Archbishop sighed—and on retiring from the King fell prostrate. Charles said "The dream was remarkable; but he is dead; had we now conferred together, 'tis very likely, albeit I loved him well, I should have said something might have occasioned his sigh."

Charles said he would rise, "for I have a great work to do this day." Herbert trembled in combing the King's hair. Charles observing that it was not done with his usual care, said, "Though it be not long to stand on my shoulders, take the same pains with it, as you were wont to do. Herbert, this is my second marriage-day; I would be as trim to-day as may be." The weather was cold. The King desired to have a shirt on more than ordinary;

for "the season is sharp, and probably may make me shake, which some will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation. I fear not death—death is not terrible to me! I bless my God, I am prepared. Let the Rogues come!"

By a paper of the day, it appears that Charles declared that he was glad that the act was to be done before Whitehall, rather than at St. James's, where he now was, as the weather was keen and cold, and without a little motion he should be indisposed to what he intended to say. He walked through the Park, as his former use was, very fast, and called to his guard in a pleasant manner, "March on apace!" A sorry fellow, "a mean citizen," as Fuller describes him, was allowed for some time to walk close to the King, fixing on him the genuine cannibal stare of the lowest of the populace. The King only turned his face from him. The ruffian was at length shoved aside. One of the Officers, surely to disturb him, had the audacity to ask him, whether he had not consented to his father's death? His chief conversation was with Colonel Tomlinson on his burial—he wished it not to be sudden, as he dwelt on the thought that his son would do that last office. On

leaving the Park, an affectionate domestic reminiscence occurred. Charles suddenly stopped, and pointing to a tree, observed, "That tree was planted by my brother Henry!"*

At Whitehall a repast had been prepared. The religious emotions of Charles had consecrated the Sacrament, which he refused to mingle with human food. The Bishop, whose mind was unequal to conceive the intrepid spirit of the King, dreading lest the magnanimous Monarch, overcome by the severity of the cold, might faint on the scaffold, prevailed on him to eat half a manchet of bread and taste some claret. But the more consolatory refreshment of Charles had been just imparted to him in that singular testimony from his son, who had sent a *carte blanche* to save the life of his father at any price. This was a thought on which his affections could dwell in face of the scaffold which he was now to ascend.

Charles had arrived at Whitehall about ten o'clock, and was not led to the scaffold till past one. It was said that the scaffold was not com-

* The late Sir Henry Englefield, in conversation, told this anecdote; it is probably traditional. He indicated the spot, as that where the cows usually stand, near the passage from Spring-Gardens. They have often been attached to the trunk of a tree, which possibly was the one in question.

pleted; it might have been more truly said, that the conspirators were not ready. There was a mystery in this delay. The fate of Charles the First, to the very last moment, was in suspense! Fairfax, though at the time in the Palace, inquired of Herbert how the King was, when the King was no more! and expressed his astonishment on hearing that the execution had just taken place. This extraordinary simplicity and abstraction from the present scene of affairs has been imputed to the General as an act of refined dissimulation, yet this seems uncertain. The Prince's *carte blanche* had been that morning confided to his hands, and he surely must have laid it before "the Grandees of the Army," as this new order of the Rulers of England were called. Fairfax, whose personal feelings respecting the King were congenial with those his Lady had so memorably evinced, laboured to defer for a few days the terrible catastrophe; not without the hope of being able, by his own regiment and others in the Army, to prevent the deed altogether. It is probable,—inexplicable as it may seem to us,—that the execution of Charles the First really took place unknown to the General. Fairfax was not unaccustomed to discover that

his colleagues first acted, and afterwards trusted to his own discernment.*

* No historical character is so darkly veiled as that of the General-in-Chief. Our historians make Fairfax a mere senseless instrument of Cromwell and Ireton. Fairfax has himself confessed that his name was put to papers to which he had never given his consent, and merely for the form's sake. Charles the First once called him "the brutish General," alluding either to his ardour in fighting, or to the gracelessness of his manners. Warburton calls him "the stupid General," from the idea that he was entirely passive under Cromwell. Clement Walker curiously describes him as "a gentleman of an irrational and brutish valour, fitter to follow another man's counsel than his own." It is extraordinary, that on repeated important occasions he professed not to know what was doing in his own name. The General, it is certain, was excessively modest, spoke little, and his manners were abrupt; but he had opinions of his own and acted up to them. "I have observed him at Councils of War," says the sage Whitelocke, "that he hath said little, but hath ordered things expressly contrary to the judgment of his Council; and in action on the field I have seen him so highly transported, that scarce any one durst speak a word to him, and he would seem more like a man distracted and furious, than of his ordinary mildness and so far different temper." The Duke of Buckingham, who married Fairfax's only daughter, composed a noble epitaph on this military character, "one born for victory."

"He had the fierceness of the manliest mind,
And all the meekness too, of womankind."

Fairfax was a literary man. Although none of his writings have been published, except his "Short Memorials;" he

Secret history has not revealed all that passed in those three awful hours. We know, however, that the warrant for the execution was not signed till within a few minutes before the King was led to the scaffold. In an apartment in the palace, Ireton and Harrison were in bed together, and Cromwell, with four Colonels, assembled in it. Colonel Huncks refused to sign the warrant—Cromwell would have no farther delay, reproaching the Colonel as "a peevish, cowardly fellow," and Colonel Axtell declared that he was ashamed for his friend Huncks, remonstrating with him, that "The ship is coming into the harbour, and now would he strike sail before we come to anchor?" Cromwell stepped to a table, and wrote what he had proposed to Huncks; Colonel Hacker supplying

composed several treatises and translations of Military and other Authors; versified the Psalms; wrote a History of the Church to the Reformation, in a large folio, all in his own hand; A System of Divinity; and this laborious student left besides numerous *opuscula*. It is to be regretted, that the immense collection of all the papers, public and private, which Fairfax had received as General-in-Chief, and which must necessarily have thrown some light on the secret history of this extraordinary period, have been for ever lost to the Nation. After selling much as waste paper, a recent auction has dispersed the papers among different persons,—so reckless were the heirs of Fairfax!

his place, signed it, and with the ink hardly dry, carried the warrant in his hand, and called for the King.*

At the fatal summons Charles rose with alacrity. The King passed through the long gallery by a line of soldiers. Awe and sorrow seemed now to have mingled in their countenances; their barbarous Commanders were intent on their own triumph, and no farther required the forced cry of "Justice and Execution." Charles stepped out of an enlarged window of the Banqueting-house, where a new opening levelled it with the scaffold. Charles came forwards with the same indifference as "he would have entered Whitehall on a masque-night," as an intelligent observer described. The King looked towards St. James's and smiled! Curious eyes were watchful of his slightest motions; and the Commonwealth papers of the day express their surprise, perhaps their vexation, at the unaltered aspect and the firm step of the Monarch. These mean spirits had flattered themselves, that He who had been cradled in Royalty, who had lived years in the fields of Honour, and was now, they presumed, a Recreant in imprisonment, "the grand Delinquent of England," as they called him, would start in horror at the block.

* Trial of the Regicides, 221.

This last triumph, at least, was not reserved for them,—it was for the King. Charles, dauntless, strode "the floor of Death," to use Fuller's peculiar, but expressive phraseology. He looked on the block, with the axe lying upon it, with attention; his only anxiety was that the block seemed not sufficiently raised, and that the edge of the axe might be turned by being swept by the flappings of cloaks, or blunted by the feet of some moving about the scaffold. "Take care they do not put me to pain!"—"Take heed of the axe! take heed of the axe!" exclaimed the King to a gentleman passing by.—"Hurt not the axe; that may hurt me!" His continued anxiety concerning these *circumstances,* proves that he felt not the terror of death, solely anxious to avoid the pain, for he had an idea of their cruelty. With that sedate thoughtfulness which was in all his actions, he only looked at the business of the hour. One circumstance Charles observed with a smile. They had a notion that the King would resist the executioner; on the suggestion of Hugh Peters, it is said, they had driven iron staples and ropes into the scaffold, that their victim, if necessary, might be bound down upon the block.

The King's Speech has many remarkable points; but certainly nothing so remarkable as the place where it was delivered. This was the

first "King's Speech" spoken from a scaffold. Time shall confirm, as History has demonstrated, his principle, that "They mistook the nature of Government; for People are free under a Government, not by being sharers in it, but by the due administration of the Laws. It was for this," said Charles, "that now I am come here. If I could have given way to an arbitrary Sway, for to have all Laws changed according to the power of the Sword, I need not have come here, and therefore, I tell you that I am *the Martyr of the People!*"

In his last preparations, the same remarkable indifference to death appeared. He took off his cloak and George, and delivered the George to the Bishop, but he would not suffer decapitation till he had drawn a white satin cap on his head, and had put on his cloak again. Still he was casting a watchful eye on the block, which he thought should have been a little higher. He seems to have had some suspicion of a cruel massacre, for the executioner and his assistant were disguised in the dress of sailors, and wore frightful vizors.

The Bishop was insensible to the inspiration of that awful hour: cold, formal, trivial in all he did or said, we may credit the sarcastic representation of the simplicity of the man in

the Memoir of Ludlow.* Juxon closed his last address by the frigid conceit of the parts and stages of human life; that "the present was a very short stage, but it would carry him a great way—from Earth to Heaven! the prize you hasten to, a crown of glory." The King caught this trite image, and more nobly rejoined, with deeper emotion—"I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be, no disturbance in the world!"

To which the Bishop frigidly rejoined, "You are exchanged from a temporal to an eternal crown. A good exchange!"

Addressing the Headsman, the King said, "When I put out my hands this way, then!" As soon as he laid his head on the block, the executioner thrust his hair under his cap; and Charles, thinking that he had been going to strike, commanded him to "Stay for the Sign!"

* "When Juxon, late Bishop of London," says the Anti-Episcopal Memorialist, "had notice of the King's desire to attend him, he broke out into these expressions. 'God save me! what a trick is this, that I should have no more warning, and I have nothing ready!' He went to the King, when having read one of his old sermons, he did not forget to use the words set down in the Liturgy, inviting all to confess before the Congregation gathered together, though there was no one present but the King and himself." i. 244.

On the uttermost verge of life, men could discover in the King no indecent haste, no flurry of spirits, no trembling of limbs, no disorder of speech, no start in horror—his eyes were observed by an eminent physician to be as lively and quick as ever, as his head lay on the block. The blow was struck—an universal groan, as it were a supernatural voice, the like never before heard, broke forth from the dense and countless multitude. All near the scaffold pressed forwards to gratify their opposite feelings, by some memorial of his blood—the blood of a Tyrant or a Martyr.* The Troops immedi-

* The Relics of Charles seem to have been numerous—the very chips of the block,—the sand stained with his blood, and some of his hair, were sold. Some washed their hands in his blood. A Poem in "Parnassus Biceps" is "Upon the King's Book (the Icon Basilike) bound up in a cover coloured with his blood."

"Thus closed, go forth, blessed book, and yield to none
But to the Gospel and Christ's blood alone."

Could this volume ever escape the eye of the Bibliomaniac?

A more curious anecdote of the Relics of Charles the First has been handed down. The fine equestrian figure of the King by Le Soeur, was ordered to be taken down, and was purchased by a brazier, to be broken up, and converted into a variety of domestic utensils; Cavalier and Commonwealthmen being equally eager to be supplied, and the

ately dispersed on all sides the mournful, or the agitated people.

CHARLES THE FIRST received the axe with the same collectedness of thought, and died with the Majesty with which he had lived. We may forgive the mean sarcasm of the scribes of those days, of "the King's head being sewed on, but must not be kept embalmed till Prince Charles comes to the Crown;" and we may pass over the stern, but not enlightened Republican Ludlow, who coldly notices the execution of the King by a single line; but there is one person, whose part in this business will for ever attest that there is no greatness of mind that may not be degraded by the animosity of Faction, into the mere creature of an age. Had the heart of MILTON beat as coldly on the death of CHARLES THE FIRST as Ludlow's, his democratic feelings might be respected; but that this great tragic genius,

supply was as endless as the demand. The brazier counted gold for brass. At the Restoration, he proudly produced to the eyes of all the lovers of Art, and more particularly to his customers, this beautiful production perfect and uninjured. His ingenuity was again rewarded—the equestrian statue was restored to its place—and the Relics were reduced to their intrinsic value of old brass.

having witnessed this solemn scene of Majesty in its last affliction, should have ridiculed and calumniated, and belied it, as the meanest of the Mob—who could credit this, had it been a secret anecdote hitherto concealed from the public eye? Milton, in his celebrated "Defence of the People," treats Charles the First as a mere actor, stooping "*Veluti poetæ aut histriones deterrimi plausum in ipso exitio ambitiosissimè captare!*" In the Kingly calmness of Charles's death he sees but a player's *exit*—a paltry Mime's ambition to be clapped in retiring from the stage—the artificial decency of a theatrical Cæsar's fall!

The strength of character of Charles the First was derived from that intense and concentrated conception of Sovereignty which was always before him, and was at once his good and his evil genius. Once, and perhaps but once, Milton conceived the ideal of A KING.

——————————"A Crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns;
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights
To him who wears the Regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies.
For therein stands *the office of a King*,
That for *the Public* all this weight he bears.
Yet HE WHO REIGNS WITHIN HIMSELF, and *rules*

Passions, desires, and fears, is more a King—
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or head-strong Multitudes,
Subject himself to Anarchy within."

This ideal Sovereign of the great Poet, we may at least conceive to have been CHARLES THE FIRST, for, amidst his variable fortunes, his hopes or his despair,

"HE REIGNED WITHIN HIMSELF!"

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

THE English Revolution under Charles the First was unlike any preceding one; it is not the story of a single event, nor of a few persons where a dynasty was changed in a day; and though it may be considered as the origin of a series of national innovations not yet closed, it was even dissimilar to the first great Revolution of our neighbours, in which a rapid succession of events was driven on by the Demagogues of the People. A different spectacle is exhibited in our own Revolution. The Constitution even in the days of Charles the First, however unsettled and indefinite in particular points, cast its venerable shade over the contending parties; both alike were clinging to the hallowed structure of National Freedom, and both equally confident, appealed to the Laws within its sanctuary. If the Par-

liament rose against the King, the act was to be legalized in the King's name; if the King in his distresses violated the Constitution, the act received the form of legality in the opinions of the Judges. The Remonstrances, the Replies, the Rejoinders, and all the voluminous Manifestoes remain singular monuments of their reason, their views, and the difficulties which both parties had to encounter. The Nation was revolutionizing itself through a great variety of human interests, and often by a noble display of the Passions, but with many errors, and many miseries, hastening, or retarding the protracted and the dubious catastrophe.

From the age of Charles the First we contemplate in our history the phases of Revolution—in a Monarchy, a Republic, a Despotism, and an anomalous government of the People. Having acquired neither wisdom from the past, nor honesty for the future, by a disorderly return to an unsettled Monarchy, we derived not our constitutional rights from the ambiguous virtues, the undoubted crimes, and the ludicrous follies which the Nation had passed through in all these political changes. Another Revolution became necessary; another which, when the gloss of novelty

had worn off, was discovered to be neither so just, so efficient, nor so comprehensive as it seemed.

These subjects yet demand the studies of philosophical inquirers. Hereafter, it is probable that some happier genius, the Montesquieu, or the Locke of another order of events, shall deduce new results in the policy of governments, of which we are yet unskilled in the practice, and for which the experience of History supplies no prototype.

Mine has been a humbler task—to look more closely into the interesting period of the first great Revolution of Modern History, without fear or flattery. Should these volumes be acceptable as a critical supplement to our preceding historians; should some popular errors have been corrected, and some novel researches have been opened, the developement of this political history, will reveal to us a history of human nature, as a philosopher, not as a partisan, would observe it. That an historian of Charles the First must necessarily be condemned as an apologist of arbitrary power, is a painful evidence of the degradation of our popular criticism. More than one of those Scribes, who exercise their universal powers, weekly or monthly, and who often imagine that they con-

ceal their ignorance by their insolence, have denounced the present writer as a Jacobite! Light, indeed, is the offence of comparing a man with a non-entity. It is but a trick of the craft, an ingenious art of calling names without incurring damages, for the law of Libel, it seems, does not include Chimæras!

My aim was directed by no narrow view, nor personal motive; a great subject was opened, and an extraordinary character contributed to give an unity to its diversified scenes.

There are no characters which more powerfully address our sympathies than those of a mixed nature, when, by the peculiarity of their situation, and the singularity of the events in which they were actors, we trace with curiosity their greatness or their infirmities alternately prevalent. Such was the personal character of Charles the First. This King occupied a position, perhaps unparalleled in the history of Monarchs; it was one of those awful epochs when an empire is to be subverted. Charles the First was placed in the shock of a past and a future age.

Charles the First has descended to us from writers who have the advantage of standing forth as the advocates of popular liberty, as a Tyrant heartless as Nero, and perfidious as

Tiberius.* The Master-spirits in the school of Democracy have saturated their pages with their vindictive declamations. The contemporaries of this Monarch found, that to have done justice to the King, even when they could have done it with security, would often have been to criminate themselves, and their successors, the King-haters, felt it would have been injurious to the glory of Republicans. But the story of Charles the First was more involved and ambiguous than

* Two heavy charges have often been raised against Charles the First—that he was a cruel and heartless man, and so utterly void of sincerity, that his word was never to be trusted. Mrs. Macaulay and Mr. Brodie, evidently with some perplexity, have attempted to mention a circumstance or two, ludicrously trivial, to show that Charles was very unfeeling; and Mr. Brodie sneers at Charles's "tears," i. 291. The notion of his "cruelty" arose from the calamity of Civil War; but this "cruelty" was equally shared by the Parliament; both were combating for their cause. It is unjust to accuse Charles of sanguinary dispositions, who seems to have had more tenderness of disposition, than those who have been forced to dwell on such trivial incidents as the King abruptly turning away his horse when Fairfax presented a petition, and trampling on Fairfax's foot, as the marks of a predominant character. That he was not naturally of a cruel temper, numerous facts attest; while not a single one to show his inhumanity, has the industry of his malignants been able to allege. Charles was not a man of blood.

In respect to his sincerity, and "the mental reservation,"

the Democratic writers have ventured to disclose.

The timid loiterer, Truth, comes after a long delay, and comes veiled, but the veil is lifted by her devoted servants. "The Tyrant" of the Commonwealth was then acknowledged to have been an accomplished Prince; his personal virtues were not disputable; and, as Harris, in his degrading style describes it, "his understanding was far enough from being despicable." This was a new concession; but then it was urged, that the character of the Monarch was not to be decided on by that of the Man.

The Prince, accomplished and virtuous, when viewed on one side, and the faithless and monstrous Tyrant, when seen on the other, exhibited

of which he is accused, we must place ourselves in his situation fairly to decide. He was tortured by his perplexities. Often forced to act contrary to his conviction. Slow to concede, yet his concessions had been greater and greater, in proportion as the Parliament rose in their demands. To subscribe dethroning propositions, and the abolition of Episcopacy, was a suicidal civil death. Charles had translated Bishop Sanderson's "De Juramenti Obligatione." Extorted oaths, entered into his casuistical studies. The very circumstance that he had thought long and deeply of the nature of Oaths, shows at least a disposition to preserve his integrity. It is well known that Charles, on more than one occasion, refused to violate the honour of his word.

a solecism in human nature. It was difficult to accord this discordance; it was hard to make this incongruity cohere. And it is remarkable that this conflicting feeling has always been a stumbling-block among the open adversaries of this Monarch. It was so from the earliest period. John Cooke, the Commonwealth's Solicitor,—he who had been hired to perform in that character only a few days before he made his appearance, anxiously prefixed as a motto to his Statement of the King's case,

> "Womanish pity to mourn for a Tyrant
> Is a deceitful cruelty to a City."

The disparity of the motto with the case is striking; and how it happened that such "a monstrous Tyrant" should excite even "Womanish pity," might have perplexed the Revolutionary Solicitor-General to have explained.*

*. Cooke's "King Charles's Case," by the circumstance of the King not choosing to plead at his trial, was not delivered in Court, but was published as a pamphlet. Charles was spared the mortification of one of the most vehement invectives. The *intentions* of the King are assumed as some of his crimes. It is a shrewd work, composed without dignity, but well fitted for those whom he flattered as "his honourable clients, the people of England." It remains a striking example of the terrible exaggerations of a factious period, and of remorseless men. Some of its sophisms were exposed

But later, and more philosophical writers, such as the judicious Malcolm Laing, and our contemporary Mr. Hallam, have sometimes been startled at this phantom of "a Tyrant," whom they often discovered to have been more deeply occupied by his troubles, his sufferings, and his inextricable distresses, than by his tyrannies. These writers are no light censurers of the King; and sometimes they have judged of Charles, imbued with the feelings and the knowledge of a later age. Amidst their accusatory charges often a painful truth flashes on their sight—embarrasses their conscientious pen—and has often occasioned a discrepancy in their statements, and an involved apologetical parenthesis for Charles the First, which has spoiled the integrity of their sentences.*

by the immortal Butler, with all his force, his learning, and his inimitable genius. Both these tracts are preserved in Somers' Collection, v. 214. The most distinguished of all Editors doubts whether Butler or Sir John Birkenhead were the author of this noble Reply. The internal evidence would have been sufficient to ascribe it to the great writer; but it is placed beyond a doubt, for it was printed from a manuscript in Butler's hand-writing.

* Laing, when censuring the arbitrary conduct of Charles, alludes in this manner to its cause—"Whether his exalted notion of the Prerogative in England were derived from *established or irregular precedents of an unsettled Constitution*, is

We perceive that these historians, in the fulness of their knowledge, could not avoid indicating those truths which, though vital in the history of human nature, might be extraneous in the history of the Constitution.

The story of this Monarch may be said never yet to have been written; for hitherto it has only served as the organ of the Monarchical and Democratic parties. There is something in the subject which seems intractable, and the historian himself occupies a position as peculiar as that of the unfortunate Monarch. All things seem to fluctuate in the

an inquiry foreign to the design of this history." Thus honestly, though awkwardly, the historian indicates the explanation in respect to Charles, which he avoids to give. Mr. Hallam, on the same topic—"He had shown himself possessed with such notions of his own prerogative, *no matter how derived.*" Here we find the same truth crossing the historian's mind, and as cautiously passed over. Many similar notices might be furnished. The Presbyterian Harris, irritated by Charles's theological logomachy with Henderson, censures the King as "a trifler, showing a debasement of character beyond example, in his critical situation;" but after this degrading charge comes forth the limping apology, "'Tis true these were the Controversies of the Age." I could find even in Mr. Brodie explanations favourable to Charles, by the side of some of the heaviest charges.

very act of contemplation. Justice is allied to injustice, great virtues are not freed from great passions, ambiguous conduct leads to dubious results, and even Wisdom errs. There are moments in the study of the reign of Charles the First, when we almost suspect that "the tyranny" of Charles may be as fictitious as "the Rebellion" by which Clarendon designates the Civil War.

We had to disclose the history of a spirited young Prince, the victim of that system of Favouritism which was then practised in European Courts — ungenerously deserted by his Parliaments — surrounded by conspiracies, and involved in dark intrigues— devoted to maintain the established institutions of his country against an invading Church, and a Faction clad in the enchanted armour of Patriotism—deprived of his crown, yet still potent by his name—a Wanderer and a Hero in his own Kingdom—and greater in his adversities than on his throne.

Charles the First could not avoid being the very man he was—his errors, his prejudices, his devotion to the institutions of his country, were those of his times and of his station, but his calamities, his magnanimity, and the unsub-

dued spirit, were more peculiarly his own. There is not in human nature a more noble spectacle than the man long wrestling with his fate, like the Œdipus of the Grecian Muse. His inevitable errors, and his involuntary guilt, seem not to be his—his virtues and his genius alone triumphed over his Fate.

APPENDIX.

The following Manuscript has been referred to at page 392.

ASHMOLE'S MSS. 800. Art. XXXVI.

Newport, November 1648.

WHEN the Commissioners themselves confess that Reason cannot be accepted by them though clearly offered by me; when close imprisonment (or worse) is threatened to me if I yield not to all that is demanded; when my propositions (which are neither many nor extravagant) are not so much as answered; I leave all the world to judge what freedom, honour, or safety there is in this Treaty. And certainly my condition in point of freedom is farre different from what it was at Hampton Court. Witness the strict guard round about this Island, and the troop of horse always attending, or rather watching me when I go abroad.

Since therefore none of the conditions are kept to me upon which I gave my word, I cannot be truely said to break it, though I seek my freedom. Besides, the Governor made me declare before the Commissioners, that continuation of guards upon me freed me from my word, whereupon he took away the sentinels at my door, but never moved those of more importance, which was enough to confess the truth of what I declared, but not sufficient to take away the justness

of my plea which cannot be avoided, except by the total taking away my guards, the difference of a few paces position, nearer or farther off, not making me the less a prisoner.

Nor will I make a question of that which is none, by setting down the particular reasons of my absenting myself at this time; yet this I must say, that in order to the present quiet and future peace of this Kingdom my liberty, tho' at a distance, is much more conduceable than restraint, whether more or less strict. For my freedom takes away the pretence of those who by their endeavours to keep me at liberty might continue the old, or make new disturbances in the Kingdom. Also I shall be able to temper the more youthful and impatient resolution of those who possibly may rather aim at glorious actions than a quiet life, my chief intention being so to make use of this my escape (in case God shall bless me herein according to my desire) as to come to a personal treaty with my two Houses, that so I may be truly heard. And even all the world shall see that no change of condicion or place shall alter or lessen my earnest endeavours of procuring a firm and well-grounded Peace, (and in a peaceable way) to these my dominions.

To all my People of what soever station, quality or condicion.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

If my stay here could have happily finished this Treaty, or given you the least protection, I would not have thought of absenting myself, nor had I taken the resolution without your advice, if it were not evident that your knowledge thereof would have prejudiced you, and hindered the course I have taken for my own preservation, the necessity of which I will make plainly appear how soon I shall be in a place of

freedom, this being one of those kind of actions which is fitter for a servant's praise than advice. However, I cannot but leave you this assurance that I am no less satisfied with your industrious services to me at this time, than I am displeased with my own misfortunes, and desiring you to be confident that I am

Your most asseured real constant frend,

C. R.

To all the Lords, Bishops, Clergy, and other Gentlemen, whose assistance I have had since I came hither.

Newport, November 1648.

I cannot but add this. It being evident that I must either shipwreck my conscience, or retourne to close prison; none that loves conscience or freedom, but must approve of my resolution of absenting myselfe.

THE END.

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